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THE NEW YORKER

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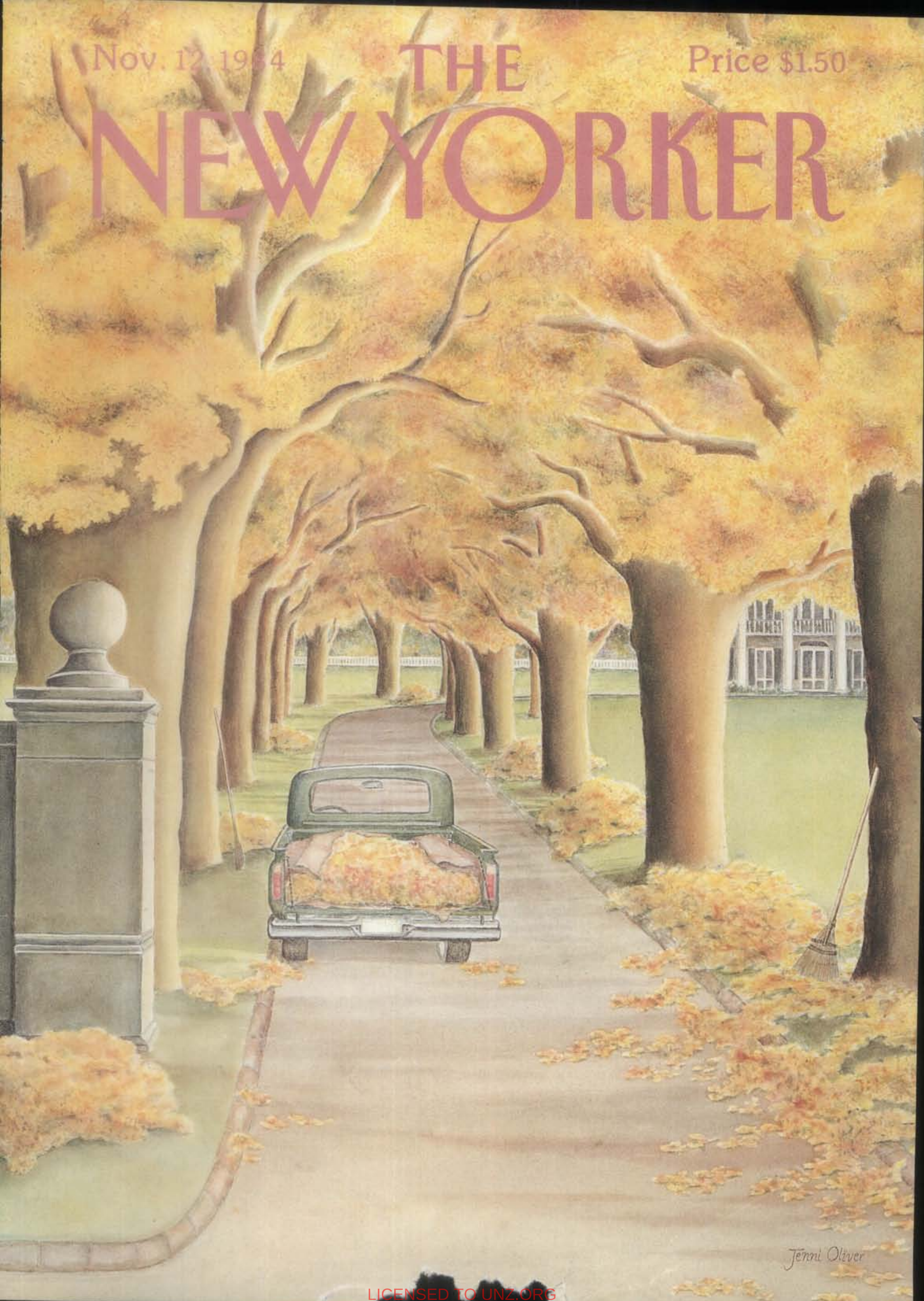

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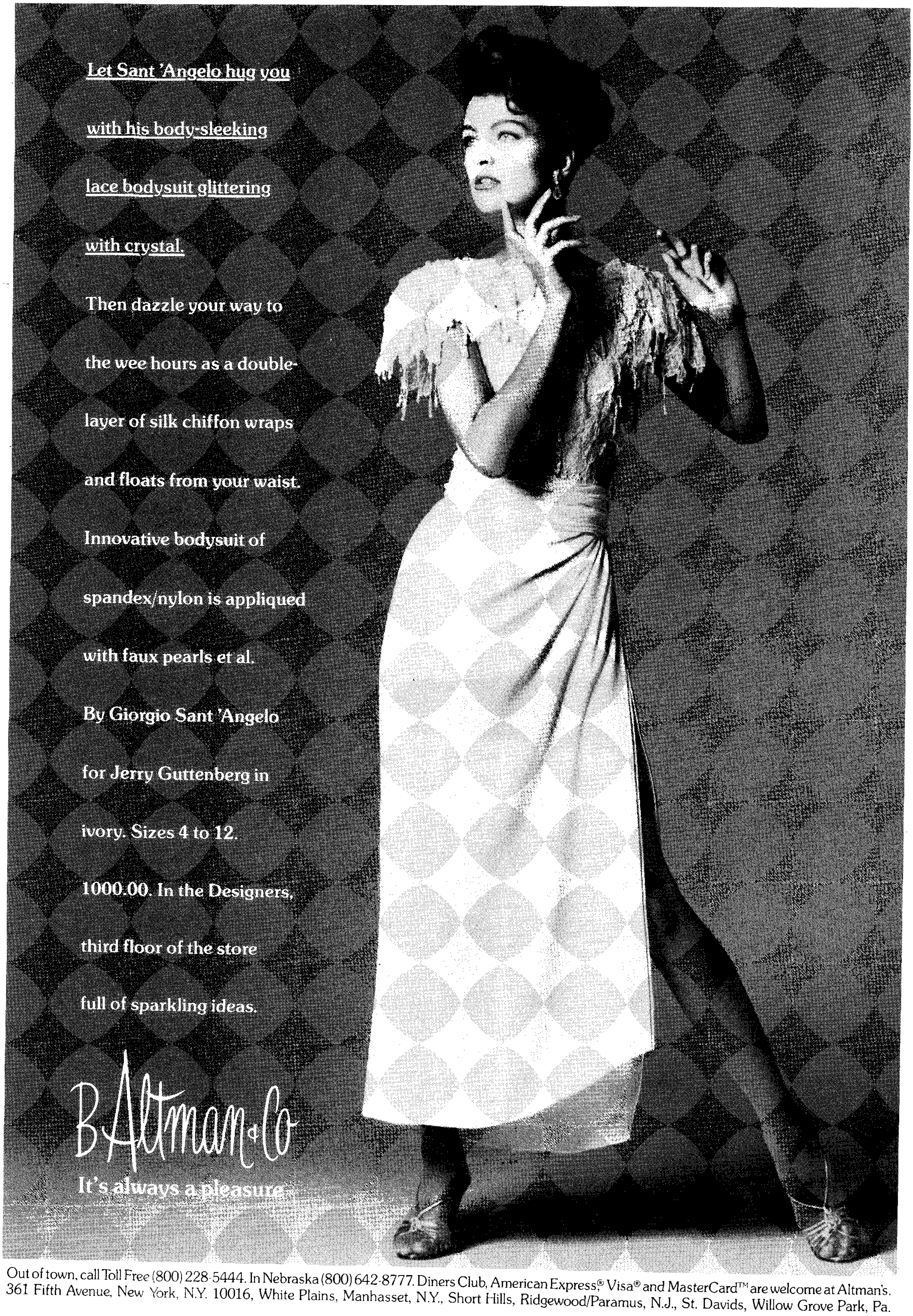Let Sant 'Angelo hug you with his body-sleeking lace bodysuit glittering with crystal.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			7	8	9	10
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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Accidental Death of an Anarchist—A farce by Dario Fo, adapted by Richard Nelson, with Jonathan Pryce. Douglas C. Wager is the director. Previews through Wednesday, Nov. 14. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 15. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

After the Fall—Even the performances of a number of distinguished actors, among them Frank Langella, Dianne Wiest, Henderson Forsythe, Mary-Joan Negro, and Laurie Kennedy, cannot rescue this revival of Arthur Miller's dull play about a guilt-ridden, introspective lawyer, much given to endless soliloquies. John Tillinger directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/15/84.) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Alone Together—Janis Paige and Kevin McCarthy work hard to bring to life this old-fashioned sitcom by Lawrence Roman; the plot has to do with a middle-aged married couple and their wish to escape the burdens of parenthood, heaped upon them year after year by three loutish sons. (10/29/84) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A...My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Avner the Eccentric—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is electric, to say the least. (6/11/84) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Between Rails—In this monologue, Thelma Louise Carter is a black woman, aboard a train, returning to the South after many years as a domestic servant in New York. Under Hal Scott's direction, Miss Carter holds our attention, beginning to end. (10/22/84) (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Burkie—A play by Bruce Graham. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—This production of **love's labor's lost** is cloudy when it should sparkle, and the poetry goes for almost nothing. Nevertheless, Michael Higgins is very good as Holofernes and so is Edward Seamon as Boyet. (10/22/84) (99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 11.)

The Country Girl—Despite the presence of three excellent actors—Hal Holbrook, Christine Lahti, and Jeffrey DeMunn—this revival of Clifford Odets' play about backstage life never takes wing. (10/29/84) (Chelsea Playhouse, 519 W. 23rd St. 243-0992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.)

Death of a Salesman—Dustin Hoffman gives a performance as Willy Loman every bit as impressive as the one that Lee J. Cobb gave back in 1949. The Arthur Miller play continues to possess an uncanny power to move us to tears. (4/9/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 18.)

Design for Living—Noël Coward wrote this rather nasty comedy for him and his friends the Lunts to romp about in; it was a hit in their day and it deserves to be a hit today. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1956 musical **bells are ringing**, with book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green and music by Jule Styne, is the second in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 18. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Feathertop—A musical with music and lyrics by Skip Kennon and a book by Bruce Peyton, based on Nathaniel Hawthorne's short story of the same name. (WPA Theatre, 138 Fifth Ave., at 18th St. 206-0523. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 18.)

The Foreigner—A very funny play by Larry Shue, with Anthony Heald in the title role. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A play by David Mamet that says, in effect, that real-estate salesmen are rascals and so perhaps are all the other entrepreneurs in our contemporary society. Funny and harsh in the writing and acted to perfection. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood

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The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; J. Kennard Bosee, president; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, Robert F. Young, vice-presidents; Elaine M. Matteo, treasurer & secretary; Stuart H. Jason, comptroller. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LX, No. 39, November 12, 1984. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1984 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $44.00. Other foreign, $52.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

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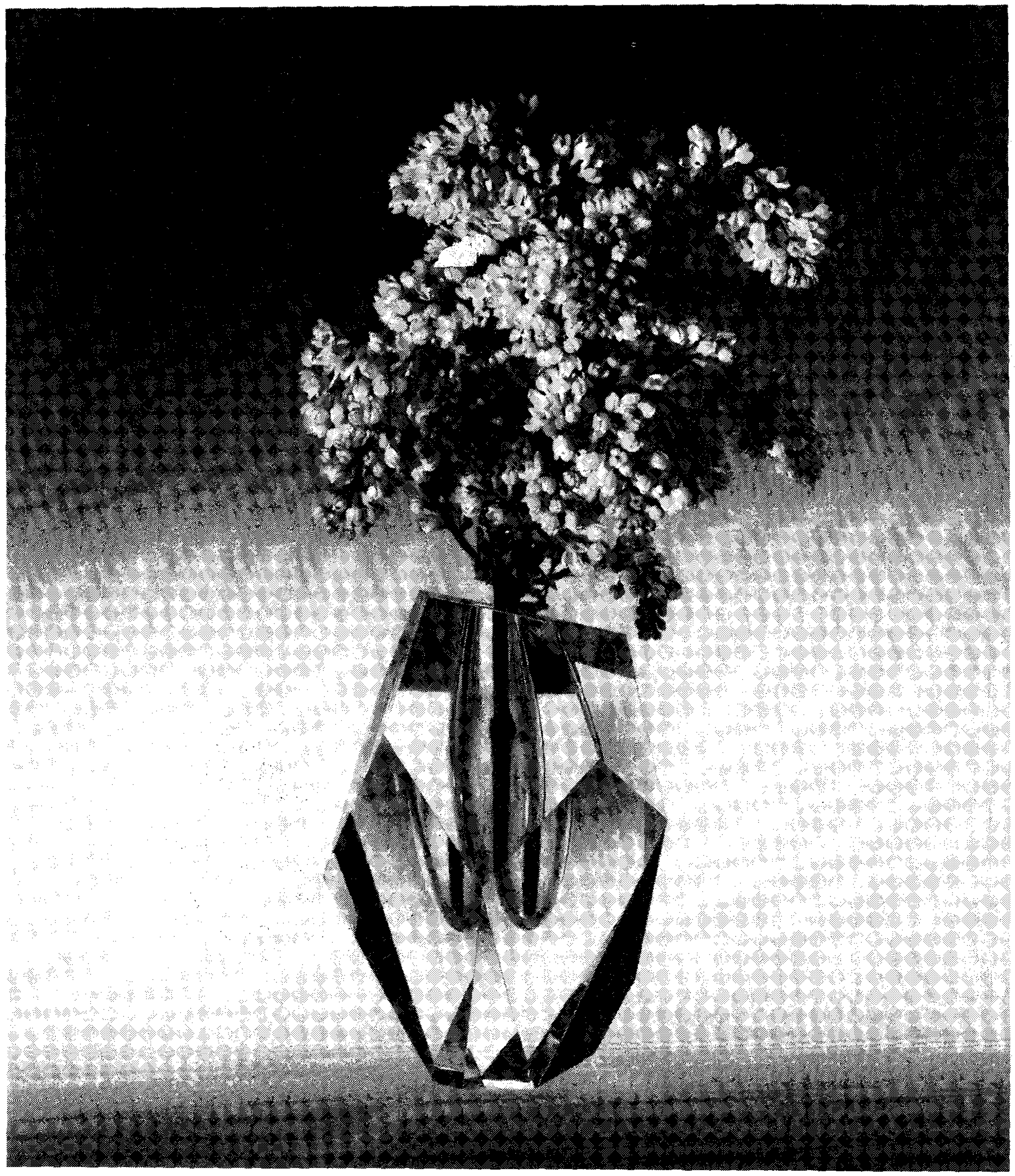

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STEUBEN GLASS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. William Hurt, Ron Silver, Judith Ivey, Candice Bergen, Jerry Stiller, Cynthia Nixon, and Harvey Keitel make up the first-rate cast. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

In Celebration—The Manhattan Theatre Club production of a play by David Storey, directed by Lindsay Anderson. Preview Wednesday, Nov. 7. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 8, at 7. (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For tickets, call 944-9300.)

Kuni-Leml—A musical based on a Yiddish play written in 1880 by Avrom Goldfadn, with a book by Nahma Sandrow, lyrics by Richard Engquist, and music by Raphael Crystal. Performed in English. (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Lambs Theatre Company—Jeffrey Sweet's play **PORCH,** with Jill Eikenberry, is the first in this season's series of four productions. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 11.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, *Nov. 18: Sigmund Romberg's* **THE NEW MOON.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

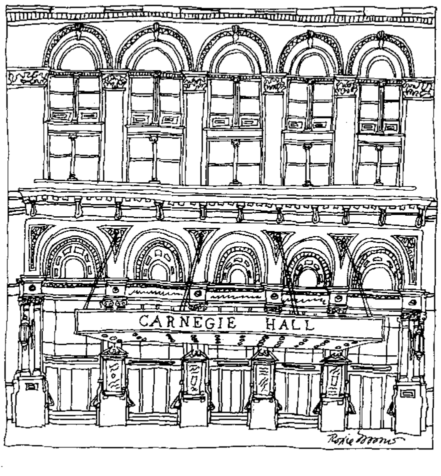
Ma Rainey's Black Bottom—A first-rate play by August Wilson, about some black performers of the blues in Chicago, fifty-odd years ago, sometimes funny and, at the end, terrifying. Its well-drawn characters and eloquent street language provide an exceptionally robust and rewarding evening in the theatre. Lloyd Richards directed the fine cast. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Miss Firecracker Contest—Beth Henley's play about a beauty contest in a small Mississippi town hasn't quite the finesse of her "Crimes of the Heart," but it is just as original and humorous and talented. Holly Hunter gives a beguiling performance as the contestant. (6/11/84) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Pacific Overtures—This new, miniature edition *of Stephen Sondheim's musical is in many* ways an improvement on the original production of 1976. With Ernest Abuba, as the Reciter, and fourteen other good actors doubling and tripling effectively. Fran Soeder was the ingenious director, and the charming setting and costumes were by James Morgan and Mark Passerell. (11/5/84) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3, and Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 2.)

Royal Shakespeare Company—Two plays in alternating repertory. **CYRANO DE BERGERAC:** Nearly everything about this rousing old melodrama is twice life-size, and the R.S.C. has made the mistake of doubling its scale. Derek Jacobi as Cyrano is even more bombastic than the text invites him to be. Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 2 and 8; Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8; Sunday, Nov. 11, and Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 8; Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 2 and 8; and Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8. . . . **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING:** By a sort of time warp, this witty and debonair (and cruel) comedy has been moved forward into the Restoration period, where it appears perfectly at home. Friday, Nov. 9, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Nov. 11, at 2:30; Friday, Nov. 16, at 8; and Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2 and 8. (10/29/84) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Through Sunday, Dec. 16.)

Shlemiel the First—Isaac Bashevis Singer's comedy about a Jewish simpleton is pleasantly performed under Edward Cohen's direction. (11/5/84) (Jewish Repertory Theatre, 344 E. 14th St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 18.)



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Streetsongs—A return engagement of Geraldine Fitzgerald's one-woman show, originally seen in 1979. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 4.)

Sunday in the Park with George—Robert Westenberg and Bernadette Peters as Georges Seurat and his model/mistress, as Seurat brings into existence his paintings of Parisians taking the air on the island of La Grande Jatte. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book and direction by James Lapine. An odd and endearing work, based on a notion that would be inapplicable to the Sistine Chapel. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Three Musketeers—A new version by Mark Bramble of the 1928 musical, for which William Anthony McGuire did the book based on the Dumas novel, Rudolf Friml composed the score, and P. G. Wodehouse and Clifford Grey turned out the lyrics. Staged by Tom O'Horgan. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 10. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 11. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Through the Leaves—A two-character play by Franz Xaver Kroetz, seen Off Off Broadway last season. Frederick Neumann and Ruth Maleczech re-create their original roles. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 25.)

What's a Nice Country Like You Still Doing in a State Like This—A revival of a little topical review that is just as merry and refreshing as its predecessor. (11/5/84) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Whoopi Goldberg—As a monologuist of uncertain intentions, both in respect to her writing and her performance, Miss Goldberg belongs *in a night club and not on the stage of a big* Broadway theatre. (11/5/84) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Zelda—A one-woman play by William Luce, based on the writings of Zelda Fitzgerald. With Olga Bellin. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 10.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon's reputedly autobiographical comedy. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical, starring George Hearn and Keith Michell. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is *sentimental nonsense, but the music,* by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,208 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Frances Fisher and David Andrews have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** Don Correia and Sandy Duncan are a pair of lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NOISES OFF:** Michael Frayn has written a farce that ought to be capable of entertaining our great-great-grandchildren well into the twenty-first century. The subject . . . but who cares about the subject? Not to be missed. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240

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W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE REAL THING:** A characteristically lively gavotte by Tom Stoppard, though intellectually much less interesting than usual. The author appears to believe he is writing about love, but he is really writing about selfishness, which proves epidemic in the playwriting and acting community that he examines. Jeremy Irons and Laila Robins head the cast. Mike Nichols is the director. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE TAP DANCE KID:** A charming, diligent cast can do little to bring life to this conventional examination of a black family's ambitions. The dancing is splendid. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

DAN WAGONER AND DANCERS—Programs of contemporary dance. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday, Nov. 7; Thursday, Nov. 8 [a benefit performance]; and Friday, Nov. 9, all at 8, as well as Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2 and 8, and Sunday, Nov. 11, at 2 and 7:30.)

DINOSAUR DANCE COMPANY—A one-week engagement. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 7:30; Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 14-17, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 18, at 3.)

DANCING INK II—A multimedia work, combining dancing by the Ohad Naharin Dance Company with music and projected images of Chinese calligraphy. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400, Ext. 286. Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 7 and 9:30 [benefit performances], and Thursday and Friday, Nov. 15-16, at 8. A half hour before the performances on Thursday and Friday, there will be a demonstration of Chinese calligraphy.)

LISA KRAUS AND DANCERS—Presenting "The Watchers," a new full-length work. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Monday, Nov. 15-19, at 8.)

SAEKO ICHINOHE AND COMPANY—In a program of modern dance. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17, at 8. For tickets, call 246-4779.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by three companies. **BILL CRATTY DANCE THEATRE:** Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 7-9, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 11, at 2. . . . **DANCEMOVES/IRENE FEIGENHEIMER:** With Gail Stepanek & Company. Wednesday, Nov. 14, and Friday, Nov. 16, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 18, at 2. . . . **JAZZDANCE/THE DANNY BURACZESKI DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday, Nov. 15, and Sunday, Nov. 18, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2 and 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** is at the piano, singing vintage popular tunes in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Buck Buchholz presides over the Rose Room keyboard Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

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ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 8-10, **DAKOTA STATON** is here, singing ballads and up-tempo blues numbers (which she does more satisfyingly); on Friday, Nov. 16, tenor saxophonist **HAROLD OUSLEY** will drop by. Shows at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

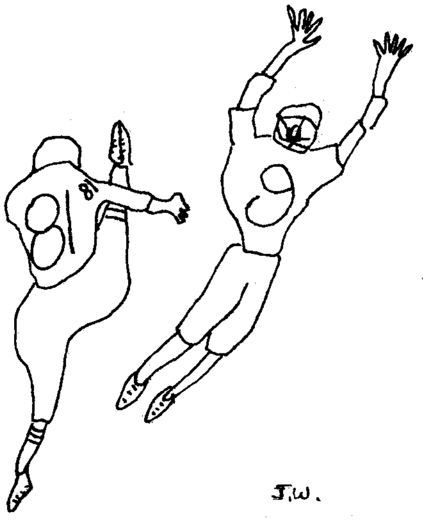
BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. **BETTY CARTER**, the risk-taker jazz singer whose vocals soar, swoop, dip, stop, seemingly fall out of a tree, and then take off again, performs through Sunday, Nov. 11. On Monday, Nov. 12, there'll be a benefit concert, featuring alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE**, trumpeter **JON FADDIS**, pianist **CEDAR WALTON**, percussionist **RAY BARRETTO**, and many other musicians, and on Tuesday, Nov. 13, Latin-jazz altoist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and harmonica player, guitarist, and whistler **TOOTS THIELEMANS** will come in. Sets begin after nine. And trumpeter **TED CURSON** leads after-hours (way past two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Friday, Nov. 9, country folkies **JOHN HARTFORD** and **PETER ROWAN**; Saturday, Nov. 10, rock singer **DAVID JOHANSEN**; Sunday, Nov. 11, the Nighthawks and the Stylers; Wednesday, Nov. 14, **DOC WATSON**, the mighty fine North Carolinian singer and flat-picking guitarist; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17, comedian **MORT SAHL**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good piano-bass teams. The lineups: **STANLEY COWELL** and **BOOTS MALESON** through Saturday, Nov. 10, and starting Monday, Nov. 12, **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER**. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON** plays piano here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, the invigorating singer and pianist, is back in his elegant old stamping grounds, the Café Carlyle, along with his trusty sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT**. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Sundays and Mondays from nine to one, **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks provide dance music. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist-singer **BARBARA CARROLL** can be found, as usual, in the Bemelmans Bar. Her sets get going at nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.



CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ** is at the piano nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

EDWARDIAN ROOM, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who occasionally lets loose with hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string guitar, guides a trio Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs jazz stars' room. Guitarist **JOE PASS**, who is out-and-out revered by jazz and rock guitarists alike, and by a lot of the nonplaying laity, is here through Sunday, Nov. 11. "How *does* he do it?" his audiences seem to ask at the end of a set, stunned smiles on their faces. On Tuesday, Nov. 13, **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** will begin singing. Mondays are the property of guitarist **LES PAUL** and his trio. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Mostly a folk schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 7, **OSCAR BRAND** and **ROSALIE SORRELS**; Thursday, Nov. 8, the Battlefield Band; Friday, Nov. 9, Kokoku; Saturday, Nov. 10, **RONEE BLAKLEY**; Sunday, Nov. 11, Ross Owens, Chris Elliot, Mike Rocklin, and Chuck Stevers; Wednesday, Nov. 14, Peter Spencer; Thursday, Nov. 15, Glass Menagerie; Friday, Nov. 16, John Stewart; and Saturday, Nov. 17, Suzanne Vega. Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows usually at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, **DAVID ALLYN** sings with the Scott Hardy trio; Mondays singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR** and bassist John Belzaguy team up; and Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE**, a Swing Street-veteran guitar soloist, leads a trio. These groups begin at about ten. Sundays from five to ten **BROOKS KERR** takes over.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS** performs delicate, elegant solos during his abbreviated sets through Saturday, Nov. 10; on Tuesday, Nov. 13, the City Light Orchestra, a swing band, will come in. **JIMMY LYON** operates on the dining-room grand every Sunday, and **DICK HYMAN** is in charge on Mondays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Thursday, Nov. 8, country singer **DAVID FRIZZELL**; Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 12-13, guitarist **DAVE MASON**; and Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 14-15, Chicago-blues musicians **BUDDY GUY & JUNIOR WELLS**. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpretentious jazz club. **SUN RA & THE OMNIVERSE JET SET ARKESTRA** orbit this club through Sunday, Nov. 11; on Monday, Nov. 12, the **JOHN HICKS BIG BAND** will take over the bandstand; and on Tuesday, Nov. 13, silken tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ** will arrive. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—English singer and actress **ANNIE ROSS**, who came up with Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross a couple of decades back, sings through Saturday, Nov. 10, and on Tuesday, Nov. 13, disc jockey and singer Jonathan Schwartz will

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move in. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Wednesday, Nov. 7, the Fiftieth Street Band; Thursday through Saturday. Nov. 8-10, the influential and rhythmic pianist **MC COY TYNER** and his band; Monday, Nov. 12, **JUMP STREET,** a crisp, adept ten-piece blues and jazz outfit; Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 14-15, tenor saxophonist **LOU MARINI** and trumpeter **LEW SOLOFF;** and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17, singer **CISSY HOUSTON,** whose sets tend to be a celebration of gospel and sixties soul music. Music from ten until two. Dining.

Rainbow Room, *30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-*9090)—Drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS & THE SAVOY SULTANS** perform swing music that is absolutely irresistible, perfect to Lindy to, and makes you feel sixty-five stories high (when they play here, anyway). Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The rock-and-roll roster: Wednesday, Nov. 7, at ten-thirty, Zebra; Friday, Nov. 9, **JULUKA** and Modern Clix; Saturday, Nov. 10, Let's Active and the Hoodoo Gurus; and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 15-17, Frankie. Shows usually begin after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. Pianist and composer **JOE BUSHKIN** guides a worthy sextet Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club. Wednesday, Nov. 7, trumpeter Tex Allen; Thursday, Nov. 8, Two One Two; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 9-10, guitarist **DOC POWELL;** Sunday, Nov. 11, the Contemporary Composers Orchestra; Monday, Nov. 12, French hornist **JOHN CLARK;** and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17, guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD** and a quintet. Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to mostly Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Nov. 7, Kalabash; Thursday, Nov. 8, Talking Drums; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 9-10, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Sunday, Nov. 11, percussionist **DANIEL PONCÉ;** Thursday, Nov. 15, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION;** and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS** perform through Sunday, Nov. 11, and on Tuesday, Nov. 13, alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE** will bring in his band. Mondays belong to pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** and his **ORCHESTRA.** Shows from ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, there's salsa after nine on Mondays: on Nov. 12, the **JOE CUBA SEXTET** and Cuban singer **ISRAEL "LA VERDAD"** will be on hand with a guest soloist, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER.** . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, bluesy pianist **HAROLD MABERN** can be heard after nine-thirty every night but Monday.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. **SONNY FORTUNE,** a driving, hard-edged alto player, leads a stellar quartet—**RON CARTER, KENNY BARRON,** and **AL FOSTER**—through Sunday, Nov. 11, and on Tuesday, Nov. 13, the **RED RODNEY—IRA SULLIVAN QUINTET** will descend the staircase. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

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West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop admirers and players. Trumpeter **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON** heads up a quartet through Sunday, Nov. 11; Monday, Nov. 12, will belong to **JERRY GONZALEZ** and his septet; and on Tuesday, Nov. 13, the great **BENNY CARTER**—alto saxophonist, trumpeter, composer, and legend—will arrive with a quartet. Music from nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. The current roster: pianist **JOHN HICKS** and bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** through Saturday, Nov. 10, and starting Tuesday, Nov. 13, guitarist **TAL FARLOW** and bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI.** Sundays are given over to the chamber jazz of guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Mondays belong to pianist Jim Roberts and bassist Brian Torff. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Barry Manilow—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 7-8, at 8.

Kenny Burrell—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Nov. 9, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Sudan Baronian's Taksim—*Alternative Museum,* 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday, Nov. 9, at 8.

Klezmorim—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Nov. 9, at 8.

Anne Murray—Radio City Music Hall. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 9-10, at 8.

Jean Redpath—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8.

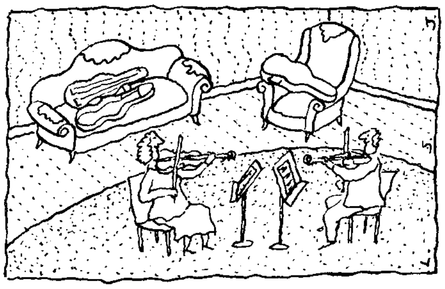
Leroy Jenkins—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.

Heavenly Jazz Concerts—The second in a series of four concerts, this one performed by Ray Bryant and Roland Hanna. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

Bob Hope—With Harry Belafonte, Mary D'Arcy, and others, in a benefit for the Bob Hope Fight for Sight Eye Clinic at New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 977-9020. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

A Jazz Portrait of Johnny Mercer—Among the performers will be Sylvia Syms, Al Cohn, and Joe Newman. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

American Folk Roots—The first in a series of eight concerts, this one devoted to Southern mountain music. With Doug Wallin, Stanley Hicks, and the Hired Hands. (Alternative Museum. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8. . . . ¶ Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)



Cure—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8.

Irving Plaza—Thursday, Nov. 8: Blue Riddim band and Pressure. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 9: Del Lords and Human Switchboard. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 15: Pablo Moses & the Revolutionary Dream Band and the I-Tones. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows start about 10.)

Jazz Films—David Chertok presenting film clips of Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Duke Ellington, and Benny Goodman. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Benefit Concert—Betty Buckley, Ray Charles, Marvin Hamlisch, and the New American Orchestra conducted by Jack Elliott, in a benefit for Lenox Hill Hospital. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Monday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Boris Anisfeld (1879-1973)—Oils, watercolors, and drawings, including set and costume designs, executed in his native Russia in the early years of his career. Through Dec. 29. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St.)

Hannelore Baron—Collages and box constructions made of paper-and-cloth abstractions, in which a figure is sometimes suggested. Through Nov. 29. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Michael David—Abstractions in oil. Through Thursday, Nov. 15. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Stephen De Staebler—Rough-finished bronze sculptures of bodily fragments—a detached leg, for instance, or one side of a male figure. Through Nov. 24. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

William Dole—Collages. Through Dec. 1. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946)—A three-gallery exhibit. Through Dec. 29. Oils and related watercolors. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.) . . . ¶ Oils and watercolors. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and collages. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Seymour Fogel—Constructions, paintings, and drawings from 1964 to the present. Through Dec. 8. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Michael Goldberg—Abstract Expressionist works painted during the fifties. Through Dec. 1. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Le Corbusier (1887-1965)—Two shows of paintings and works on paper. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon. Through Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Through Nov. 24.)

Jules Pascin (1885-1930)—More than thirty paintings and drawings, ranging from portraits of prim little girls to his more characteristic bordello scenes. Through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Mel Pekarsky—Large pencil drawings of the American desert and mountains. Through Dec. 1. (Einstein, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

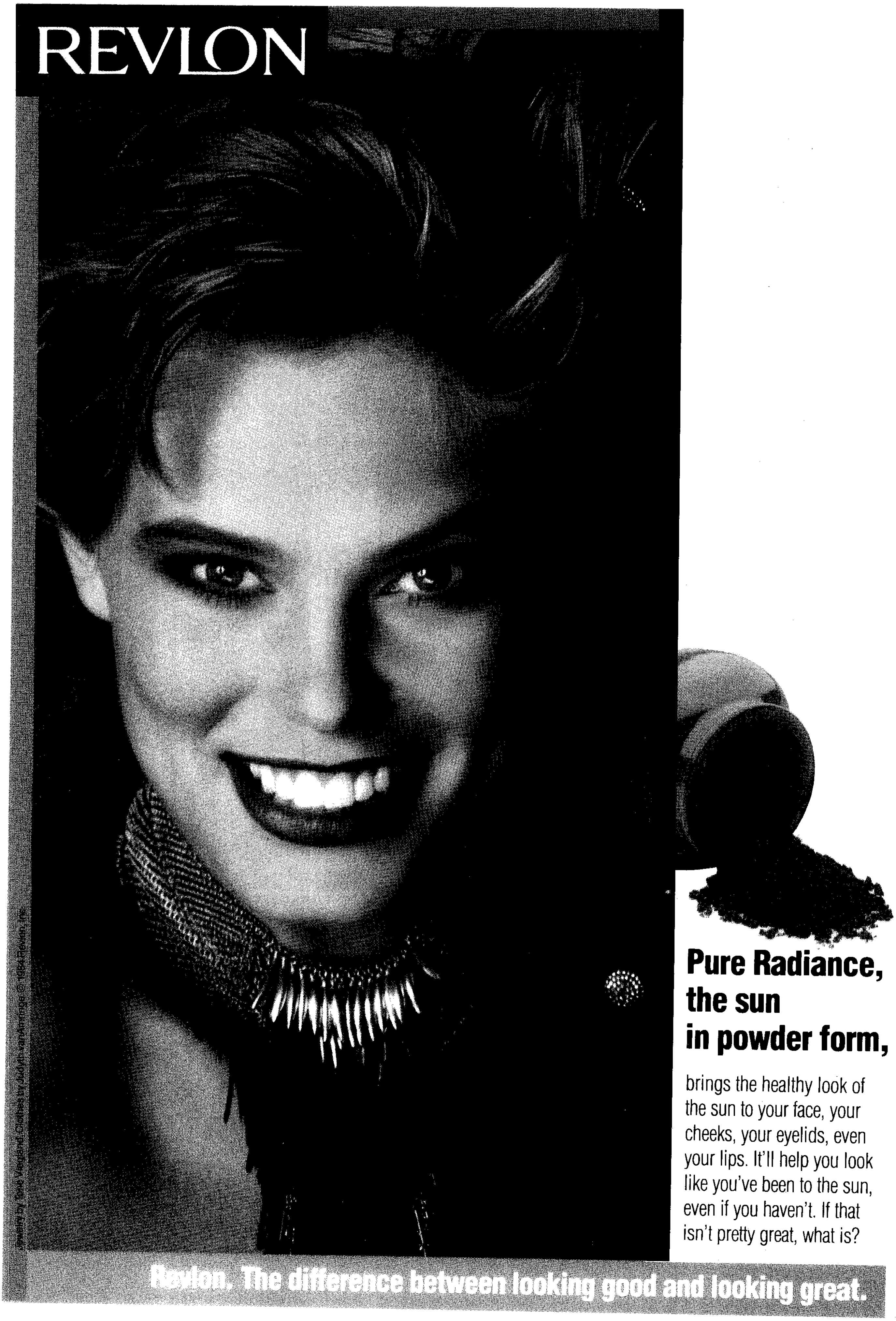
Jon Schueler—New paintings of cloud forms, a favorite subject. Through Nov. 29. (Sachs, at a new location at 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Sculpture—Wood is the sole material for works that range from Marisol's carved family portrait to Budd Hopkins' architecturally inspired structures to Chris Griffin's small, intentionally primitive wall pieces. Through Nov. 27. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Abe Ajay / Emmet Edwards (1906-82)—Box constructions and collages. / Abstract watercolors. Through Nov. 28. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Robert Berlind—Portraits of other artists (Eric Fischl and Leon Golub among them), city-



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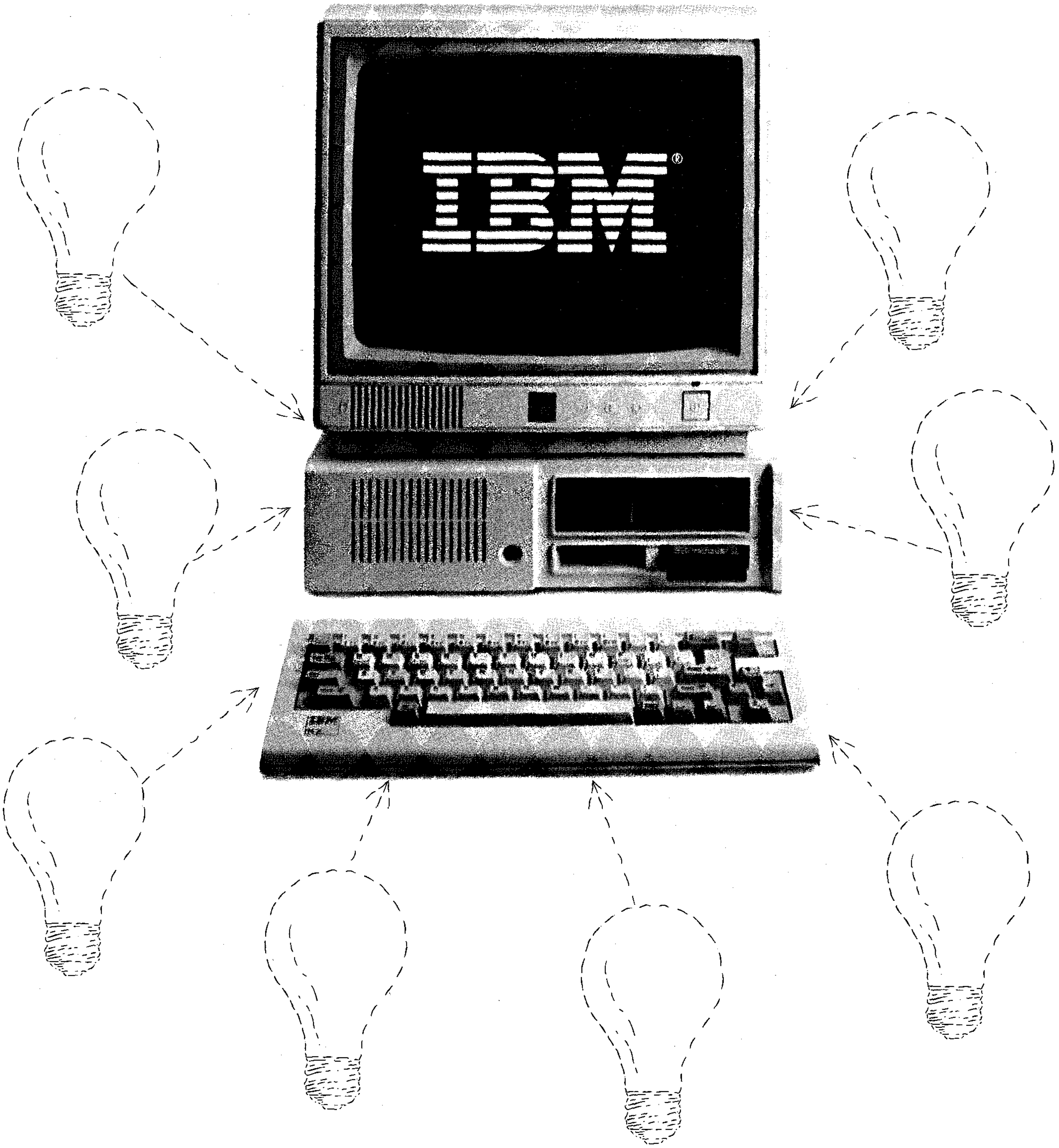

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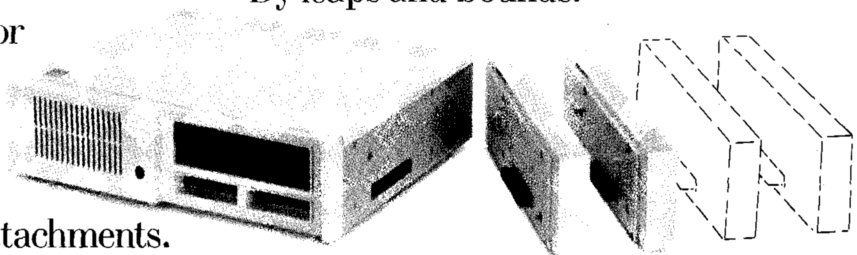

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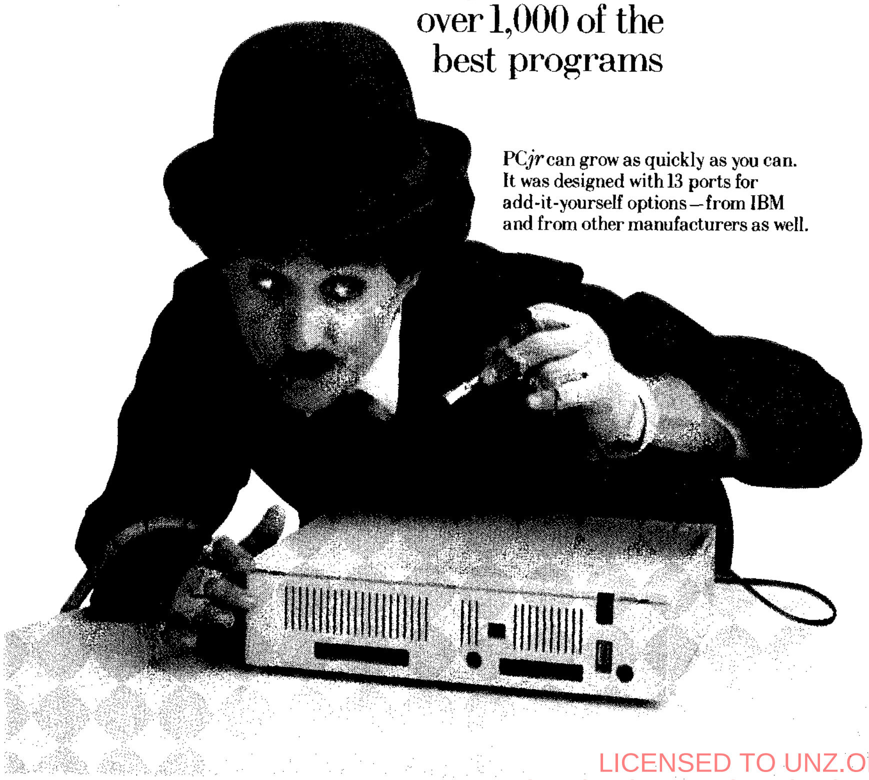

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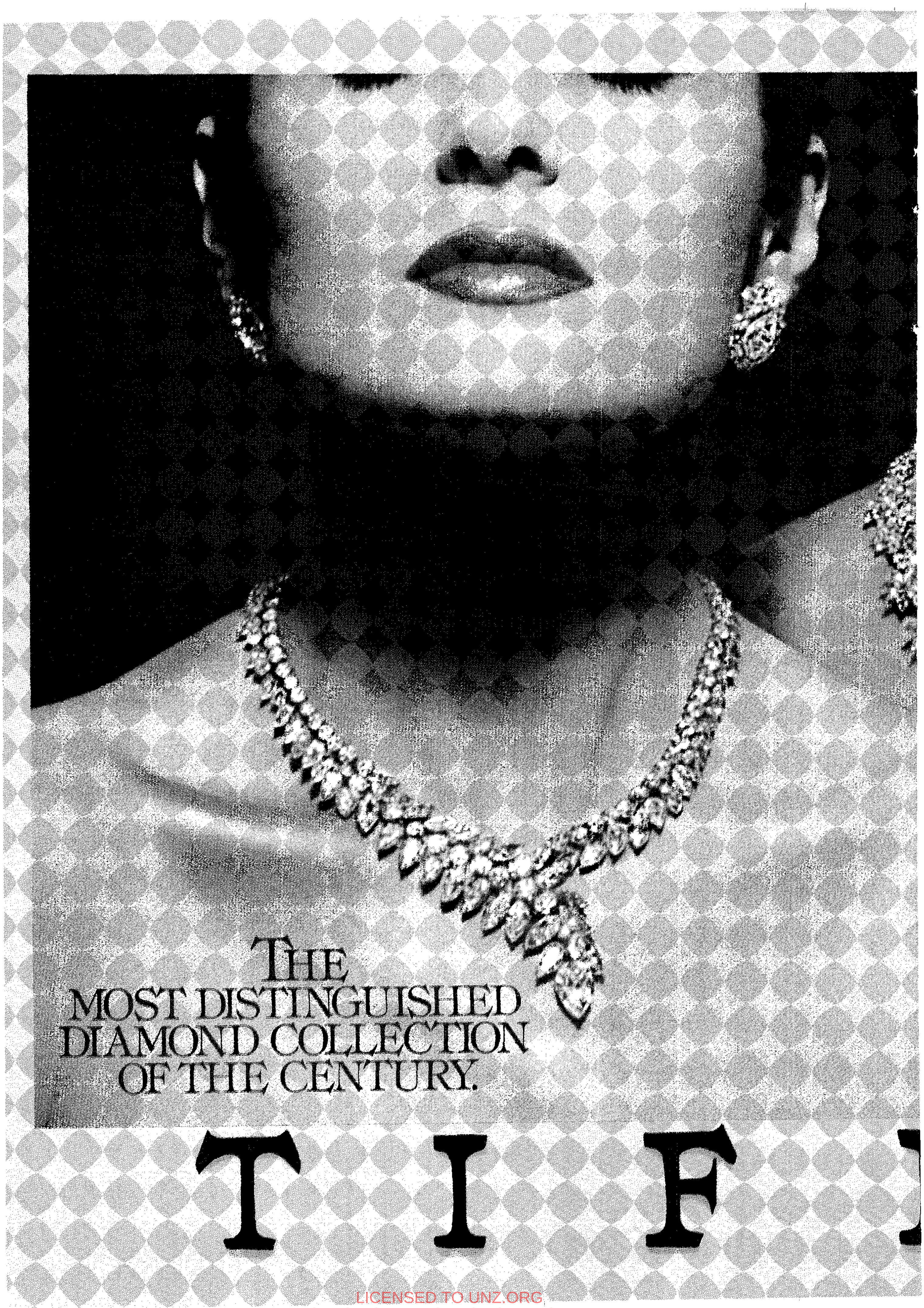
*IBM Product Center price, monitor not included.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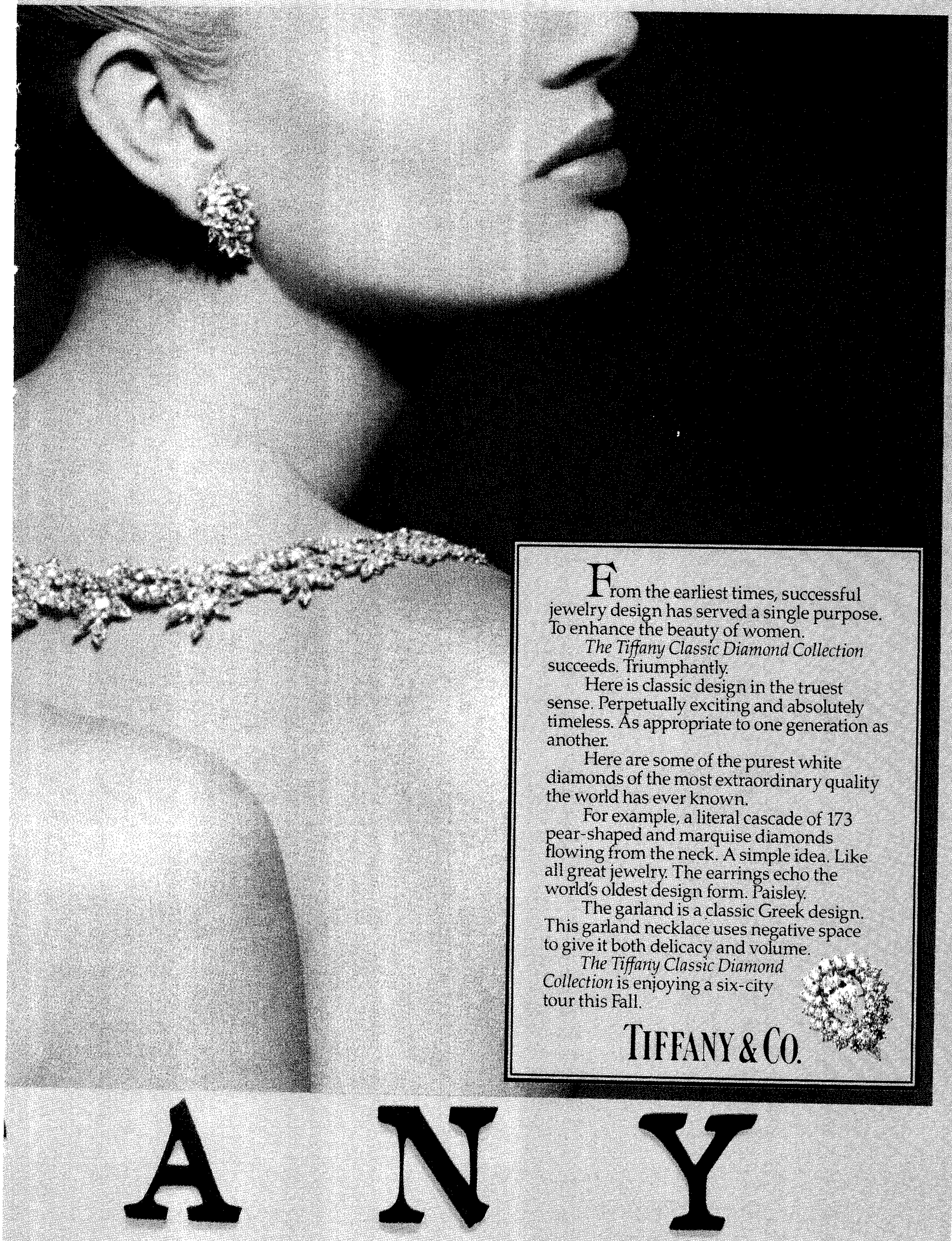

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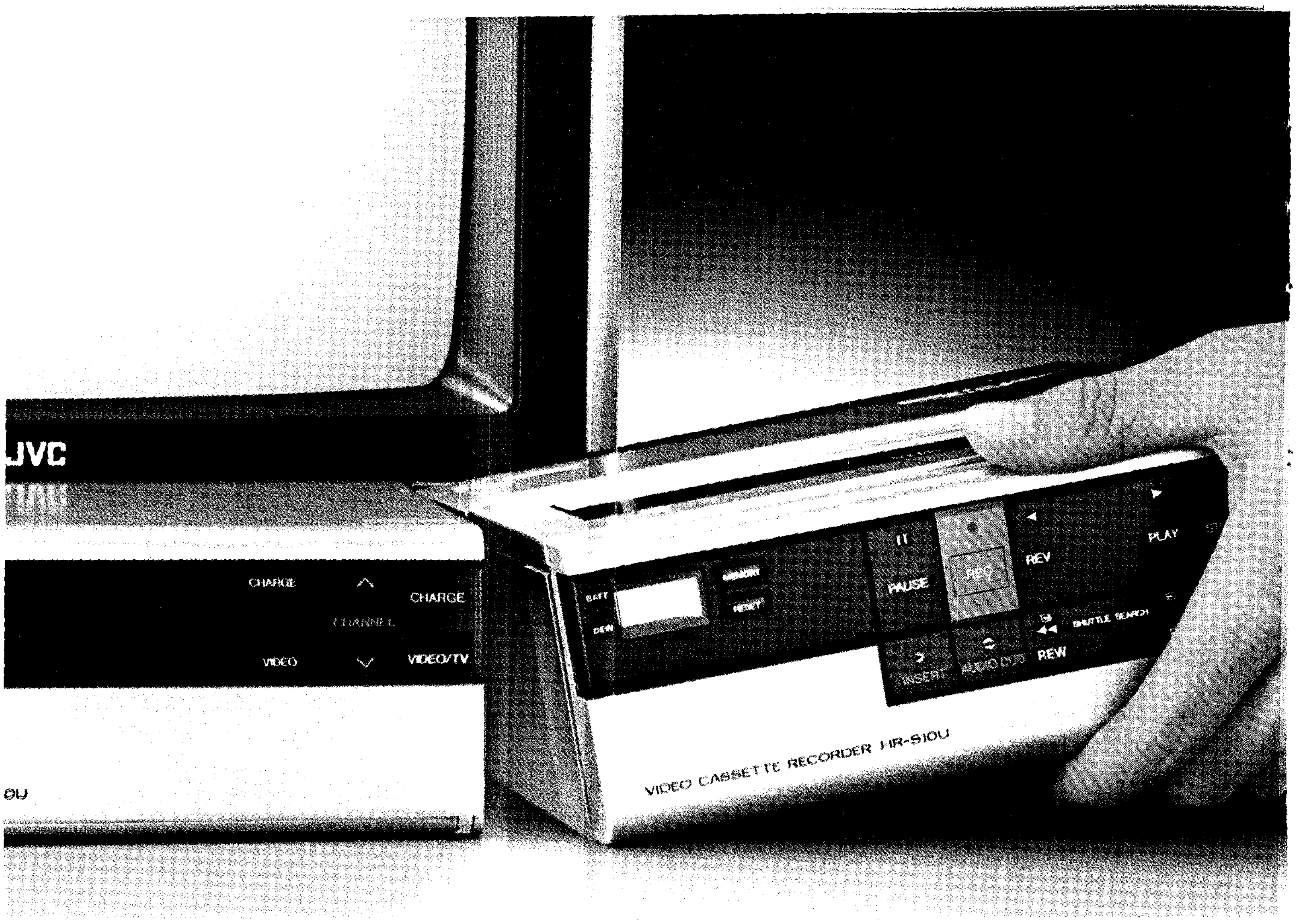
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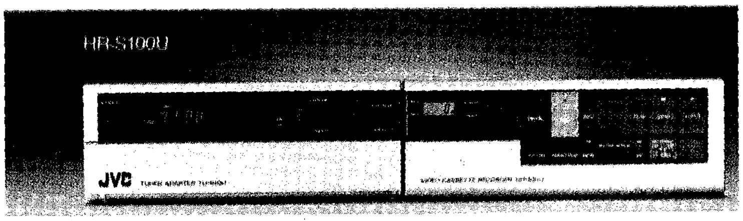
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

scapes, and landscapes. Through Nov. 24. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Richard Bosman—Paintings of people in desperate straits—tied to a stake, falling through space, swept away in a flood. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

William Brice—Abstract paintings, and drawings in charcoal and pastel. Through Dec. 1. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Tom Butter—Colored translucent fibre-glass sculptures with elongated shapes that run from six feet to twelve. Through Nov. 24. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Charles Clough / Alvin Lucier—Abstract paintings. / Ping-Pong balls, four bass drums, and loudspeakers are the main ingredients for an installation of continuous sound; the artist is a composer. Through Dec. 1. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

William Clutz—Pastels of streets and parks in Los Angeles and Chicago. Through Nov. 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Raoul Dufy (1877-1953)—Paintings, drawings, tapestries, furniture, ceramics—the lot. Through Nov. 24. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Louise Fishman—Abstract paintings, drawings, woodcuts. Through Nov. 24. (Baskerville + Watson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Harold Gregor—Recent paintings of Illinois farm country, including a narrow one, nineteen feet long. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Lila Katzen—Yucatán archeological sites inspired this large sculptural installation. Through Nov. 24. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ellery Kurtz—Trompe-l'oeil paintings of torn posters and billboards. Through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Charles Luce—Paintings on paper, full of private symbols. Through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Ross, 162 W. 56th St.)

Richard Lytle—Oils and watercolors of oversize flowers set against landscapes. Through Dec. 1. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

John Marin (1870-1953)—A show exclusively of oils by this early modernist who during his lifetime was almost never able to persuade galleries to exhibit them instead of his more celebrated watercolors. Through Nov. 24. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Bruce Monteith—Box constructions, sometimes depicting a façade, sometimes part of a room in a New England farmhouse. Through Nov. 30. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Antine Nivola—The female figure is irreducibly simplified in marble sculptures being exhibited in a two-gallery show. Through Dec. 22. (Washburn uptown, at 42 E. 57th St., and downtown, at 113 Greene St.)

Elizabeth Osborne / Roger Winter—Paintings and works on paper. / Landscape paintings in oil. Through Nov. 28. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

I. Rice Pereira (1907-71)—Geometric abstractions. Through Nov. 24. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Katherine Porter—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Paul Rotterdam—Paintings and drawings. Through Dec. 1. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Peter Saul / Matta—New paintings and drawings, including several very unflattering caricatures of Ronald Reagan. / Drawings dated 1939 to 1948. Through Thursday, Nov. 15. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Julian Schnabel—Religious and mythical images (sometimes several layers of them) are the main elements in these new outsized paintings done in oil on velvet or wood, strewn as usual with broken crockery. Through Dec. 1. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Robert Sivard—Small paintings of Léger, Magritte, Hopper, and others as this artist imagined them in their studios. Through Dec. 1. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Harold Stevenson—Drawings in mixed mediums of Greek, Roman, and Egyptian sculpture representing mythological subjects. Through Nov. 24. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

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Esteban Vicente—Oils by a veteran Abstract Expressionist. Through Dec. 1. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Thornton Willis—Recent paintings. Through Dec. 1. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **french**, 41 W. 57th St.: Landscape paintings by Bernard Chaet, Alexandre Hogue, Marjorie Portnow, Altoon Sultan, and others. Through Nov. 24. (Open Mondays.) . . . **schoelkopf**, 50 W. 57th St.: Still-life paintings by contemporary Americans Lennart Anderson, Martha Mayer Erlebacher, Gregory Gillespie, and others. Through Dec. 5.

Sculpture—Malvina Hoffman, whose classical figures reflect her apprenticeship with Rodin, is one of eleven early-twentieth-century women artists represented by small bronzes. Through Dec. 8. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Hilo Chen / Mary Warner—Photo-Realist nudes. / Paintings of farm animals. Through Nov. 24. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Ralph Coxx—Large paintings of vertical leaflike forms achieved with the help of an airbrush. Through Tuesday, Nov. 13. (Littlejohn-Smith, a new gallery at 133 Greene St.)

Enzo Cucchi—Three large paintings on metal. Through Nov. 24. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings. Starts Thursday, Nov. 8. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Helmut Federle—Paintings of bold, simple rectangular forms. Through Wednesday, Nov. 14. (Gibson, at a new location at 568 Broadway.)

Paul Georges—A heroic (eleven feet by twenty) painting in which the gods of Olympus meet up with satellites out in space; Perseus and Medusa depicted with a droll brush; and other works. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Manhattan Art, 81 Greene St.)

Elizabeth Harms / Sara Garden Armstrong—Minimalist paintings that are the product of many layers of pigment. Through Nov. 24. / An installation involving handmade paper and plastic air hoses. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Tom Holland—Wall reliefs and three-dimensional freestanding pieces in painted aluminum-and-fibre glass, and in marble. Through Nov. 24. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Joseph Raffael—Portraits of the artist and his family, among other works, executed with brush and palette knife. Through Dec. 5. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Robert Rauschenberg—The large patchworks of chemical-transfer images one expects from this artist are supplemented with colorful splotches of acrylic brushed in by hand. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Joyce Robins / Thomas Nozkowski—Bronze and painted-ceramic sculptures. / Drawings in oil on paper. Through Nov. 24. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Stefan Roloff—Frenetic paintings: figures jammed into airplanes, riders on a vaulting motorcycle, people growing out of trees. Also, a sculpture made of complicated precision machinery. Through Wednesday, Nov. 14. (Art Palace, 611 Broadway.)

Joel Shapiro—New sculptures in cast iron, bronze, and wood. Through Nov. 29. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Charles Simonds—Clay sculptures of tiny cliff-dweller houses that are part plant; windblown rocks; and organic forms. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

D. Jack Solomon—Paintings of lions, cheetahs, rhinos, gazelles, all of which have a gentle quality more associated with Persian miniatures than with the jungle. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Pam Adler, 578 Broadway.)

Anne Tabachnick—Paintings of Caribbean scenery and a couple of lolling nudes, all done in acrylic on unstretched canvas, more or less in the tradition of Dufy. Through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Athena Tacha—Scale models of proposed memorials to victims of the Holocaust and the Vietnam War. Through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Kes Zapkus—Paintings, drawings, and prints from his series "The Children of War." Through Nov. 24. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

David Finn—Crude figures dressed in tatters and topped with cardboard boxes transformed into animal heads. Through Nov. 21. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Terry Rosenberg—Large sculptures in sewn cowhide; also, huge drawings in charcoal, ink, and oil on paper. Through Nov. 24. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Trude Fleischmann—Portraits of Kokoschka, Einstein, Eleanor Roosevelt, and others by an eighty-nine-year-old photographer who was at the top of her profession in Vienna before coming here in the thirties. Through Thursday, Nov. 15. (Pfeifer, in a new SoHo location at 568 Broadway.)

Irving Penn—A retrospective has been mounted at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Francesco Scavullo—Prints by a fashion photographer. Through Dec. 1. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The van Gogh show: a canvas-by-canvas chronicle of his months in Arles, February 1888 to May 1889, with a few works by Gauguin painted during his brief stay with van Gogh. Through Dec. 30. . . . ¶ The John M. Crawford, Jr., collection of Chinese painting and calligraphy is being shown in two parts, this first part containing about eighty hand-scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans. . . . ¶ Works by folk painter Erastus Salisbury Field, in an exhibit jointly organized with the Museum of American Folk Art (see below). Among the more than fifty paintings are many of the stylized portraits of nineteenth-century rural people for which he is best known. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ The first large-scale exhibit of Maori tribal artifacts to leave New Zealand consists of close to two hundred objects, such as house posts, canoe prows, and ceremonial sculptures. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Primitivism in 20th Century Art," a show of a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures and two hundred tribal objects which demonstrates the critical influence of tribal art, mainly African and Oceanic, on Western modernism. Through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Alvar Aalto's glass objects and furniture, ubiquitous in his native Finland, form an exhibit mounted by the Department of Architecture and Design. Through Nov. 27. . . . **photography:** About two hundred works by Irving Penn. Through Nov. 27. (Opens daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Will Insley: an exhibit of documents, from

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models to a drawing on the floor of the museum's rotunda, delineating an imaginary society in an imaginary city. . . . ¶ Paintings, photographs, and works in mixed mediums by eight contemporary Australian artists. Both shows through Nov. 25. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays and Veterans Day, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show that revives the New York art world of 1958-64, via, for example, re-creations of Claes Oldenburg's tableaux "The Street" and "The Store" and two of Allan Kaprow's found-object environments. Other artists include Johns, Lichtenstein, and Morris. Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ More than two hundred prints added to the museum's collection in the past decade, ranging from John Marin's 1911 "Brooklyn Bridge" to lithographs completed this year by Susan Rothenberg and by Terry Winters. Through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Bronze sculptures by Nancy Graves, Sandro Chia, Isaac Witkin, Anthony Caro, Bryan Hunt, and George Segal. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays, except Veterans Day, and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6; Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Two hundred archeological finds from the recent excavation site in Ban Chiang and from the National Museum of Thailand, which testify to a Bronze Age in Southeast Asia. Tools, ornaments, weapons, and pottery that scholars date from as early as 3600 B.C., as well as replicas of whole burial units. Opens Friday, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Gold objects from Asante, a colony of the African Gold Coast now in modern Ghana, on loan from the British Museum. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A survey of Japanese calligraphy from the eighth century to the nineteenth jointly organized by the Asia Society and Japan House (see below). This section has works by scholars and artists, including eight decorated poem pages from a set of thirty-six by Hon'ami Koetsu. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—*Jewelry from the prodigious collection of Balti*more's Walters Art Gallery, whose founder purchased precious objects that range from the Egyptian amulets commonly sewn into mummy wrappings to the "Tiffany Iris" brooch, whose petals are made of a hundred and twenty sapphires set in silver. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of Japanese calligraphy, including the ornate Buddhist text "Lotus Sutra." A joint exhibit with the Asia Society, this section is devoted to calligraphers who were monks or courtiers. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Jewish Heritage in American Folk Art," a display of more than a hundred and twenty objects, including paintings, cut-paper documents, wood carvings, samplers, and a nineteenth-century quilt embroidered with an American flag in combination with a Star of David. Starts Thursday, Nov. 8. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Watercolors and drawings primarily by European artists, including Raphael and Picasso, in a selection from the National Gallery of Ireland. . . . ¶ "William Morris: The 150th Anniversary of His Birth"—manuscripts, photographs, pamphlets, and books. . . . ¶ Landscape etchings by Rembrandt. All shows through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 125 W. 55th St.—Sixty canvases by Erastus Salisbury Field (1805-1900), mainly portraits of rural New Englanders, commissioned at four dollars a clip. A joint exhibition with the Metropolitan Museum, this section is running through Dec. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than fifty paintings by Spanish artists who were roughly contemporary with and stylistically akin to French Impressionists. Starts Thursday, Nov. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Scenes of this city in the early nineteenth century and portraits of Seneca Indians in western New York are among the forty-two pencil sketches and watercolors by a French amateur artist, Baroness Hyde de Neuville, who spent fourteen years in the United States. Starts Thursday, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Banners, seals, crests, etc., commemorate the quincentennial of the incorporation of the College of Arms by King Richard III. Through Jan. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of traditional African art and of nineteenth- and twentieth-century African-American paintings, sculptures, and photographs from the collections of the museum, the Schomburg Center, and the Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building. Through Dec. 30. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.—Six programs of videotapes, Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 8-10, and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 15-17. (Evenings at 8; tickets at the door on the evening of the showing.)

THE KITCHEN, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615.—Spalding Gray (video), Sunday, Nov. 11, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "Amost Dance" (performance), Friday through Sunday, Nov. 16-18, at 8:30.

P.S. 1, at 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.—The curator, Henry Geldzahler, has pulled together a show of a hundred paintings by twelve artists whose work he feels deserves wider recognition. Among them are Sally Hazelet Drummond, Joan McLaughlin, and Walter Murch. Through Dec. 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8: "La Bohème," with Linda Zoghby, Myra Merritt, Giuliano Ciannella, and Pablo Elvira; conducted by Plácido Domingo. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Renata Scotto, Tatiana Troyanos, Ann Murray, and Kenneth Riegel; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Julia Hamari, Dalmacio Gonzalez, and Leo Nucci; Edoardo Mueller. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2: "Manon Lescaut," with Ermanno Mauro, David Holloway, and James Courtney; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8: "La Bohème," with Linda Zoghby, Myra Merritt, Giuliano Ciannella, and Pablo Elvira; Plácido Domingo. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 12, at 8: "La Clemenza di

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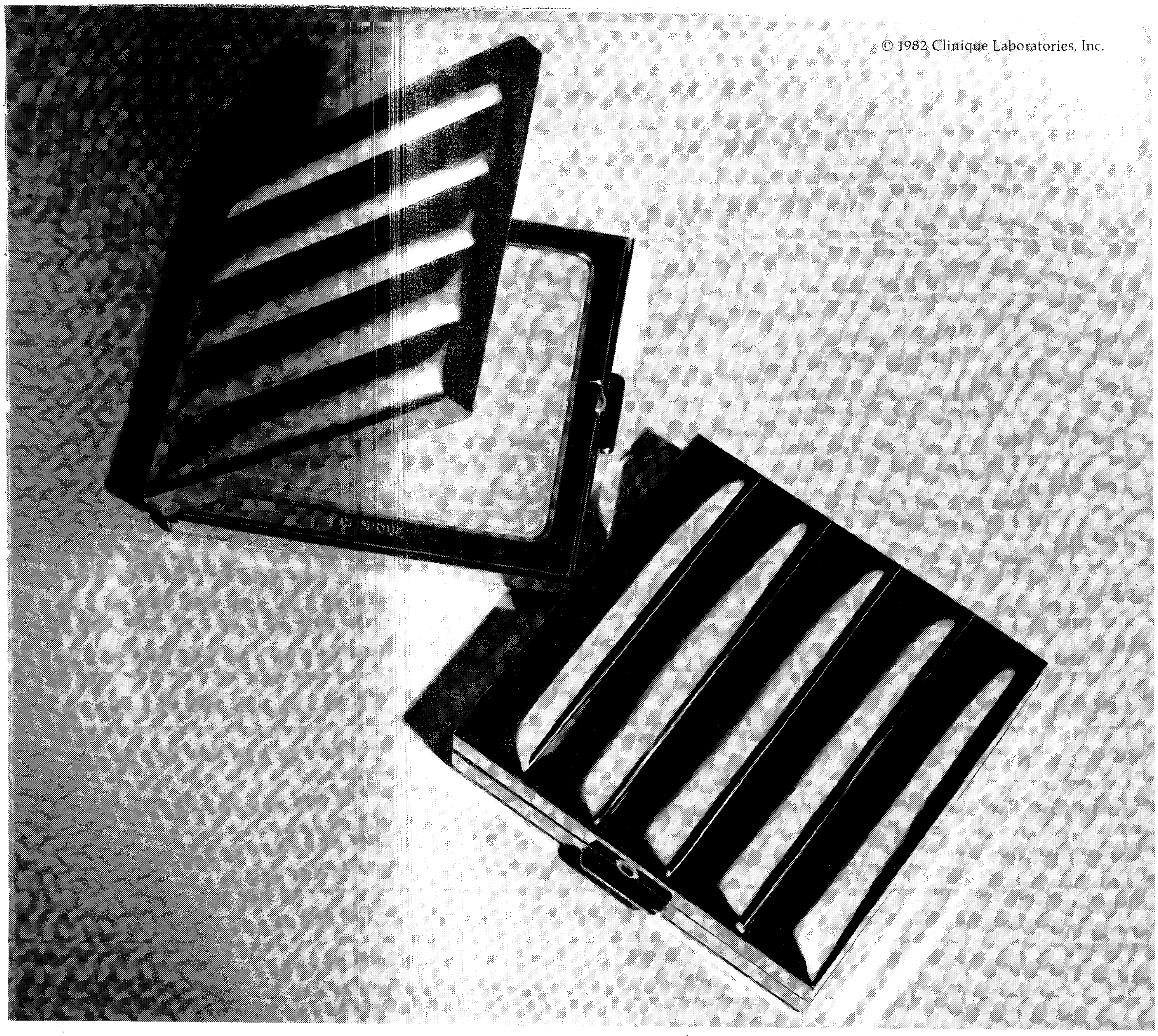

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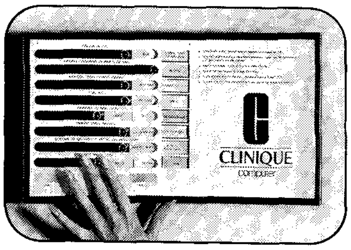

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Tito," with Renata Scotto, Ann Murray, Ariel Bybee, and Kenneth Riegel; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 8: "La Bohème," with Eugenia Moldoveanu, Myra Merritt, Giuliano Ciannella, and Pablo Elvira; Plácido Domingo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Julia Hamari, Dalmacio Gonzalez, and Leo Nucci; Edoardo Mueller. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Adriana Maliponte, Ermanno Mauro, David Holloway, and Ara Berberian; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 16, at 8: "La Bohème," with Eugenia Moldoveanu, Myra Merritt, Giuliano Ciannella, and Pablo Elvira; Plácido Domingo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Ann Murray, Ariel Bybee, and Kenneth Riegel; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Julia Hamari, Dalmacio Gonzalez, and Leo Nucci; Edoardo Mueller.

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Akhnaten" (in Akkadian, Egyptian, and Hebrew, with an English narration), with Marie Angel, Marta Senn, Christopher Robson, and Kurt Link; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8: "La Traviata," with Leigh Munro, Jon Garrison, and William Stone; Mark Flint. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Akhnaten" (in Akkadian, Egyptian, and Hebrew, with an English narration), with Marie Angel, Marta Senn, Christopher Robson, and Kurt Link; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2: "Carmen," with Diana Walker, Susanne Marsee, George Gray, and Scott Reeve; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Janice Meyerson, Alteouise DeVaughn, Harry Theyard, and William Dansby; and "Pagliacci," with Maryanne Telese, Harry Theyard, and Robert McFarland; Klaus Weise conducting both. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 11, at 1: "Rigoletto," with Sheryl Woods, Janis Eckhart, Richard Leech, and Adib Fazah; Mark Flint. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 11, at 7: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Kaaren Erickson, Sally Wolf, Jon Garrison, and Stephen Dickson; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Akhnaten" (in Akkadian, Egyptian, and Hebrew, with an English narration), with Marie Angel, Marta Senn, Christopher Robson, and Kurt Link; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 14, and Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Sweeney Todd," with Leigh Munro, Elaine Bonazzi, Cris Groenendaal, and Timothy Nolen; Paul Gemignani. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2: "Sweeney Todd," with Sheryl Woods, Joyce Castle, Cris Groenendaal, and Stanley Wexler; Paul Gemignani. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Sweeney Todd," with Leigh Munro, Rosalind Elias, Cris Groenendaal, and Timothy Nolen; Paul Gemignani. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 18.)

Amato Opera Company—Puccini's "Tosca." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 7:30; Sunday, Nov. 11, at 2:30; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17, at 7:30.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Andrew Davis conducting and acting as organ soloist—Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8; Friday, Nov. 9, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 7:30: A John Wyre–Mozart–Saint-Saëns program, with John Browning, piano, and the Nexus Ensemble. . . . ¶ Thursday. Nov. 15, at 8; Friday, Nov. 16, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 7:30: A varied program, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano.

Orchestre National de Lille—Jean-Claude Casadesus conducting, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Gewandhaus Orchestra of Leipzig—Kurt Masur conducting the third in a series of five concerts presenting, in sequence, the Beethoven symphony cycle. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting a Mozart–Schubert–Richard Strauss program, with Roberta Peters, soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 9-10, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 11, at 2.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Robert Craft conducting a Beethoven-Dvořák-Stravinsky program, with Carter Brey, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 3.)

Boston Philharmonic—Benjamin Zander conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Peter Zazofsky, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 3.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Peter Serkin, piano, and Delia Wallis, mezzo-soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 18, at 3.)

RECITALS

Ravi Shankar—Sitar. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

Kim Kashkashian—Viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

Joyce Lindorff—Harpsichord. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

Portland String Quartet—The second of two concerts presenting the Ernest Bloch quartet cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

New Music Consort—A program of music by Foss, Wuorinen, Stockhausen, and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in the second in a series of six all-Bach concerts celebrating the three-hundredth anniversary of the composer's birth. With the Tureck Bach Players and vocal and instrumental soloists, conducted by Michael Charry and Miss Tureck. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Kuijken Quartet—A program of baroque music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Boehm Quintette—Chamber music for wind instruments. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 8 at 8.)

Mahmud Mirza—Sitar. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

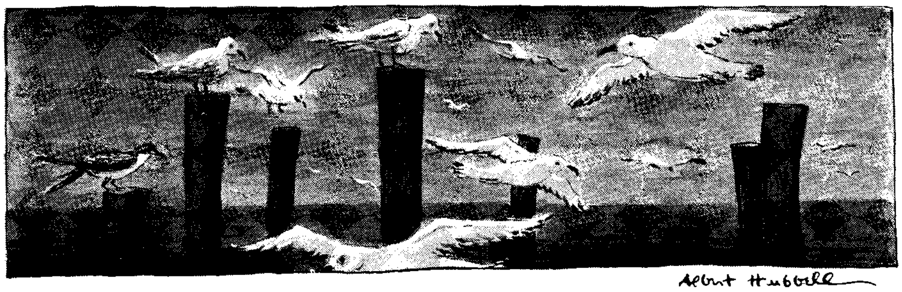
Music from Marlboro—Two performances of a Beethoven-Shostakovich-Mendelssohn program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Nov. 9, at 8. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Harmonic Choir—David Hykes directing. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 9-10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 662-2133.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Kurt Moll—Bass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Paula Robison—Flute and narrator, with Jean-



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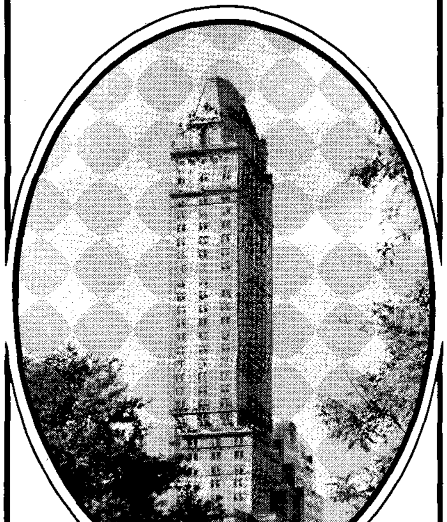

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Yves Thibaudet, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER, LAURENCE LESSER, AND STEPHANIE BROWN—Violin, cello, and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

YALE CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES—The first in a series of four concerts performed by various faculty members of the Yale University School of Music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

CHRISTA LUDWIG AND JAMES LEVINE—Mezzo-soprano and piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 3.)

DAVID BUECHNER—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 3.)

SHARON ISBIN—Classical guitarist, with Isabelle Ganz, mezzo-soprano, and George Mgrdichian, oud. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Sunday, Nov. 11, at 3.)

WASHINGTON MUSIC ENSEMBLE—A chamber-music program called "A Benelux Festival." (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

MICHAEL COLLIER—Piano. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 3. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

MUSIC BEFORE 1800—The third in a series of concerts, this one with Andrea von Ramm, mezzo-soprano, and Louise Basbas, harpsichord. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

NORTH/SOUTH CONSONANCE—Max Lifchitz conducting an ensemble, with Constance Beavon, mezzo-soprano, and Keith Griggs, organ. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

AN DIE MUSIK—The first of two concerts of chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 4.)

LYDIA ARTYMIW—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 7:30.)

FRED SHERRY—Cello, with pianist-composer Charles Wuorinen. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Monday, Nov. 12, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

JOEL KROSNICK AND GILBERT KALISH—Cello and piano, with Paul Zukofsky conducting the Juilliard Contemporary Music Ensemble. (Juilliard Theatre, 144 W. 66th St. Monday, Nov. 12, at 7. For information about free tickets, call 874-7515.)

EDWARD ALDWELL—Piano, in the first of four concerts presenting Bach's "The Well-Tempered Clavier," in honor of the tercentenary of the composer's birth. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

PAUL MEYER—Clarinet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

RUTH SLENCZYNSKA—Piano, in a program commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of her Town Hall début. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

ROSEMARY GLYDE—Viola, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

GROUP FOR CONTEMPORARY MUSIC—A program of music composed since 1977, performed by Aleck Karis, piano; the Times Square Basstet; and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

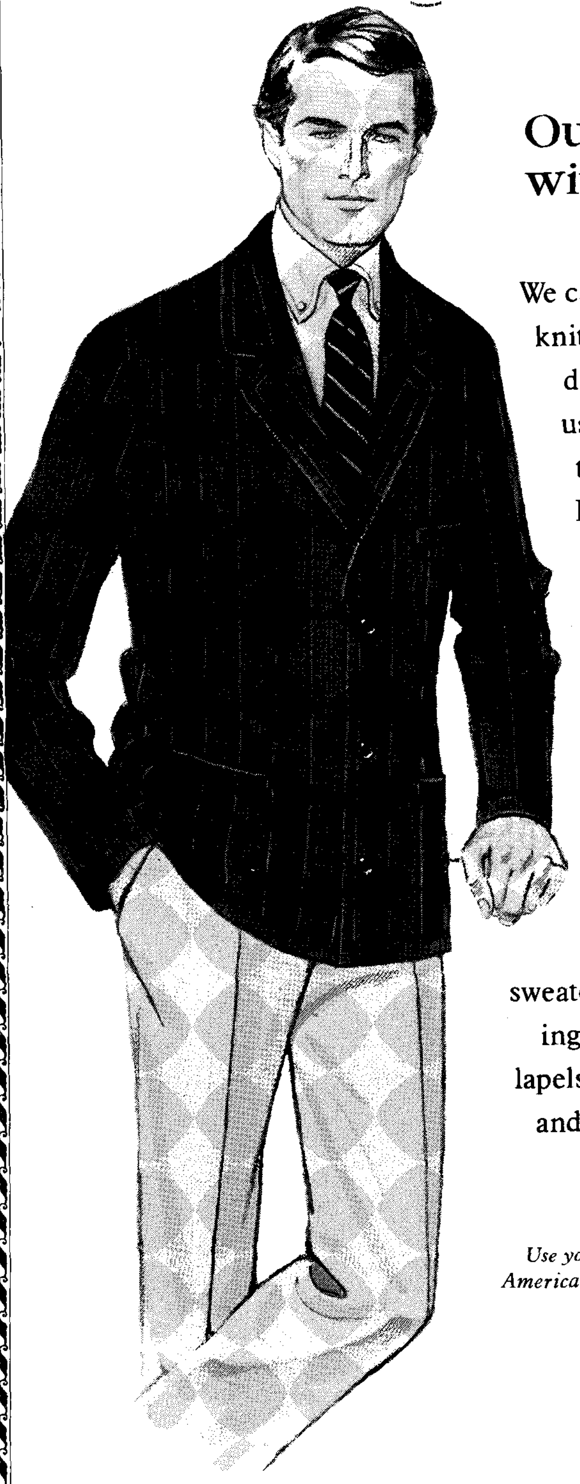
ALEXIS WEISSENBERG—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

COLORADO STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

MUSIC TODAY—Gerard Schwarz conducting a chamber ensemble, with William Parker, baritone, and Richard Goode, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—The first in a series of four programs, each of which will be performed twice, this one devoted to Elizabethan and Jacobean music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 15, and Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

MENDELSSOHN STRING QUARTET—The second in a series of three Mendelssohn-Schoenberg pro-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

grams. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

New York New Music Ensemble—A program of music by John Cage, Roger Reynolds, and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

National Association of Composers, U.S.A.—A program of music by Lee Calhoun, Noam Elkies, Fedor Kabalin, and others. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Luciano Pavarotti—Tenor, with the American Symphony Orchestra conducted by Emerson Buckley. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano, in a Schubert-Chopin program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

The King's Singers—A male vocal sextet. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—With Elena Ivanina, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Manhattan Vocal Ensemble—A program of Latin-American choral music. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 249-8950.)

Kodály String Quartet—A program of music by Hungarian composers. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2.)

Emanuel Ax and Yo-Yo Ma—Piano and cello. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Sequoia String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the second annual presentation of a series of programs of contemporary works of dance, music, theatre, and visual effects. In the Carey Playhouse. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8: Tenor saxophonist **RICHARD LANDRY** performing a program of his own music, with percussionist David Van Tieghem. . . . ¶ In the Opera House. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 7; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 18, at 2: The première of **SECRET PASTURES**, choreographed by Bill T. Jones and Arnie Zane and danced by their company, with music composed by Peter Gordon and performed by Mr. Gordon and the Love of Life Orchestra. (30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Festival runs through Sunday, Dec. 23.)

Benefit Concerts—*Helen Campo, flute; Jeannette* Haien, Carl Schachter, and Jacob Lateiner, piano; and a vocal quartet. The beneficiary is Amnesty International, U.S.A. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8. For tickets, call 866-5162.) . . . ¶ Guillermo Figueroa, violin; Rafael Torrens, baritone; and others, in a concert to benefit Boricua College. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Richard Tucker Memorial Gala—Among the participants in a benefit concert will be Giuliano Ciannella, Sherrill Milnes, and Anna Tomowa-Sintow. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:30): Knicks vs. Chicago, Thursday, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Kansas City, Saturday, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Washington, Tuesday, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Washington, Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kansas City, Friday, Nov. 9, at 7:30.

College Football—**SATURDAY, NOV. 10:** Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Army, at Chestnut Hill, at *12:20. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence*, at 1. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Pace, at Fordham, at 1. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Harvard, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. West Virginia, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 12:20. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Navy, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Trinity, at Middletown, at 1. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven, at 1. . . . **SUNDAY, NOV. 11:** Manhattan vs. Niagara, at John F. Kennedy Field, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 17:** Boston College vs. Syracuse, at Sullivan Stadium, Foxboro, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field, at 1. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Pennsylvania, at Ithaca, at 1. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge, at 1. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton, at 1. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at Piscataway, at 1.

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 11: Jets vs. Indianapolis Colts, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Tampa Bay Buccaneers, at Tampa.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Friday, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Sunday, Nov. 11. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, Nov. 10, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Nov. 17, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Edmonton Oilers, Thursday, Nov. 8, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Nov. 10, at 7:35.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily, except Tuesdays and Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 12:30. Post time will be noon on Saturday, Nov. 10. The Stuyvesant Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 10; the General Douglas MacArthur Handicap, Sunday, Nov. 11; and the Remsen, Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Monday, Nov. 12, at 1:30; through Monday, Dec. 31. The Long Look, Friday, Nov. 9.

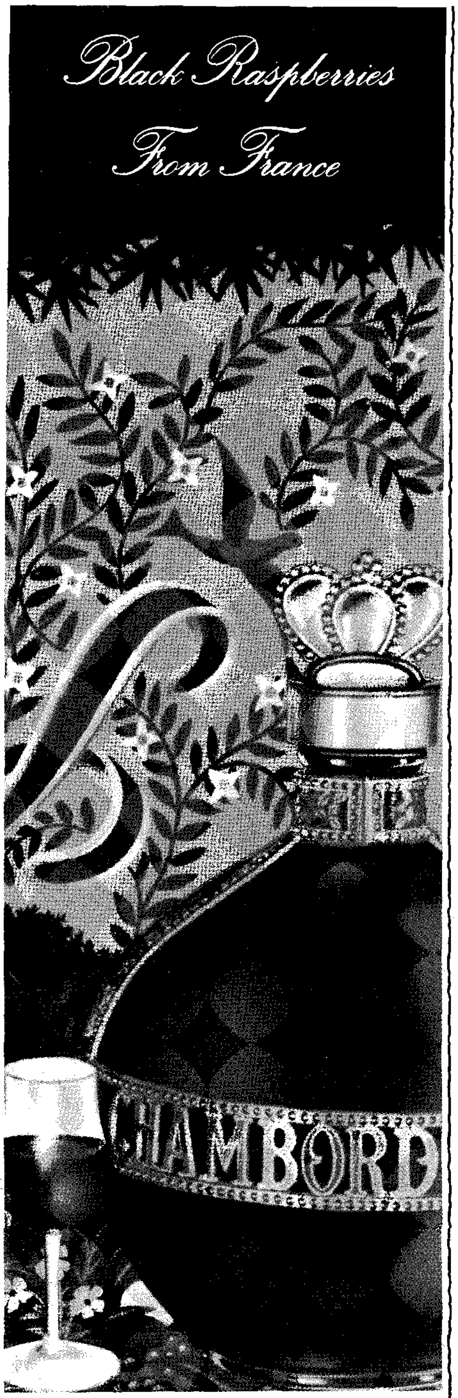
Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 12.

ET ALIA

Poetry, Prose, and Drama Readings—Thom Gunn and James Fenton reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Nov. 12, at 8.) . . . ¶ James Laughlin, Ned Rorem, and *others reading from the works of Tennessee* Williams, as well as reminiscing about the playwright. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ John Ashbery, Donald Hall, Brad Leithauser, and Grace Schulman reading from the works of *Marianne Moore*. (Kaufmann Theatre, American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 6. No charge beyond the museum's ordinary entrance contribution.) . . . ¶ Kathy Acker and Michael Brownstein reading from their own prose. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Flower Show—A Japanese chrysanthemum exhibition, featuring life-size *kiku-ningyo* dolls, whose costumes are fashioned from chrysanthemum plants, in the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory at the New York Botanical Garden. (Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4; through Sunday, Nov. 25.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)—Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 2: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Nov. 8-9, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century and Old Master prints. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 9, at 10:15 and 2, and Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2: Japanese prints, together with works of art. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 7: Six paintings by such artists as Monet, Corot, and Daumier; from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. David Bakalar. Following the Bakalar sale, Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 606-7303. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 15, at 2: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 15, at 10:15: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 8.



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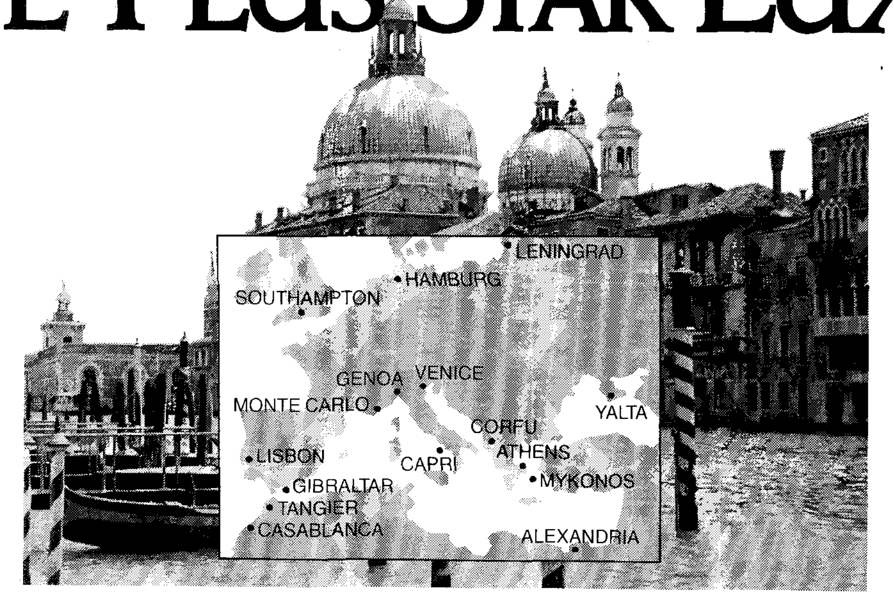

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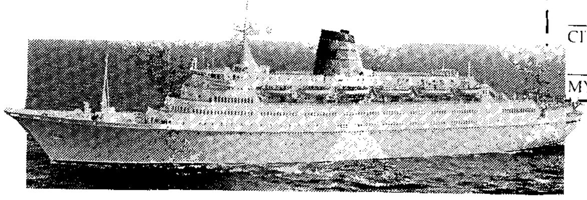

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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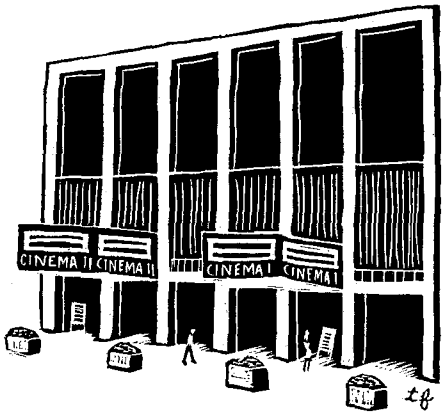

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"The Ploughman's Lunch" (directed by Richard Eyre), with Jonathan Pryce, Tim Curry, and Rosemary Harris.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"The Little Drummer Girl" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 8: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams; and "Oxford Blues" (Robert Boris), with Rob Lowe.
Nov. 9-15: "The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai" (†); and "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton.
From Nov. 16: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Nov. 8: "Terror in the Aisles" (Andrew Kuehn), with Donald Pleasence and Nancy Allen.
From Nov. 9: "Places in the Heart" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Nov. 8: "American Dreamer" (Rick Rosenthal), with JoBeth Williams and Tom Conti.
From Nov. 9: "Oh, God! You Devil" (Paul Bogart), with George Burns.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Thief of Hearts" (Douglas Day Stewart), with Steven Bauer and Barbara Williams.
Theatre 2: "Firstborn" (Michael Apted), with Teri Garr and Peter Weller.
Theatre 3: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Nov. 8: "Places in the Heart" (†).
From Nov. 9: "No Small Affair" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Jon Cryer and Demi Moore.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Nov. 8: "All of Me" (†).
Nov. 9-15: To be announced.
From Nov. 16: "Night of the Comet" (Thom Eberhardt), with Catherine Mary Stewart and Kelli Maroney.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"American Dreamer" (Rick Rosenthal), with JoBeth Williams and Tom Conti.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Nov. 8: "Give My Regards to Broad Street" (Peter Webb), with Paul McCartney.
From Nov. 9: "The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Nov. 8: "Comfort and Joy" (Bill Forsyth), with Bill Paterson and C. P. Grogan.
From Nov. 9: "Paris, Texas" (Wim Wenders).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Body Double" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 8: "Body Double" (†). From Nov. 9: "No Small Affair" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Jon Cryer and Demi Moore.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.
Theatre 2: "Choose Me" (Alan Rudolph), with Keith Carradine, Geneviève Bujold, and Lesley Ann Warren.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Not for Publication" (Paul Bartel), with Nancy Allen, David Naughton, and Laurence Luckinbill.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (Roland Joffé), with Sam Waterston and Haing S. Ngor.
Theatre 2: "The Little Drummer Girl" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Places in the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 8: "Crimes of Passion" (Ken Russell), with Kathleen Turner and Anthony Perkins. From Nov. 9: "Oh, God! You Devil" (Paul Bogart), with George Burns.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Country" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 8: "Terror in the Aisles" (Andrew Kuehn), with Donald Pleasence and Nancy Allen. From Nov. 9: "Thief of Hearts" (Douglas Day Stewart), with Steven Bauer and Barbara Williams. (No performances on Thursday, Nov. 15.)
Theatre 2: "Firstborn" (Michael Apted), with Teri Garr and Peter Weller.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Amadeus" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Nov. 8: "Terror in the Aisles" (Andrew Kuehn), with Donald Pleasence and Nancy Allen.
From Nov. 9: "Oh, God! You Devil" (Paul Bogart), with George Burns.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 8: "Thief of Hearts" (Douglas Day Stewart), with Steven Bauer and Barbara Williams. From Nov. 9: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley.
Theatre 2: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Body Double" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Little Drummer Girl" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 8: "All of Me" (†). From Nov. 9: "Silent Night, Deadly Night."

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 13: "Ghost Dance" (1983; directed by Ken McMullen; in English and French), with Pascale Ogier. From Nov. 14: "Snowdrop Festival" (1983; Jiří Menzel; in Czech).
Theatre 2: "Nicaragua: No Pasaran" (David Bradbury), a documentary.

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Through Nov. 8: A week-long program of films by Christian Blackwood.
From Nov. 9: "The Times of Harvey Milk" (Robert Epstein), a documentary.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Crimes of Passion" (Ken Russell), with Kathleen Turner and Anthony Perkins.
Theatre 2: "Body Double" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Country" (†).
Theatre 2: "Garbo Talks" (Sidney Lumet), with Anne Bancroft and Ron Silver.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 8: "Full Moon in Paris" (Eric Rohmer; in French). From Nov. 9: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley.
Theatre 2: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 15: "Metropolis" (†). From Nov. 16: "Swann in Love" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Razor's Edge" (John Byrum), with Bill Murray and Theresa Russell.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Nov. 14: A thirteen-day festival of François Truffaut films.
From Nov. 15: A week-long festival of Catherine Deneuve films.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Stop Making Sense" (Jonathan Demme), with the Talking Heads.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Nov. 15: "Swann in Love" (†).
From Nov. 16: "A Sunday in the Country" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Little Drummer Girl" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Amadeus" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 8: "Full Moon in Paris" (Eric Rohmer; in French). From Nov. 9: "A Love in Germany" (Andrzej Wajda; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Marie-Christine Barrault.
Theatre 2: "A Nos Amours" (Maurice Pialat; in French).
Theatre 3: "Diary for My Children" (Márta Mészáros; in Hungarian).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Bizet's Carmen" (†).
Theatre 2: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Another Country" (Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett.
Theatre 2: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 8: "Garbo Talks" (Sidney Lumet), with Anne Bancroft and Ron Silver. From Nov. 9: "Oh, God! You Devil" (Paul Bogart), with George Burns.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 8: "American Dreamer" (Rick Rosenthal), with JoBeth Williams and Tom Conti. From Nov. 9: "Places in the Heart" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Little Drummer Girl" (†).
Theatre 4: "Country" (†).

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 8: "All of Me" (†). From Nov. 9: "No Small Affair" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Jon Cryer and Demi Moore.
Theatre 2: "Body Double" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 8: "Crimes of Passion" (Ken Russell), with Kathleen Turner and Anthony Perkins. From Nov. 9: "Places in the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 8: "Purple Rain" (†) and "The Road Warrior" (†). From Nov. 9: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 8: "Terror in the

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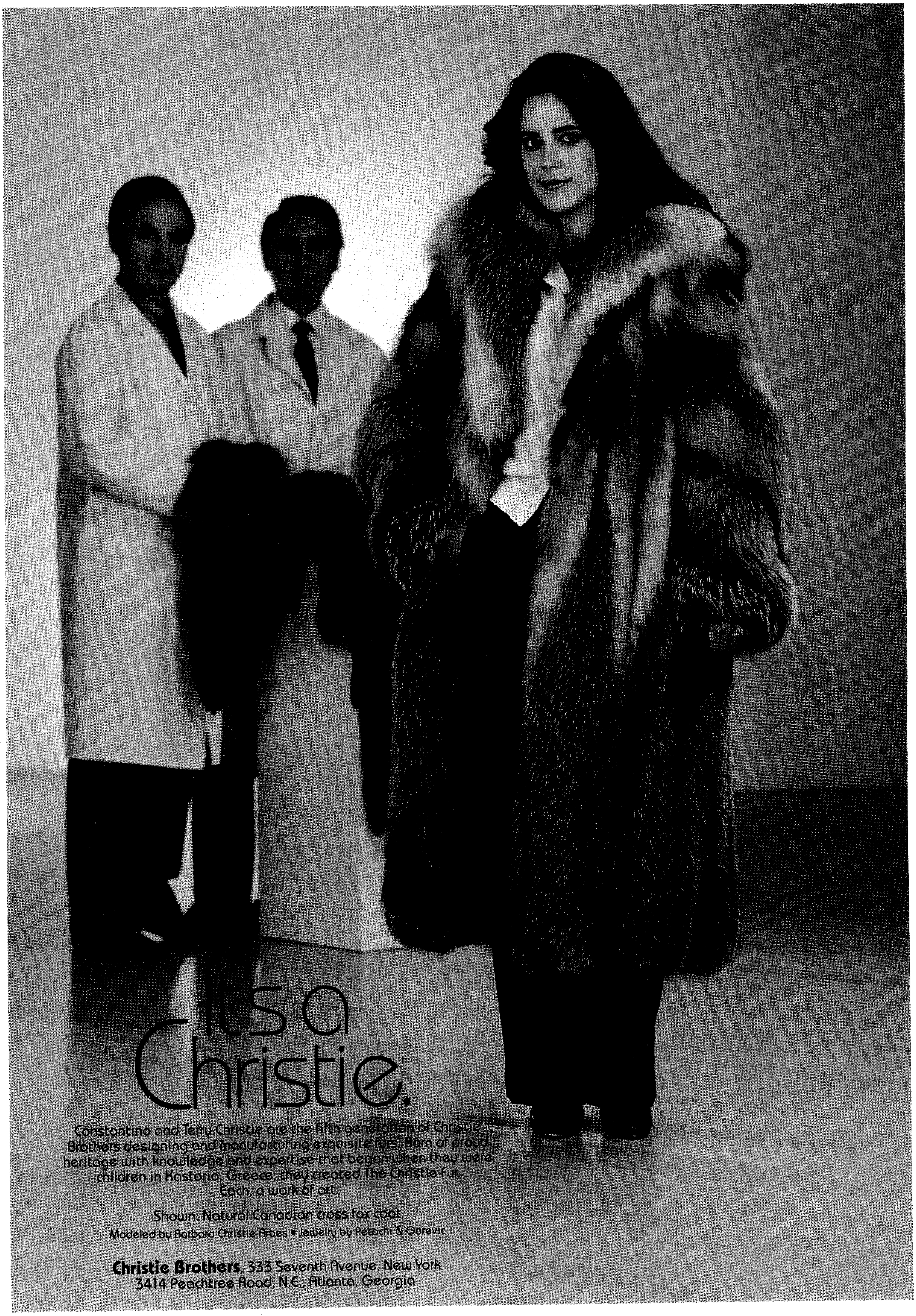

Constantino and Terry Christie are the fifth generation of Christie Brothers designing and manufacturing exquisite furs. Born of proud heritage with knowledge and expertise that began when they were children in Kastoria, Greece, they created The Christie Fur... Each, a work of art.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Aisles" (Andrew Kuehn), with Donald Pleasence and Nancy Allen. From Nov. 9: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 8: "Give My Regards to Broad Street" (directed by Peter Webb), with Paul McCartney. From Nov. 9: "Oh, God! You Devil" (Paul Bogart), with George Burns.
Theatre 2: "Terror in the Aisles" (Andrew Kuehn), with Donald Pleasence and Nancy Allen.
Theatre 3: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 8: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin. From Nov. 9: "The Evil That Men Do" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and José Ferrer.
Theatre 5: Through Nov. 8: "American Dreamer" (Rick Rosenthal), with JoBeth Williams and Tom Conti. From Nov. 9: "The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai" (†).
Theatre 6: "All of Me" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Firstborn" (Michael Apted), with Teri Garr and Peter Weller.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 3: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Crimes of Passion" (Ken Russell), with Kathleen Turner and Anthony Perkins. (No performances on Thursday, Nov. 15.)

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Thief of Hearts" (Douglas Day Stewart), with Steven Bauer and Barbara Williams.
Theatre 2: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Purple Rain" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Places in the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 8: "The Evil That Men Do" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and José Ferrer. From Nov. 9: "A Nightmare on Elm Street" (Wes Craven), with John Saxon and Ronee Blakley.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 8: "Ninja III: The Domination" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi and Lucinda Dickey. From Nov. 9: "No Small Affair" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Jon Cryer and Demi Moore.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 8: "The Little Drummer Girl" (†). From Nov. 9: "Silent Night, Deadly Night."

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "Body Double" (†).
Theatre 2: "Country" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Nov. 7: "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" ("Every Man for Himself and God Against All;" 1975; directed by Werner Herzog; in German), with Bruno S.; and "Meetings with Remarkable Men" (1979; Peter Brook), with Terence Stamp and Dragan Maksimovic.
Nov. 8: "Time Stands Still" (1982; Péter Gothár; in Hungarian); and "A Slave of Love" (1978; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Yelena Solovei.
Nov. 9-10: "Gimme Shelter" (1970; David Maysles, Albert Maysles, and Charlotte Zwerin), about the Rolling Stones; and "Heartland Reggae" (1980; Jim Lewis), a concert film.

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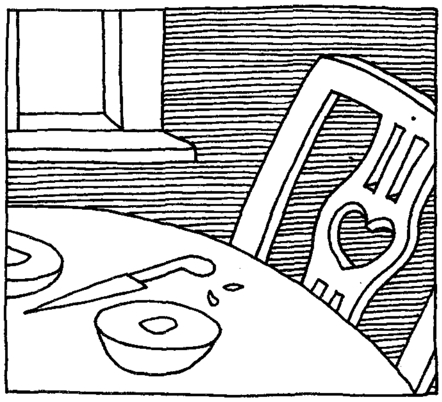
Nov. 11-12: "Madame Rosa" (1978; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret; and "Hester Street" (†).
Nov. 13: "Scenes from a Marriage" (†).
Nov. 14: "Maîtresse" (1976; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu; and "More" (1969; Barbet Schroeder), with Mimsy Farmer.
Nov. 15: "Padre Padrone" (1977; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian); and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (†).
Nov. 16-17: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" (†) and "Morgan!" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through Nov. 15: "The Times of Harvey Milk" (1984; Robert Epstein), a documentary.
From Nov. 16: "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey; and "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato.
From Nov. 16: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 8: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Baby Doll" (1956; Elia Kazan), with Karl Malden, Carroll Baker, and Eli Wallach.
Nov. 9-10: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.
Nov. 11-13: "Broadway Danny Rose" (1984; Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, and Nick Apollo Forte; and "Play It Again, Sam" (1972; Herbert Ross), with Woody Allen.
Nov. 14-15: "The Decameron" (1971), "The Arabian Nights" (1973), and "The Canterbury Tales" (1972), all three films in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini.
Nov. 16-17: "The Leopard" (1963; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon, and Claudia Cardinale.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Repo Man" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Nov. 7: "La Nuit de Varennes" (1981; Ettore Scola; in French), with Harvey Keitel, Marcello Mastroianni, and Laura Betti; and "Danton" (1983; Andrzej Wajda; in French), with Gérard Depardieu.
Nov. 8-10: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.
Nov. 11-12: "West Side Story" (†); and "Splendor in the Grass" (1961; Elia Kazan), with Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, and Pat Hingle.
Nov. 13-14: "The Bounty" (1984; Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins; and "The Duellists" (†).
Nov. 15-17: "Horse Feathers" (1932; Norman McLeod), with the Marx Brothers; "Duck Soup" (†); and "Animal Crackers" (1930; Victor Heerman), with the Marx Brothers.



Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Nov. 8: "Police Academy" (1984; Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall; and "Splash" (1984; Ron Howard), with Tom Hanks, Daryl Hannah, and John Candy.
Nov. 9-10: "Being There" (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden; and "The Magic Christian" (1970; Joseph McGrath), with Peter Sellers and Ringo Starr.
Nov. 11: "1900" (†).
Nov. 12-13: "Body Heat" (1981; Lawrence Kasdan), with William Hurt, Kathleen Turner, Richard Crenna, and Mickey Rourke; and "Eyewitness" (1981; Peter Yates), with William Hurt, Sigourney Weaver, Christopher Plummer, and James Woods.
Nov. 14-15: "Joe" (†) and "Inserts" (†).
Nov. 16-17: "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams; and "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Nov. 7: "L'Avventura" (1959; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Léa Massari; and "Story of a Love Affair" (1950; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Ferdinando Sarmi and Lucia Bosè.
Nov. 8: "Hammett" (1983; Wim Wenders), with Frederic Forrest; and "The State of Things" (1983; Wim Wenders).
Nov. 9-15: "La Petite Bande" (1983; Michel Deville; a French film, with no dialogue).
Nov. 16: "Rashomon" (†); and "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada.
Nov. 17: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Shining" (1980; Stanley Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatman Crothers.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Nov. 7: "Harper" (1966; Jack Smight), with Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall, and Julie Harris; and "The Hustler" (1961; Robert Rossen), with Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, and Piper Laurie.
Nov. 8-10: "Sing, Baby, Sing" (1936; Sidney Lanfield), with Alice Faye and Adolphe Menjou; and "Broadway Melody of 1936" (1935; Roy Del Ruth), with Eleanor Powell and Jack Benny.
Nov. 11-12: "Miracle on 34th Street" (1947; George Seaton), with John Payne, Maureen O'Hara, Edmund Gwenn, and Natalie Wood; and "Little Miss Broadway" (1938; Irving Cummings), with Shirley Temple, George Murphy, Jimmy Durante, and Edna May Oliver.
Nov. 13-14: "The House on 92nd Street" (1945; Henry Hathaway), with William Eythe, Signe Hasso, Lloyd Nolan, Gene Lockhart, and Leo G. Carroll; and "Kiss Me Deadly" (†).
Nov. 15-17: "It Should Happen to You" (†) and "The Solid Gold Cadillac" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Nov. 7: "The Virgin and the Gypsy" (1970; Christopher Miles), with Joanna Shimkus and Franco Nero; and "The Rocking Horse Winner" (1950; Anthony Pelissier), with Valerie Hobson, John Howard Davies, and John Mills.
Nov. 8: "Where the Sidewalk Ends" (1950; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Dana Andrews, and Gary Merrill; "The Dark Corner" (1946; Henry Hathaway), with Lucille Ball, Mark Stevens, and Clifton

Webb; and "He Walked by Night" (1949; Alfred Werker), with Richard Basehart and Scott Brady.

Nov. 9-10: "Fleurs Sauvages" (1982; Jean-Pierre Lefebvre); and "Le Vieux Pays Ou Rimbaud Est Mort" (1976; Jean-Pierre Lefebvre).

Nov. 11: "Simone de Beauvoir" (1978; Josée Dayan and Malka Ribowska; in French), a documentary; and "Anaïs Nin Observed" (1974; Robert Snyder), a documentary.

Nov. 12: "Suspicion" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine; and "Lifeboat" (†).

Nov. 13: "Squeeze" (1981; Richard Turner); and "Drifting" (1984; Amos Guttman; in Hebrew).

Nov. 14: "Que Viva Mexico!" (1932; Sergei Eisenstein); and "Illusion Travels by Streetcar" (1953; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Nov. 15: "The Window" (1949; Ted Tetzlaff), with Bobby Driscoll, Arthur Kennedy, and Barbara Hale; "They Live by Night" (1948; Nicholas Ray), with Farley Granger and Cathy O'Donnell; and "Behind Locked Doors" (1948; Budd Boetticher), with Lucille Bremer and Richard Carlson.

Nov. 16: "The Honeymoon Killers" (1970; Leonard Kastle), with Shirley Stoler and Tony Lo Bianco; and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

Nov. 17: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Under Fire" (1983; Roger Spottiswoode), with Nick Nolte, Gene Hackman, and Joanna Cassidy.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 7: "The Hucksters" (1947; Jack Conway), with Clark Gable, Deborah Kerr, Sydney Greenstreet, and Ava Gardner; and "East Side, West Side" (1949; Mervyn LeRoy), with Barbara Stanwyck, James Mason, Ava Gardner, and Van Heflin.

Nov. 8: "Witness for the Prosecution" (1958; Billy Wilder), with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor; and "Witness to Murder" (1954; Roy Rowland), with Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders, and Gary Merrill.

Nov. 9-10: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.

Nov. 11: "Pride and Prejudice" (†) and "Little Women" (1933 †).

Nov. 12: "Sansho the Bailiff" (†) and "The Drunken Angel" (†).

Nov. 13: "Cabin in the Sky" (†); and "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson.

Nov. 14: "The Glass Menagerie" (1950; Irving Rapper), with Jane Wyman, Kirk Douglas, Gertrude Lawrence, and Arthur Kennedy; and "Reflections in a Golden Eye" (1967; John Huston), with Elizabeth Taylor, Marlon Brando, Brian Keith, and Julie Harris.

Nov. 15: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948; John Huston, with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake; and "Key Largo" (1948; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, and Lauren Bacall.

Nov. 16-17: "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948; Anatole Litvak), with Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, *Roy and Niuta Titus* Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Nov. 8 at 2:30: "Jack's the Boy" (1932; directed by Walter Forde), with Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert. . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 6: "The Faithful Heart" (1932; Victor Saville), with Herbert Marshall and Edna Best. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 2:30 and Nov. 10 at 2: "Little Friend" (1934; Berthold Viertel), with Matheson Lang, Lydia Sherwood, and Nova Pilbeam. . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 5: "Friday the Thirteenth" (1933; Victor Saville), with Jessie Matthews, Ralph Richardson, and Robertson Hare. . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 2: "Man of Aran" (1934; Robert Flaherty). . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 5: "Evensong" (1934; Victor Saville), with Evelyn Laye, Fritz Kortner, and Emlyn Williams. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 2:30: "Friday the Thirteenth." . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 6: "Jack's the Boy." . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 2:30: "Man of Aran." . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 6 and Nov. 15 at 2:30: "Red Ensign" (1934; Michael Powell), with Leslie Banks. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 6: "Evensong." . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 2:30: "Past and Present" (1972; Manoel de Oliveira; in Portuguese, with English subtitles), with Maria de Saisset. . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 6: "Rite of Spring" (1963; Manoel de Oliveira; in Portuguese, with English subtitles), with Nicolau da Silva. . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 2: "Past and Present." . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 5: "Benilde or the Virgin Mother" (1975; Manoel de Oliveira; in Portuguese, with English subtitles), with Maria Amélia Aranda.

Theatre 2: Nov. 8 at 6:30: Polish animated films by Jerzy Kucia. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 3: Three Portuguese documentaries by Manoel de Oliveira. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 6:30: "Francisca" (1981; Manoel de Oliveira; in Portuguese, with English subtitles), with Teresa Meneses. Mr. de Oliveira will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 2:30: "Aniki-Bóbó" (1942; Manoel de Oliveira; in Portuguese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 5:30: Three Portuguese documentaries by Manoel de Oliveira. . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 2:30: "Rite of Spring" (1963; Manoel de Oliveira; in Portuguese, with English subtitles), with Nicolau da Silva. . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 5:30: "Bread" (1959; Manoel de Oliveira; in Portuguese, with English subtitles); and "The Hunt" (1963; Manoel de Oliveira; in Portuguese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 3 and 6:30: Two different programs of films on environmental and ecological issues made by Bullfrog Films of Oley, Pennsylvania. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 3: "Bread" and "The Hunt." . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 6:30: "Aniki-Bóbó." . . . ¶ Nov. 16 from 2 to 6 and Nov. 17 from 10:30 to 6: Two programs in the New York World Television Festival series of free showings of award-winning films.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through Dec. 2: "Machinery for the Re-education of a Delinquent Dictator," an installation by Doug Hall. Continuous showings Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; and Sundays, noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai—A kind of fermented parody of "M*A*S*H," "Star Wars," "Raiders of the Lost Ark," and the TV series "The A-Team," in which Dr. Buckaroo Banzai (Peter Weller), the half-Japanese, half-American hero, is a neurosurgeon, a physicist, a jet-car racer (who goes right through a mountain), and the leader of Team Banzai—seven dapper, whiz-bang Renaissance men. The director, W. D. Richter, and the scriptwriter, Earl Mac Rauch, have an unmoored hipsterism and a lot of inventiveness. John Lithgow, the mad-genius villain, gives the movie the anchor it needs. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/20/84.) (Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Theatres; starting Nov. 9. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 9-15.)

All of Me—Steve Martin is Roger, a lawyer, and Lily Tomlin is Edwina, a rich spinster who has been bedridden since infancy and is about to die. Her spirit pops into Roger's body, and enters into joint occupancy with him. This is the nifty premise of a romantic comedy about how two antagonists in the same body fall in love and find happiness, and parts of it give viewers the kind of giddy pleasure that is often what we most want from the movies. (9/17/84) (Quad Cinema, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and New Yorker; through Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Nov. 9.)

Amadeus—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The story is told to a priest (and to us) many years later, by the mad, suicidal old Salieri, and there is the suggestion that what we're seeing is his delusion, but the weight of the production, which is reminiscent of big biographical movies such as "The Life of Emile Zola" and "A Song to Remember," asserts its own kind of authority. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri, Jeffrey Jones' amusingly vapid Emperor Joseph II, and downtown Prague as eighteenth-century Vienna. (10/29/84) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

Bizet's Carmen—Directed by Francesco Rosi, this version has a clean, raw vivacity and is supremely romantic. Julia Migenes-Johnson's freckled street urchin Carmen revitalizes the story. Her strutting, her dark, messy frizzy hair—her sexual availability—attract the middle-class clod Don José (Plácido Domingo) and drive him crazy; Carmen, who's true to her instincts, represents everything he tries to repress. Rosi lets the music carry the passion; what he supplies is ideal conditions for the viewer to experience the opera as a totality. The natural settings have an extra, formal dimension: the lustre of nineteenth-century paintings with the near-abstract clarity of twentieth-century art. Rosi's handling suggests the most fluently stylized movie musicals. With Faith Esham as Micaëla and Ruggero Raimondi as Escamillo. In French. (10/29/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Body Double—With Craig Wasson, Gregg Henry, and Melanie Griffith; directed by Brian De Palma. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan, 86th St. East, Waverly, New Yorker, and U. A. Twin.)

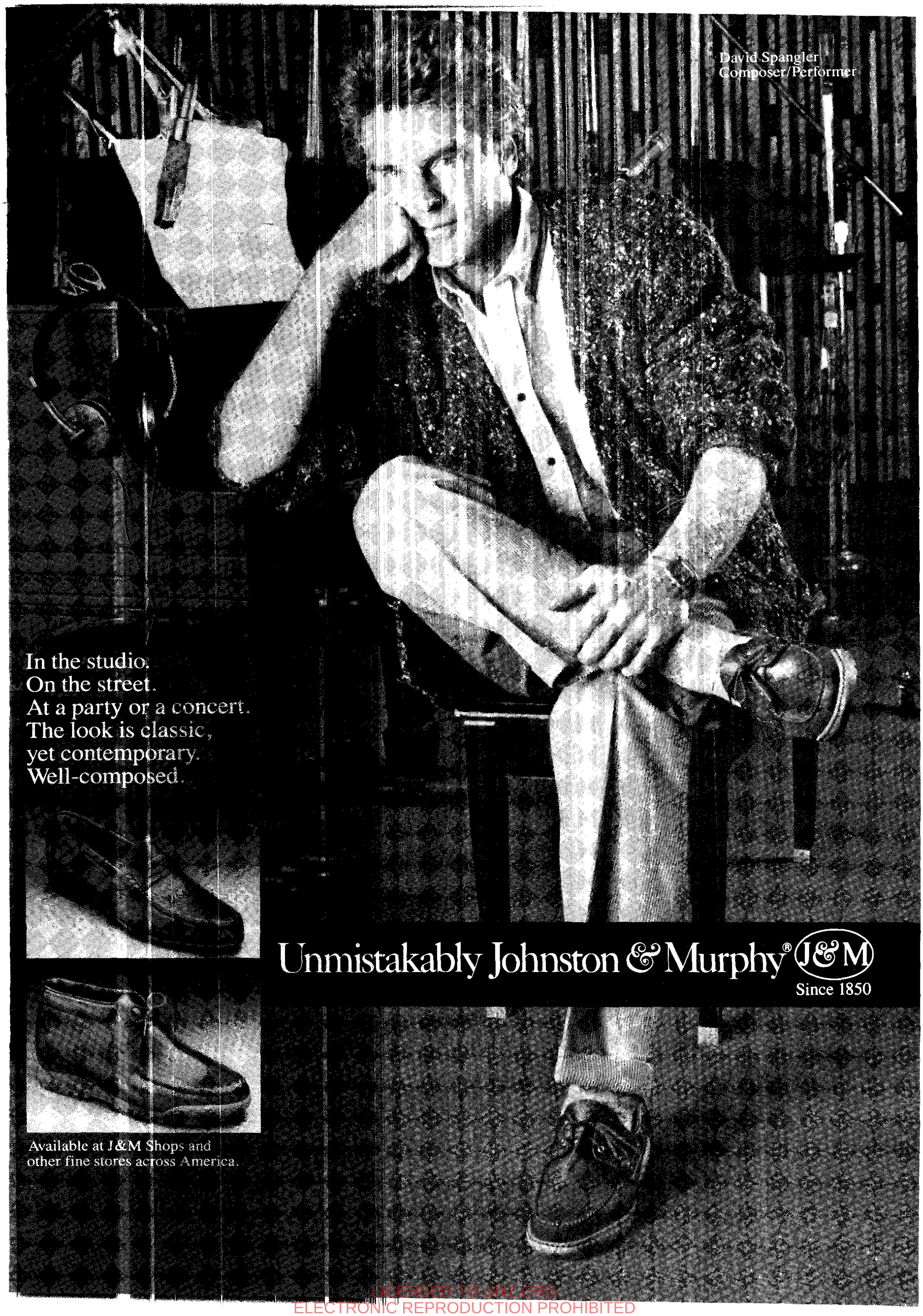
Cabin in the Sky (1943)—It's a joyful, stylized treatment of *faux naïf* Negro folklore, with an all-black cast, and it's one of the best musicals ever made in this country. It becomes even better with the years: now it's easier to ignore the weaknesses in the script, because it's so exciting to see legendary artists, such as Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, John W. Bubbles (John William Sublett), and Duke Ellington, as they were in the forties. The script, by Joseph Schrank, is based on the stage musical, with music by Vernon Duke. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 13.)

Country—This film, which stars Jessica Lange, who conceived it and had a hand in producing it, is trying to be a feminist "The Grapes of Wrath," and doesn't succeed at it—awful as that would be. Essentially, this is a movie about Jessica Lange's spirit-of-the-prairie face. With Sam Shepard, Wilford Brimley, and Levi L. Knebel. Directed by Richard Pearce. (10/1/84) (Beekman, Greenwich Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and U. A. Twin.)

The Drunken Angel (1948)—Early Kurosawa about a doctor working in the human debris of a Japanese slum just after the war. Photographed with an eye like a needle, and written (by Kurosawa and Keinosuke Uegusa) with a liquid sense of shape. Toshiro Mifune is already his leading actor. In Japanese. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 12.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, and Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Nov. 15-17.)

The Duellists (1978)—An adaptation of Joseph



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Conrad's Napoleonic-period story "The Duel," about a cavalry officer's sudden flareup of rage over a trifling, imagined insult by another officer, which grows into a private war. The film's special quality is in its Géricault-like compositions, which have a graphic power of their own, and they're coolly impassioned—a story of obsessive enmity is being told by way of these ravishing yet unsettling images. The cast includes Harvey Keitel, Keith Carradine, Cristina Raines, and Albert Finney. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Nov. 13-14.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. This extraordinary film, with its melancholy glamour, is perhaps the only one that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. With Dominique Sanda, Lino Capolicchio, and Helmut Berger. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema 1; Nov. 15.)

Ghostbusters—Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism, but nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. With Sigourney Weaver and Annie Potts. Produced and directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/25/84) (Embassy.)

Hester Street (1975)—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian-Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Its weaknesses are in the casting and the handling of the aggressive characters, and in the thin, audience-pleasing attitudes toward the Americanization process. With Carol Kane, Mel Howard, and Steven Keats. (Bleecker St. Cinema 1; Nov. 11-12.)

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom—Steven Spielberg creates an atmosphere of happy disbelief: the more breathtaking and exhilarating the stunts are, the funnier they are. Spielberg starts off at full charge in the opening sequence and just keeps going. The plot involves the hero (Harrison Ford), his child sidekick (Ke Huy Quan), and the gold-digger heroine (Kate Capshaw) with a cult of Kali worshippers—they come right out of "Gunga Din." It's one of the most sheerly pleasurable physical comedies ever made. (6/11/84) (Embassy.)

Inserts (1976)—The action takes place on one set, which represents a house in Hollywood around 1930, where The Boy Wonder (Richard Dreyfuss), a once-famous director whose genius burned out, now shoots stag movies. The picture should be more fun than it is; the plot devices don't add up to much, and writer-director John Byrum likes his own worst lines so much that they're repeated. As the stag-movie star, Veronica Cartwright flings herself into her role in the dissolute, romantic manner of Jeanne Eagels. She's a grownup talent in a kid's show. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 14-15.)

It Should Happen to You (1954)—Judy Holliday in a pleasantly erratic satirical comedy. The heroine, who yearns for celebrity, takes her life savings and places her name in giant letters across a billboard in Columbus Circle. Before long, she is as inescapably in the public eye as one of the Gabors. She also tosses about in romantic indecision: Should she give her heart to an honest documentary filmmaker (Jack Lemmon) and say farewell to the big time, or should she surrender herself to the sudsy embraces of a soap manufacturer (Peter Lawford)? (Regency; Nov. 15-17.)

Joe (1970)—A hardhat type, mouthing prejudices about the young and the blacks and the freeloaders on welfare, meets a well-heeled liberal adman, and they strike up a murderous alliance. Peter Boyle plays the bigot; John Avildsen directed. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 14-15.)

Kiss Me Deadly (1955)—Robert Aldrich adapted this film from Mickey Spillane, with Ralph Meeker and Albert Dekker in a cast that well illustrates Aldrich's lunging style of direction. The entertainment is crass and reeling, very indicative of the mid-fifties. Brutish stuff, sometimes funny if you are in a rough mood. (Regency; Nov. 13-14.)

Lifeboat (1944)—Ham-handed, wartime Hitchcock. John Steinbeck and Jo Swerling concocted the symbol-laden script about the ordeal of a group of survivors of a torpedoed ship; the script's chief virtue is that it provides a raucous opportunity for Tallulah Bankhead to strut her comic sexiness. She plays a famous mink-coated journalist who develops a yen for John Hodiak, an oiler from the ship's engine room. Others aboard the small boat include Canada Lee, Henry Hull, Heather Angel, Hume Cronyn, William Bendix, and Walter Slezak as the U-boat captain. (Thalia; Nov. 12.)

The Little Drummer Girl—With Diane Keaton, directed by George Roy Hill. (Reviewed in this issue.) (R.K.O. Century Art, Cinema II, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Cinema 3, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; through Nov. 8.)

Little Women (1933)—There are small flaws—a few naïve and cloying scenes, some obvious dramatic contrivances—but it's a lovely, graceful film, and surprisingly faithful to the atmosphere, the Victorian sentiments, and the Victorian strengths of the Louisa May Alcott novel. Katharine Hepburn gives an inspired performance as willful Jo. Joan Bennett is very amusing as vain, selfish, pretentious Amy. With Frances Dee, Edna May Oliver, Douglass Montgomery, and Paul Lukas. Directed by George Cukor, for the most part imaginatively and with unusual delicacy. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 11.)

Metropolis (1926)—Fritz Lang's prophetic city of the twenty-first century has two levels: one for the rich and pleasure-loving, the other—labyrinthine and underground—for the slave workers who tend the machines. One of the last examples of the imaginative, but often monstrous, grandeur of the Golden Period of German film, "Metropolis" is a spectacular instance of Expressionist design, with moments of almost incredible beauty and power, absurd ineptitudes, and oddities that defy analysis. Note: The version showing now was reconstructed by Giorgio Moroder; he has gone in for a lot of hocus-pocus with the footage and put on a pop score. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 15.)

Morgan! (1966)—Morgan (David Warner) is a slightly crazy left-wing artist who is losing his beautiful, well-heeled wife (Vanessa Redgrave). He is the misfit as hero, and he's a childlike romantic rebel, anarchist, outsider, nonconformist. This satirical tragicomedy often seems to be out of control as it teeters along, sometimes presenting its hero as cute and funny, other times as tragic and in pain. (Bleecker St. Cinema 1; Nov. 16-17.)

1900 (1977)—Alfredo (Robert De Niro) is the heir to the vast landholdings of his grandfather (Burt Lancaster), and Olmo (Gérard Depardieu) is the bastard grandson of the patriarch (Sterling Hayden) of the peasant clan that lives on those holdings and labors for a share of the crop. "1900" is a romantic moviegoer's vision of the class struggle: the belief that permeates the movie is that Communism will preserve the folk culture of the peasants. In form, it's an opera-novel, and it has all of director Bernardo Bertolucci's themes and motifs. It's like a course to be enrolled in, with a guaranteed horror every hour; there are also sequences as great as any ever filmed. With Dominique Sanda, Alida Valli, Donald Sutherland, Stefania Sandrelli, and Laura Betti. Four hours and five minutes. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 11.)

Places in the Heart—This inspirational film, written and directed by Robert Benton, is set in his home town, Waxahachie, Texas, in 1935. Sally Field plays a good Christian woman with two children, who is suddenly widowed and left without enough money to meet the next mortgage payment. She holds her family together and hangs on to her house and forty acres by, of course, grit and total determination. The movie's major accomplishment is that it never goes over the brink into utter corny shamelessness. (10/15/84) (Gemini, and R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Loews 83rd Quad, and Olympia Quad; starting Nov. 9.)

Pride and Prejudice (1940)—This literate movie is a reasonably faithful transcription of Jane Austen's sparkling comedy of manners, but when Jane Austen's characters are brought to

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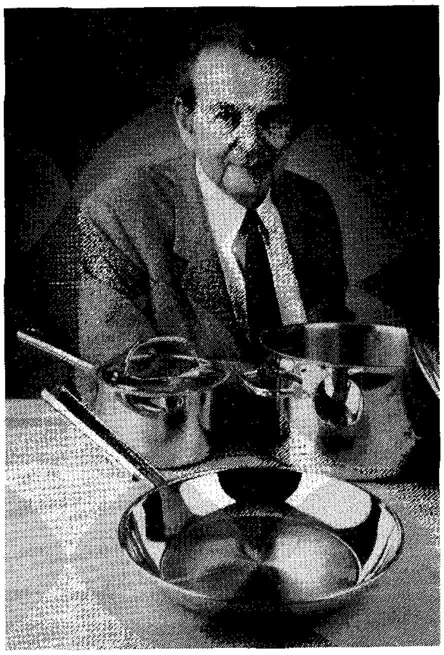

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life at M-G-M, everything is changed—broadened. Animated and bouncing, the movie is more Dickens than Austen. It belongs to Laurence Olivier, who plays Darcy, and to that great old dragon Edna May Oliver, as Lady Catherine. In the role of Elizabeth Bennet, Greer Garson is not as intolerably noble as she became later. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 11.)

Purple Rain—In this fictional bio, Prince, the twenty-six-year-old pansexual rock star, appears as the Kid, a vulnerable loner and struggling musician. It's pretty terrible (there are no real scenes—just flashy, fractured rock-video moments), but those willing to accept Prince as a sexual messiah aren't likely to mind. (8/20/84) (Movieland. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Nov. 8.)

Rashomon (1951)—In ninth-century Kyoto, a nobleman's bride is raped by a bandit; the nobleman is murdered, or possibly he is a suicide. This double crime is acted out four times, in the versions of the three participants (each giving an account that increases the prestige of his conduct) and in the version of a woodcutter who witnessed the episode. Continuously reconstructing the crime, this great, enigmatic film asks, How can we ever know the truth? The introductory and closing sequences are tedious; the woman's whimpering is almost enough to drive one to the nearest exit. Yet the film transcends these discomforts: it has its own perfection. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. With Machiko Kyo, Toshiro Mifune, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura. In Japanese. (Metro Cinema; Nov. 16.)

Repo Man—The L.A. of freeways and off ramps and squarish, pastel-colored buildings is the perfect setting for a movie about men who take out their frustrations by repossessing other people's cars. There's nothing at the center, but the young English writer-director Alex Cox keeps his dazed sociopaths speeding around, and he never once slips—never lets things get sentimentalized or organized. (8/6/84) (8th St. Playhouse.)

The Road Warrior (1982)—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film, a sequel to the 1979 "Mad Max," is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. The rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked bodybuilder called the Humungus—are s.-m. comic-strip terrors; they menace the decent folk, in more barbarous and gaudier versions of the way the wild motorcyclists in Roger Corman pictures did. The director, George Miller, consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy sentimental movie. (Olympia Quad; through Nov. 8.)

Sansho the Bailiff (1954)—Mizoguchi's astonishing epic of the generations of a family that rises from slaves to masters and is then shattered. The work of an undeniable film artist. In Japanese. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 12.)

Scenes from a Marriage (1974)—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema 1; Nov. 13.)

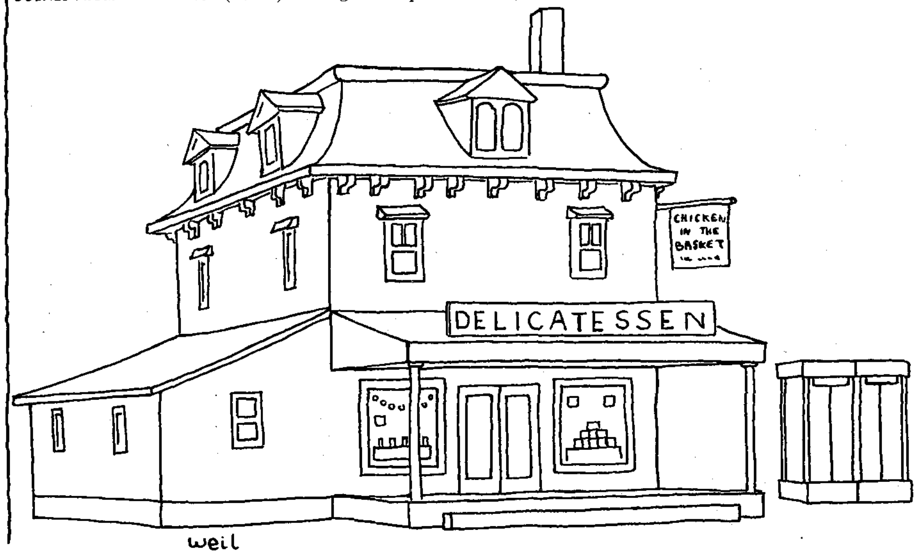
The Solid Gold Cadillac (1956)—Richard Quine directed Abe Burrows' adaptation of the George S. Kaufman–Howard Teichmann Broadway play about the little-old-lady stockholder in a giant corporation; though her holdings are minuscule, her questions about corporate salaries cause an uproar at the annual meeting, and pretty soon she has enough proxies to take over the business. In the movie, this eccentric stockholder becomes a woman of marriageable age, and Judy Holliday brings the role her familiar cartoon mixture of wide-eyed primordial simplicity and complacent urban abrasiveness. With Paul Douglas. (Regency; Nov. 15-17.)

Stranger Than Paradise—With John Lurie, directed by Jim Jarmusch. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Studio.)

Swann in Love—Proust's writing requires the most subtle feeling for rhythms, and neither the director nor the scriptwriters seem to do anything to draw us in. The movie doesn't even have the force of real desecration. Ornella Muti is a wily, plausible Odette, and Alain Delon is at least amusing as the Baron de Charlus. But as Swann, Jeremy Irons doesn't suggest intelligence or feeling—he's a stick. In French. (10/1/84) (Paris; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 16.)

West Side Story (1961)—The film begins with a blast of stereophonic music, and everything about it is supposed to stun you with its newness, its size. The irony of this hyped-up, slam-bang production, in which Shakespeare's Montagues and Capulets become rival street gangs, is that those involved apparently don't really believe that beauty and romance can be expressed in modern rhythms, because whenever their Romeo and Juliet enter the scene, the dialogue becomes painfully old-fashioned and mawkish, the dancing turns to simpering, sickly romantic ballet, and sugary old stars hover in the sky. There's even a heavenly choir. Music by Leonard Bernstein, lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, choreography by Jerome Robbins. With Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Rita Moreno, George Chakiris, Russ Tamblyn, and Eliot Feld. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Nov. 11-12.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism (1971)—Controversial, comic collage-movie, by Dusan Makavejev, that mixes and parodies left-wing politics and Wilhelm Reichian psychology; the point of view is so unstable that it seems to be more sophomoric than anything else. With the gifted actress Milena Dravić. A Yugoslav film, with English subtitles and dialogue. (Bleecker St. Cinema 1; Nov. 16-17.)



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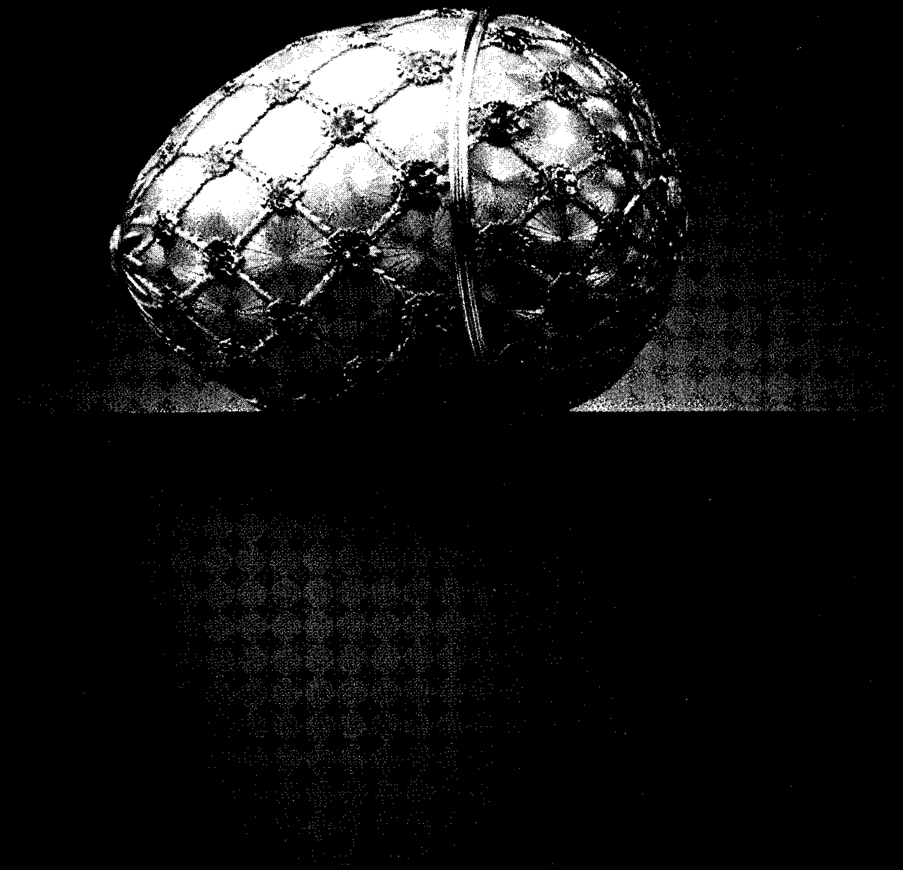

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THERE is something especially poignant in the fact that Prime Minister Indira Gandhi was killed by two Sikhs who were members of her bodyguard. Who exactly they were, whether they were part of a larger conspiracy—the answers to such questions are not known at this writing. What is clear is that Mrs. Gandhi could not have purged all the Sikhs from her bodyguard even if she had wanted to. Her father, Jawaharlal Nehru, and she—who, between them, ruled India for thirty-three of the thirty-seven years of its independent life—were committed to a secular state, in which all religions, sects, and creeds could flourish. They had lived through the Partition of India, and they feared that if there was another rent the whole fabric of the young country could come unravelled. Thus, when Mrs. Gandhi sent the Army into the Golden Temple, in Amritsar, last June to flush out the Sikh extremists who had turned the holiest shrine of their religion into a virtual military fortress she repeatedly stressed the fact that she was striking not against the Sikh religion but only against the Sikh extremists. The distinction, if it was to have meaning, required her to treat all other Sikhs—the Sikh President of the country, the Sikh members of her Cabinet, the Sikhs in her bodyguard—as she would any other loyal citizens. If there had been as much as a hint that she was purging Sikhs from her bodyguard, she would, by implication, have accused all Sikhs of disloyalty and, for a certainty, alienated all the Sikh moderates, whose friendship and good will she needed in order to rule—to keep the nation whole.

Yet Mrs. Gandhi, perhaps the shrewdest politician her young nation has produced, must have known even before she gave the Army its orders that Sikhs forced to choose between the call of their religion and the obligation to protect her—however strong their loyalty to her person—would choose religion. And the call to avenge what the Sikhs perceived as the desecration of their temple went out from some Sikh religious leaders at almost the very moment the Army entered the temple precincts. Mrs. Gandhi knew that Sikhism is a theocratic religion, and that after the call she might not be able to count on even those Sikhs who were moderates.

Following the assault on the Golden Temple, the government included commandos in the circle of Mrs. Gandhi's bodyguard—and that of her only surviving son, Rajiv, and his wife and children. But it was a futile gesture, because the Sikhs in her bodyguard remained—as they had always been—only a step away from her. Though the unquestioned leader of seven hundred million people, she was helpless, and it seemed she knew that she might be killed at any time. A few days before she died, she said to a BBC television reporter, "Well, I've lived with danger all my life, and I think I've had a pretty full life, and it makes no difference whether you die in bed or you die standing up."

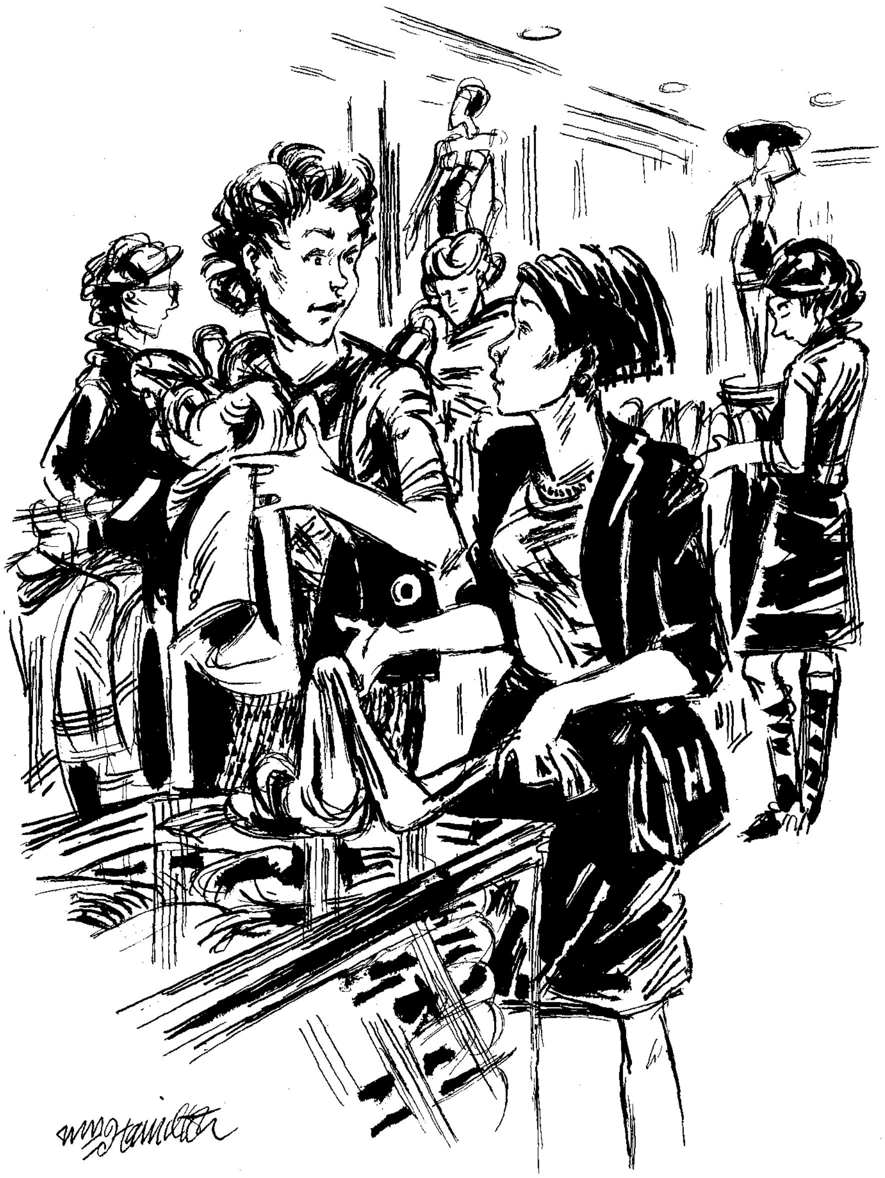
Mrs. Gandhi was walking from her house to her office in her compound when she was struck down. By her violent death, she has become a political martyr. The one of her two assassins who was gunned down on the spot has become a Sikh martyr. While Rajiv Gandhi, who has succeeded his mother as Prime Minister, was not directly associated with the decision to invade the temple, he has inherited the Sikh problem. He—along with every other Hindu in India—must find a way of living and working with the Sikhs, in order to preserve that national fabric for which his mother so heroically staked her life.

•

THE currents on certain stretches of the Vistula River northwest of Warsaw are swirling and treacherous, and the water in the reservoir outside the north-central Polish town of Wloclawek is said to be cold and muddy this time of year. Yet for several days last week teams of frogmen and engineers apparently dredged those waters, following up a morbid tip that they'd likely find the body of a missing priest. And, eleven days after the priest's reported kidnapping, his body was indeed discovered. Nevertheless, at week's end everything about the affair remained turbid and shifting, starting with the very story of the search. For, from the moment of the priest's kidnapping, the regime in Warsaw had been confronted with a potentially explosive situation. The victim, the Reverend Jerzy Popieluszko, was one of the most famous and popular pastors in the country. And many of his compatriots suspected blatant manipulation in the way the facts about his fate were slowly and painstakingly dribbled out, as if in an expert attempt to defuse a ticking bomb: that he had been kidnapped; that a security-forces agent, no, three agents, had been detained in the case; that one was claiming to have killed the priest, while another was claiming to have released him unharmed, no, that the first was claiming to have thrown his body into the river while the two others were alleging they'd tossed it into a reservoir; that the waters were being plumbed without success, no, that the body had been located after all. In retrospect, it seemed that the regime must have realized very early that it had a murder on its hands, and that the entire eleven-day exercise had constituted a careful charade of preparation.

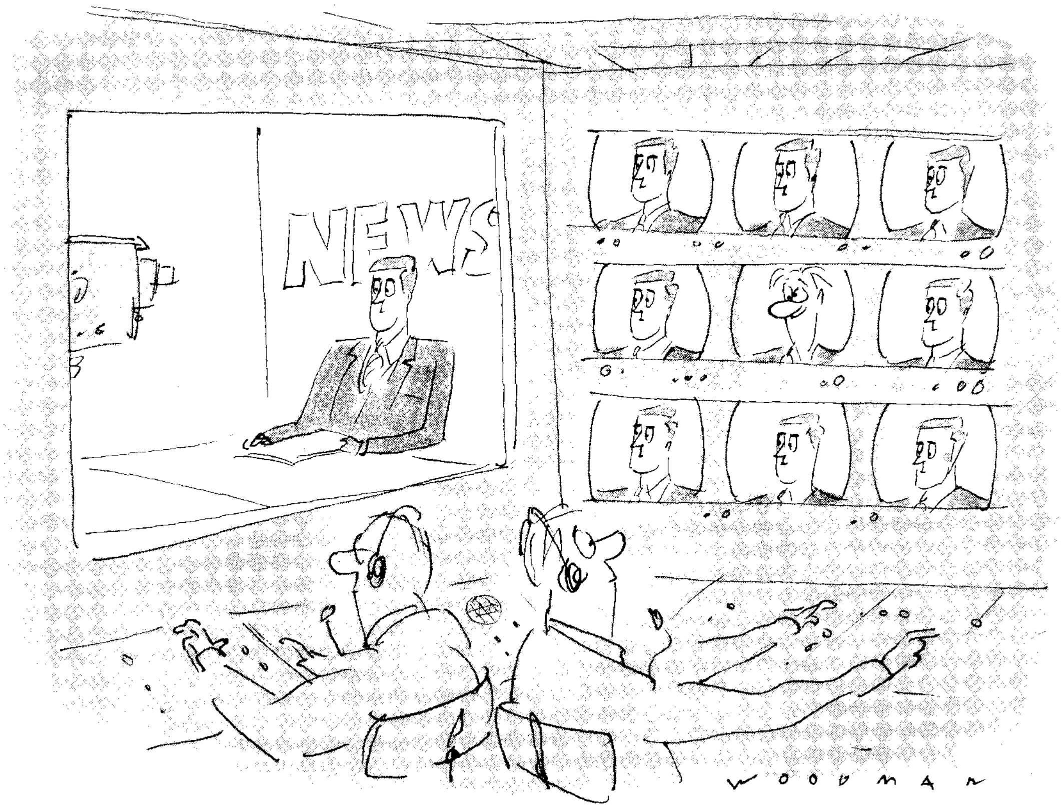
Still, the grief at the final pronouncement was immediate and overwhelming. Father Popieluszko was perhaps the best-known and most deeply cherished of the second tier of Polish churchmen—parish priests who shunned their hierarchy's timid and tentative accommodations with the regime and instead pursued a pastoral vocation for defiantly inspirational sermons interlaced with projects of active support for the victims of the regime's repression. Father Popieluszko was thirty-seven years old when he was killed—more or less the same age as Lech Walesa and Adam Michnik and several of the other leaders in Poland's recent revival, which is to say virtually the same age as the regime they have all been confronting. He was in the profoundest sense a child of socialist Poland, and his career was in many ways exemplary—emblematic of a generation of young men, thousands of whom devoted themselves to the priesthood under the inspiration of the late Cardinal Stefan Wyszynski. After being ordained by Wyszynski himself, in 1972, Popieluszko served in three Warsaw-area parishes (including the "students' church" of St. Anna's, just off the campus of the University of Warsaw) before he was assigned to St. Stanislaw Kostka's in Warsaw's northern district of Zoliborz. There his congregation included a mixture of neighborhood intelligentsia and artists, and steelworkers from the nearby Huta Warszawa plant. In August, 1980, within a few months of Popieluszko's arrival at St. Stanislaw Kostka's, Wyszynski specifically dispatched him to say Mass at the strikebound steel mill; as a result, he was adopted as the factory's own chaplain, and served in that capacity throughout the Solidarity period. Six weeks after the imposition of martial law, Father Popieluszko daringly launched a series of "Masses for the Homeland," which he thereafter conducted every four weeks, on the last Sunday of the month, at 11 A.M. Contrary to most such periodically recurring rituals, which are usually thronged at the start only to peter out over time, these Masses drew larger and larger crowds as the years went by—crowds that presently overflowed the spacious interior of the church into its yards, and even into the outlying streets, where loudspeakers transmitted the proceedings. (People who couldn't attend often listened clandestinely to tape cassettes of the homilies which began circulating throughout the country.) Buoyed by the courage of this priest who seemed so oblivious to the brute reality of martial law, Poles, as time passed, seemed stimulated rather than deterred by the regime's increasingly strident expressions of irritation. Many of the country's finest actors lent their talents to the services, reading ecclesiastical passages during the Mass itself and patriotic poems at its conclusion. But the highlight of the service was always Father Popieluszko himself, a slight, thin man with a quiet but intense manner, who seemed to radiate inner strength. Over and over, in his homilies, he returned to the same core themes—the intertwining of truth and courage. Thus, last May he urged his parishioners to boycott the coming parliamentary elections, which he, like Solidarity's underground Coördinating Committee, saw as a complete farce. "To live in truth is to be true to one's conscience," he explained, and he continued:

> Truth always unites and consolidates. It frightens little men because it unmasks their lies. The fight against truth has been going on for centuries. But truth is immortal, while any lie is short-lived. . . . A basic condition of the liberation of man and of living in truth is the virtue of courage. Courage is the overcoming of human weakness—especially fear. There is only one thing to be feared—betraying Christ for a few pieces of silver, the silver of fruitless so-called order. . . . We ourselves are largely responsible for our enslavement when out of fear or for the sake of personal



"Have you noticed? Labels are going back inside."

> comfort we accept evil, and even vote for the mechanism of its functioning. When out of fear or consideration of comfort we support this mechanism of evil, we have no right to condemn it, for we contribute to it and help to legalize evil.



Elsewhere in that homily Father Popieluszko preached that it is "a disservice to truth" for a government "to rely on naked power and on shows of strength." He went on to say, "Physical power is a lie, because it destroys what it purports to defend. Good government requires renunciation of violence and mendacity. This is the road to peace and to fruitful construction. But peace cannot be taken to mean forcing people to be silent."

Well, now Father Popieluszko has been forced into silence, though the Polish government is doing its best to dodge blame for the forcing. There *is* a great deal of confusion. It is conceivable, for example, that no one intended the priest's death, that his kidnappers merely wanted to scare him, rough him up a bit—only (perhaps unknown to them) he was a hemophiliac and things got out of hand. Such a scenario conforms with at least four incidents earlier this year in Torun, the town near which Father Popieluszko was seized while he was on an automobile journey. In each of these, according to the local underground journal *Torunski Informator Solidarnosci* (quoted in the April 20, 1984, issue of the New York-based *Committee in Support of Solidarity Reports*), "unknown perpetrators, using police-issued handcuffs, abducted [their victims] and terrorized them with severe beatings," and the account continued, "Death threats were issued against them, their families, children, or spouses. The perpetrators had expensive resources at their disposal such as cars, country houses, and vacation resorts." In at least one case, a leaflet was stuffed in the bag of a battered but mercifully still breathing victim which announced the formation of "the Anti-Solidarity Organization." The leaflet stated, "The feckless group of Jaruzelski and the bureaucratized security-police services cannot overcome the cancer consuming our society—conspiracy and fashionable opposition attitudes. Solidarity is such a cancer. . . . The war has begun. . . . Beware. For the time being, we only give warning of what we are capable of." At the time of these incidents, the local underground committee in Torun issued a statement wondering, "What is the point of such nightmares? Is it to intimidate all of us, so that no one ever feels safe? Or, perhaps, to provoke counter-terror from us, so that they can justify the existence of a monstrously swollen apparatus of coercion, an apparatus that, thus far, has not been able to take pride in its extraordinary effectiveness? Perhaps both. However, this does not change the fact that the authorities or some elements among them have adopted a new tactic: open and uncamouflaged terror. Before our eyes, in Central Europe, Central American methods are beginning to be used."

This prior history, at any rate, lends a certain credibility to the claims now being advanced by Jerzy Urban, the principal spokesman for the regime of General Wojciech Jaruzelski, that the arrested security-police agents were in fact acting on their own, or in concert with other renegade elements, in an attempt to embarrass Jaruzelski and other self-styled moderates in the regime. According to this version, there are hard-line neo-Fascist elements, particularly in the Party and the nonmilitary security services, who are growing increasingly frustrated by their continuing suspension from the centers of real power and by the persistence of a thriving underground culture, symbolized by Father Popieluszko and coddled, or so they imagine, by Jaruzelski's too lenient social policies (most recently, the July amnesty). These elements supposedly saw an opportunity both to eliminate Popieluszko and to provoke the kind of public reaction—rage and rioting in the streets—that might force Jaruzelski to impose the kind of absolutist discipline they had in mind or else face ouster by his Soviet overlords, who would presumably then turn to them as loyal successors. (It should be noted that the hard-liners seem to have a longtime stronghold in this north-central region of Poland and a history of such provocations: it was only thirty miles from Torun, and in the same security district, that in March, 1981, police troopers in Bydgoszcz violently assaulted a peaceful gathering and severely wounded three Solidarity leaders, thereby precipitating far and away the most dangerous crisis in the entire sixteen-month aboveground history of the union.)

This is the sort of convoluted explanation and self-exoneration that Urban and Jaruzelski and the other "moderates" in the Warsaw regime may be expected to continue offering over the next several months. Indeed, they may attempt to turn the entire Popieluszko affair to their own advantage by casting themselves as saviors who have been protecting the homeland from the neo-Fascist elements threatening to replace them. The trouble is that in the end the story won't wash. For, ultimately, Jaruzelski's is a regime that, as Popieluszko pointed out, is built on the lie of physical violence. This is no less the case when its apologists buttress that lie with intimations of still nastier violence should the initial threat prove insufficient. Furthermore, a state apparatus that relies on police force for the preservation of its power is responsible for the behavior of all its police, even when certain individuals exceed the optimum recommended dosage of violence. A year and a half ago, several Warsaw policemen savagely beat a nineteen-year-old student named Grzegorz Przemyk, and the boy died of his wounds. Urban and other spokesmen for the regime eventually promised a thorough investigation and prosecution of the offenders. This past July 16th, their trial ended, and all six defendants walked free. At a news conference a few weeks later, on July 31st, Jerzy Urban lashed out at Father Popieluszko for "feeding negative emotions" at his Masses. "He is heating up political feelings against our warning that such activities *cannot be tolerated*," Urban went on. "Perhaps everyone in Poland has had an opportunity to convince himself that we do not toss around such phrases lightly."

In a political climate in which a regime exonerates the most blatant police violence while threatening a priest with unnamed but dire consequences if he continues preaching, is it any wonder that some police agents will assume they've been granted a license to kill? And haven't they? "Oh, who will free me from this turbulent priest!" Henry II is said to have exclaimed in exasperation, and within days Thomas à Becket lay dead. The king didn't have to sign any bill of particulars: that's not what kings are for. Marcos didn't have to personally order Aquino's murder: his murder was built into the entire system of Marcos's rule in the Philippines. If you engage in bloody business, you shouldn't regard your blood-drenched fingers with alarm.

During the week following Popieluszko's murder, amid the swirling and treacherous currents of ongoing developments in the dark, turbid swampland of suspicions and counter-suspicions, Lech Walesa kept pleading with his followers not to succumb to provocations—to remain vigilant but calm. "May the tomb of Father Popieluszko become a place in which we shall bury all mutual accusations," he suggested. And in so saying he offered Jaruzelski and Urban the only authentic passage out of their mire. Indeed, he was echoing the lucid formulation of Popieluszko himself; back in that springtime sermon, the priest had proclaimed that the good man "may not be satisfied with merely condemning evil, lies, cowardice, enslavement, hatred, and violence" but "must also be a witness, a spokesman for and defender of justice, goodness, truth, freedom, and love." One thing has emerged clearly: Jaruzelski and Urban and their colleagues cannot confine their efforts to condemning the specific perpetrators of Popieluszko's assassination. They must now actively enter into a dialogue of national reconciliation with Polish society, as it is represented by Solidarity. And, yes, if they do so they risk ending up being cast aside by the more "hard-line" elements. But if they fail to do so they necessarily lose all distinction from the murderers and terrorists in whose stead they claim to be governing.

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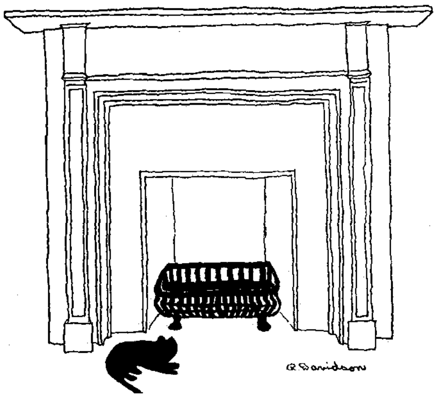
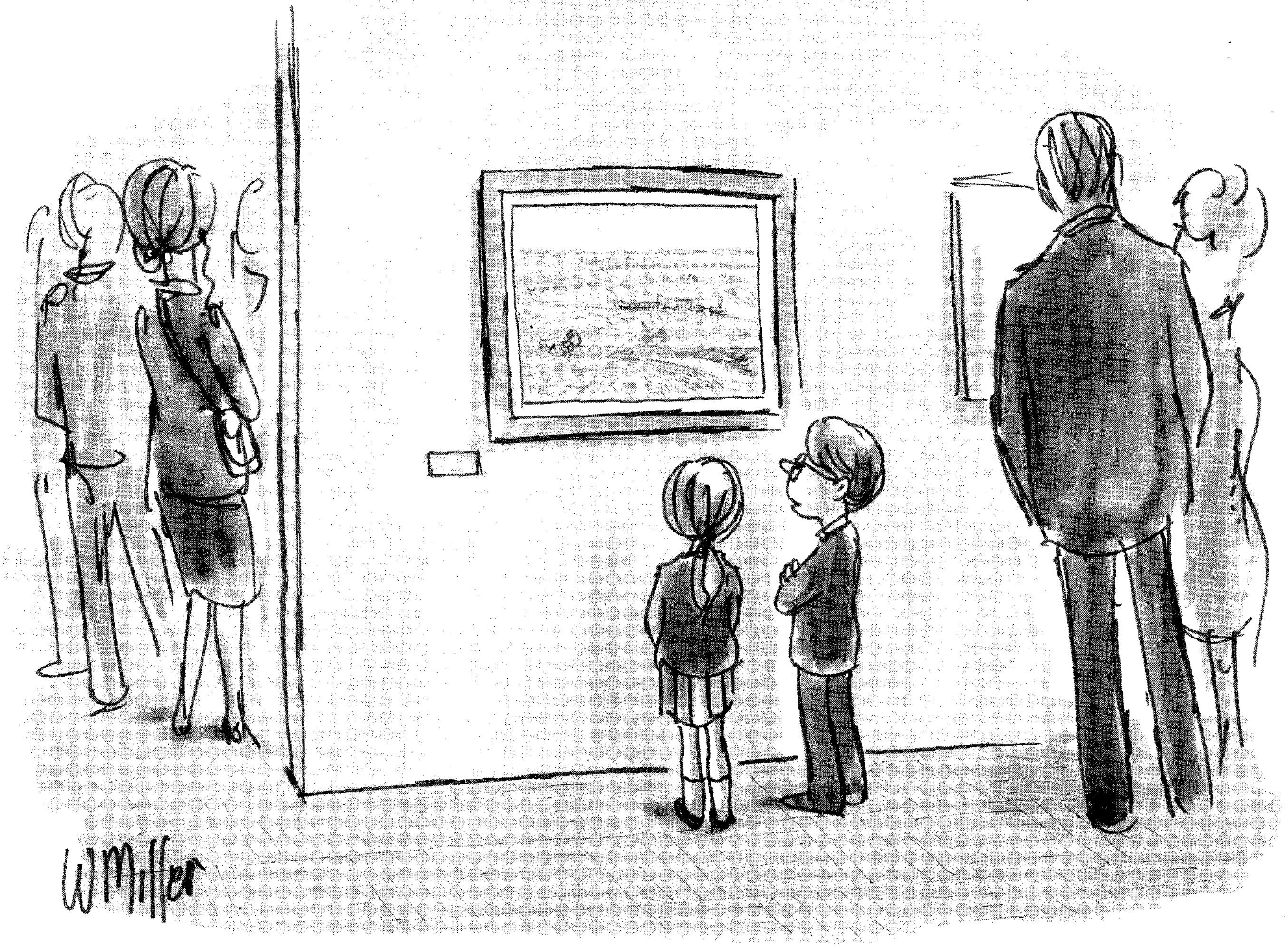
Judge Hastie

As it happens, we've just received the following communication from a friend in New England who has a special feeling for jurisprudence:

Every once in a while, and quite by chance, one has the good luck to catch a glimpse of the life of a stranger and from that glimpse get some notion of great courage in the face of dreadful adversity and learn something of modesty, dignity, perseverance, and scholarship. This is a roundabout way of saying that I went over to the Harvard Law School one day last week to see its current library exhibit, commemorating the life and work of Judge William Henry Hastie (1904-76). It was an uplifting experience. Hastie's name was never a household word, but to those who labored year in and year out through morasses of bigotry and hatred for the advancement of black people within the framework of the legal system he represents a treasury of accomplishment. Hastie fought historic legal battles in the South during the thirties and forties, was dean of the Howard University Law School and then governor of the Virgin Islands, and became the first black appointed to a United States District Court and to a United States Court of Appeals: he sat on the Third Circuit (in Philadelphia) from 1949 to 1968, as Chief Judge from 1968 to 1971, and as Senior Judge from 1971 to 1976.



I like the feel of Langdell Hall, a massive, ivy-covered Law School building just off the Harvard Yard, where the exhibit was laid out in twelve glass cases, and I like to see Erika Chadbourn, the curator of manuscripts, who created this exhibit and earlier ones—devoted to Learned Hand ("The spirit of liberty remembers that not even a sparrow falls to earth unheeded"), Felix Frankfurter, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Mrs. Chadbourn told me that she conceived the idea of the exhibit in 1979, when Judge Hastie's son and daughter presented Harvard with the Judge's papers. "Hastie graduated from Harvard Law in 1930 and came back for a Doctor of Juridical Science in 1933," she said. "One must remember the legal atmosphere into which he stepped." She read to me some words written by Professor Wade Hampton McCree, Jr., of the University of Michigan Law School, for the catalogue of the exhibit: "America's population in 1930 consisted of approximately a hundred million people, ten million of whom were black, but of her lawyer population of a hundred and fifty thousand, fewer than twelve hundred, or less than one per cent, were non-white. And small wonder, because in many communities, particularly in the South, black lawyers were not permitted to enter the courthouse by the front door or to drink from a public water fountain unless it was clearly marked 'colored.' The American Bar Association's application form inquired of race and a



"Van Gogh was a good painter, but he couldn't draw trains."

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person who was not white was not accepted." Mrs. Chadbourn said that although two black persons had accidentally slipped through into the A.B.A. in 1915, blacks were not admitted until the nineteen-sixties. "Hastie was born in Knoxville, an only child," she told me. "His father had gone to Ohio Wesleyan Academy and Howard University, and become a pharmacist, but he found the prejudice too strong and went into the United States Pension Bureau. His mother was a teacher. Education was a driving force, and since there was no college-preparatory school for blacks in Knoxville, the family moved to Washington, D.C., so that the child could get a better education." He went on to Phi Beta Kappa and magna cum laude at Amherst, and, after graduating from Harvard Law (he received his doctorate later), went into the prominent black law firm of Houston & Houston, in Washington. Charles Hamilton Houston was a close friend, nine years older than Hastie; a true giant in the advancement of blacks in America; and one of the crucial forces in Hastie's life. Hastie, along with many others, revered him.

I wandered through the exhibit, in the vast, pillared library, past busts of Brandeis and Thurgood Marshall, in and out of a room with locked bookcases of incunabula, of laws and customs of England in Latin on vellum, and of statutes of Henry VIII and Edward VI. But these things are for another day, and I concentrated on the documents, letters, photographs, and materials that gave a hint of Hastie's life. My attention was especially captured by:

An editorial from the *Carolina Times* of April, 1933:

> This publication leads in applauding the courage of Thomas R. Hocutt, the student who applied for admission to the University of North Carolina [School of Pharmacy]. The courtroom deportment and technique of Barristers William H. Hastie, Cecil A. McCoy and Conrad O. Pearson won the respect of the white bar and of attendance at the meeting. Even our worst enemies admired their courage. They were also forced to concede the brilliancy of Attorney Hastie who most ably represented the student.

A September, 1933, press release from the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People stating, "A legal fight on the new salary schedules for Negro teachers in North Carolina will be waged. . . . It is the plan of the association to attack the unequal salary scale on the basis of its being a violation of the constitution. . . . William H. Hastie . . . will go to North Carolina to lay plans for court action."

A cabinet dealing with Hastie's stint as civilian aide to Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson during the Second World War, when Hastie recommended integrated housing and mess-hall facilities, and Colonel John R. Deane, Secretary in the Office of the Chief of Staff, wrote Hastie, "The intermingling of the races in messing and housing would not only be a variation from well established policies of

the [War] Department, but it does not accord with the existing customs of the country as a whole." Hastie resigned.

An editorial from the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* of December 2, 1969, titled "Public Schools Threatened" and discussing the decision in Lemon v. Kurtzman, which upheld the constitutionality of a Pennsylvania law providing state aid to parochial and other private schools: "The dissenter in the three-judge panel, Chief Judge William H. Hastie . . . recognized the true effect of the parochial school law when he said it represented a 'legislative scheme' violate of the establishment clause of the First Amendment which has been held applicable to the states under the 14th Amendment."

I looked at enough of the following exhibits to see that Judge Hastie had subsequently been vindicated by the United States Supreme Court, and then went down some corridors to talk with Bernard Wolfman, Fessenden Professor of Law at Harvard and a compact force of intellectual energy at sixty. "You must remember that Hastie was involved in many of the most important breaking cases in the early civil-rights years," he told me. "He could have stood aside from the fray. He was a very quiet, extremely polite, very private person. The word for Hastie was dignity. He was not gregarious. Congenial but not convivial. I was never in his home, but we worked closely together when I was dean of the University of Pennsylvania Law School. I remember arguing a tax case in his court. He listened with *great* attention. Then he said, 'I would like to ask a question,' and the question was like a laser. He had mastered the case. Totally. That single question exposed the criteria. With Hastie, there was no elaboration, no pomposity, no big words. He wasn't thin-skinned and he wasn't self-conscious. Hastie and Learned Hand, for instance, were judges who regarded the cases before them as *their* cases. They felt *they* had the responsibility to reach a correct decision, and the lawyers were to be their aides in reaching that correct decision. Their questions went to the heart of the matter. I feel enriched by having known Hastie. By the way, I won that case."

Every few years, when I'm in Langdell Hall, I pay a call on the great constitutional scholar Paul Freund, University Professor Emeritus, and every time I step into his office, which resembles the crammed and cluttered theatrical set for Patrick Garland's dramatization of Aubrey's "Brief Lives," I have more difficulty locating the professor himself. I know that he is somewhere in that wilderness of books and manuscripts—the question is where. "Here I am!" he called out, and there he was, at a half-hidden desk, a large man of great affability. "Hastie and I were on the *Law Review* together," he said. "He was a year ahead of me. My most vivid memory is that he published more material than any other editor. There was a point system, a measuring scale for contributions to the *Review*, and Bill's was the greatest output. He was extremely efficient. He made a deep impression, although he was not a vivid personality, never tooted his own horn. There was nothing symbolic about Hastie. You know, I think you should talk to Charles Wyzanski, Senior Judge of the U.S. District Court here in Massachusetts. He was with us on the *Review*, too."

Professor Freund turned back to a Himalaya of papers, and I stepped outside his office, passed an awesome bust of Learned Hand, and telephoned Judge Wyzanski. "I'm glad you called," he said, with great warmth. "On the *Review*, we would meet fortnightly with advance sheets of cases that might be considered for inclusion in the *Review*. We would discuss them—all the editors together—and each fellow would recite cases he felt were of importance. There was a *Review* chap from South Carolina, who shall be nameless, who would leave the room when Hastie began to recite. *Leave the room.* Hastie paid absolutely *no* attention to this man, disregarded him entirely. It wasn't long before I saw the two of them dining together in a well-known restaurant not far from the Yard, on Dunster Street. Hastie had a hard time with Stimson, trying to obtain better conditions for blacks in the armed services. Stimson didn't give him much support, but when he resigned he did it without trumpeting the story or hampering the war effort. He just felt he could perform better outside government. James H. Rowe, an adviser to Presidents Roosevelt and Johnson, once proposed his name to Johnson for appointment to the Supreme Court. Johnson said, 'He isn't known.' Rowe said, 'Nominate him and he'll be known.' He was a very good judge. He had forbearance, understanding, the judicial temperament. He had the copybook virtues. You will find nothing in his opinions that would enter a book of rhetoric. He wasn't a poet. But if you were a litigant you would want to appear before Hastie. He was a judge of the bar."

TOTALLED

The Kaypro Corporation said yesterday that it is investigating the possibility that millions of dollars in computer parts are missing from a circus tent and big trucks where Kaypro stored them.—*The Times.*

Hi-Lo Corporation, Inc.
Manufacturers of "Big Boy"
Mini-Component Micro-Components

INVENTORY REPORT

1. Week Ending: Right before the weekend.

2. Item Code (*include 3-digit processing prefix and 6-digit quality-control suffix*): The little red ones. Some of the bigger ones got mixed in with this batch, though.

3. Production Line Egress Location: The big plastic bucket under the big long table.

4. Distance to Storage Facility (*in metres*): Quite a ways.

5. Storage Facility Site (*include grid coördinates*): In a big cardboard box around back. Plus more in a whole bunch of Hefty Bags over near that great big vacant lot.

6. No./Qty. Back Stock: A few.

7. No./Qty. Manufactured Week to Date: Loads of them is what I heard, but I personally didn't get to watch them drop into the bucket, because I had off most of the week to go to this big accounting seminar over in that new high-rise.

8. Add Lines 6 and 7: Should be one heck of a lot. I'm saying *should* be.

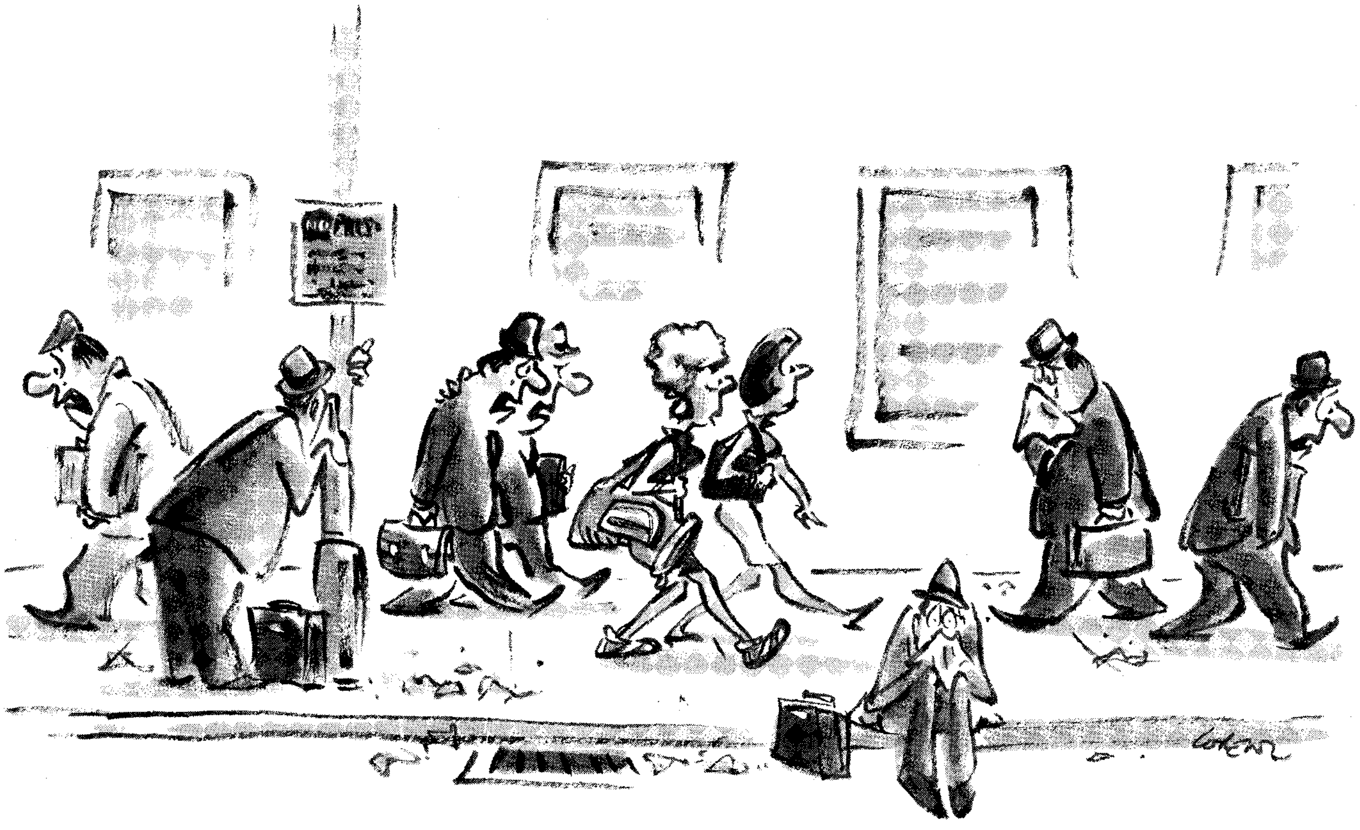
9. No./Qty. Shipped Week to Date: I don't know that much about shipping, because that's all handled in the big room up front, but from what little I know, not that many.

10. Subtract Line 9 from 8: Plenty. Supposedly.

11. Inventory Procedure (*specify allowable method A, B, or C as per Advisory IP348075-83rev.*): Friday night, when the big hand was on the six and the little hand was on the four, Shorty, Peewee, Tiny, Fats, and I headed around back to make sure the big box was pretty near full. It was sealed, but Shorty happened to nudge it with his toe and thought it felt real light, so he cut it open in no time flat with this dinky pocketknife they give you after you work for Hi-Lo about forty-'leven years. What we counted compared to last week was just peanuts. We'd expected to see parts galore. Instead, by our guesstimate, there was only a smidgen. So we figured maybe a slew of them were shifted over to the Hefty Bags without anybody telling us, and we went out there fairly quick, taking the shortcut down by that little-bitty shed near the big road. There were oodles of Hefty Bags, and we had a whale of a time opening them all. It took us quite some minutes. Same story: we counted a piddling number of parts where we expected scads. Well, we had a tremendous problem and about umpteen theories, so we decided to discuss the whole deal over a mess of beers at that little place run by the skinny guy. At the plant parking lot we picked up tons of secretaries plus a considerable number of shipping clerks, and all of them plus me, Shorty, Peewee, and Tiny, but minus Fats, who was too big, piled into Shorty's teensy-weensy minibus, and so far that's about how it adds up.

12. No./Qty. in Stock: Zip, or thereabouts.

—Veronica Geng



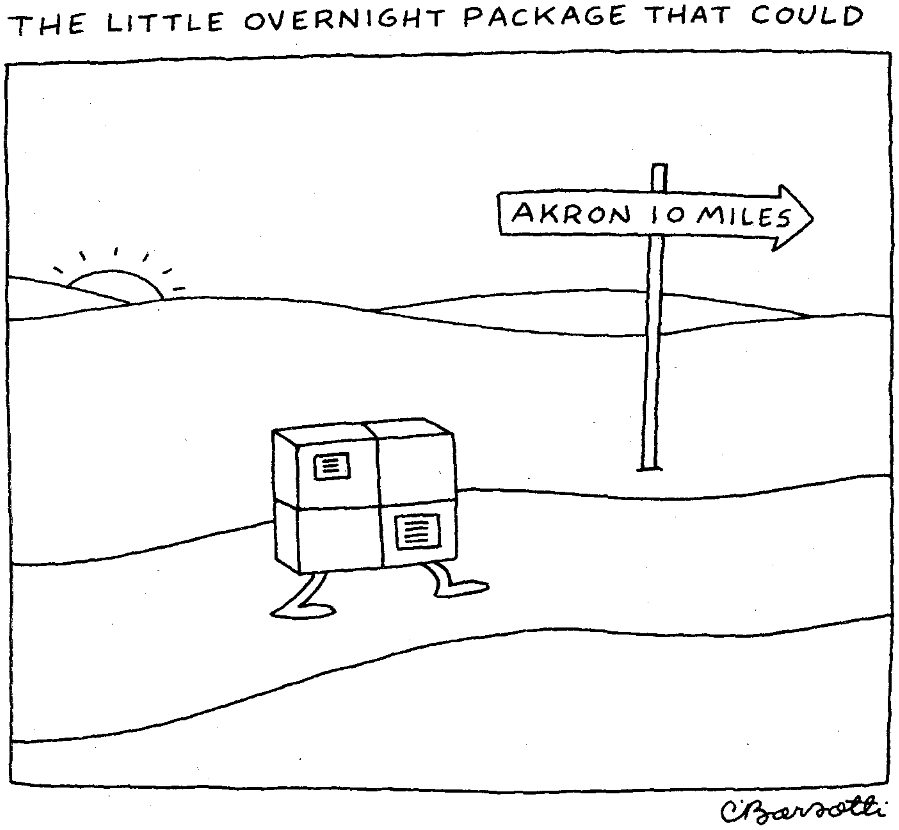
"Sometimes I miss the old days, when men were ashamed to cry in public."

THE MAN IN THE MOON

IN the library of the house I grew up in there was a box of photographs that I used to look through when other forms of entertainment failed me. In this jumble there was a postcard of my mother's brother, my Uncle Ted, and a young woman cozying up together in the curve of a crescent moon. I would have liked to believe that it was the real moon they were sitting in, but you could see that the picture was taken in a photographer's studio. Who she was it never occurred to me to ask. Thirty or forty years later, if his name came up in conversation, women who were young at the same time he was would remark how attractive he was. He was thin-faced and slender, and carried himself well, and he had inherited the soft brown eyes of the Kentucky side of the family.

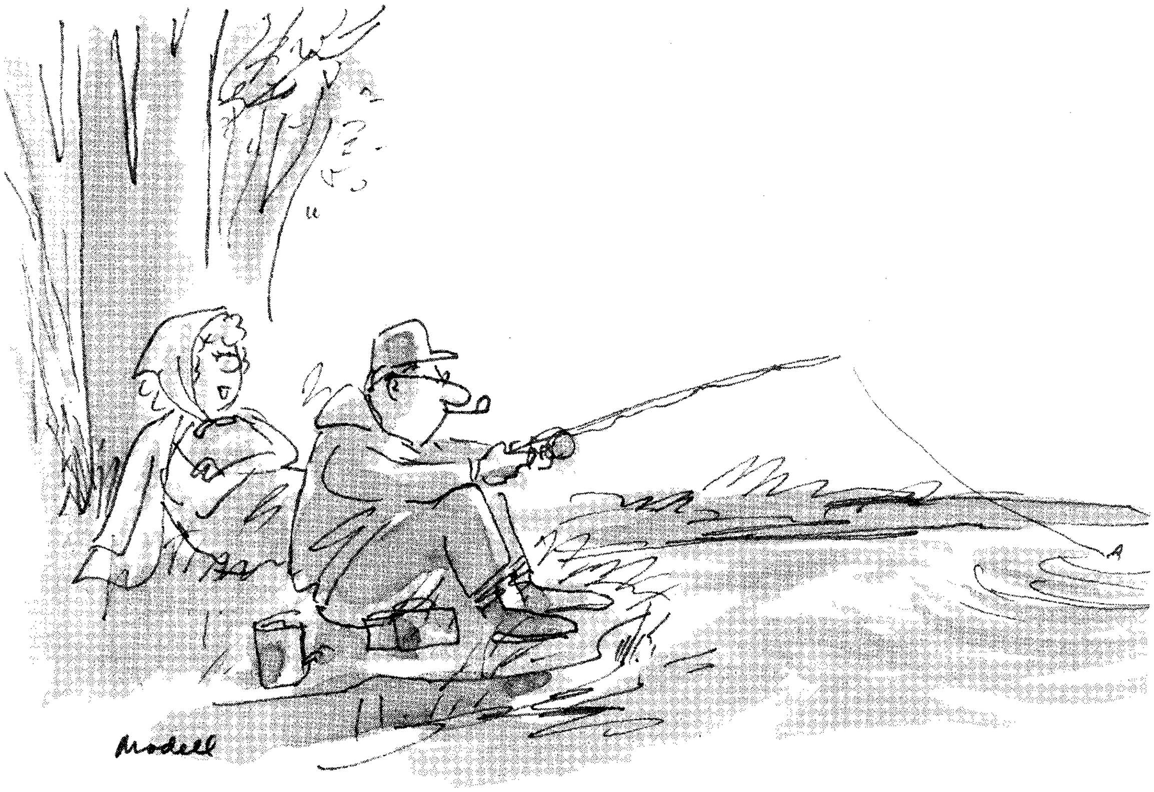
In the small towns of the Middle West at that time—I am speaking of, roughly, the year 1900—it was unusual for boys to be sent away to school. My uncle was enrolled in a military academy in Gambier, Ohio, and flunked out. How much education he had of a kind that would prepare him for doing well in one occupation or another I have no idea. I would think not much. Like many young men born into a family in comfortable circumstances, he felt that the advantages he enjoyed were part of the natural order of things. What the older generation admired and aspired to was dignity, resting on a firm basis of accomplishment. I think what my uncle had in mind for himself was the life of a classy gent, a spender—someone who knows, from experience, which pleasures to seek out and which to avoid as not worth the bother, and who gives off the glitter of privilege. And he behaved as if this kind of life was within his reach. Which it wasn't. There was a period—I don't know how long it was, perhaps a few months, perhaps a year or so—when if he was strapped and couldn't think of anybody to put the bite on, he would write out a check to himself and sign it with the name of one of his sisters or of a friend.

I don't think anything on earth would have induced my father to pass a bad check, but then his family was poor when he was a child, and lived on the street directly behind the jail. Under everything he did, and his opinions about human behavior, was the pride of the self-made man. He blamed my uncle's shameless dodges on his upbringing. When my Grandfather Blinn would try to be strict with his son, my father said, my grandmother would go behind his back and give Teddy the money. My grandmother's indulgence, though it may have contributed to my uncle's lapses from financial probity, surely wasn't the only cause of them. In any case, the check forging didn't begin until both my grandparents were dead.


THE LITTLE OVERNIGHT PACKAGE THAT COULD

My grandfather was brought up on a cattle farm in Vermont not far from the Canadian border. He left home at eighteen to work as a bookkeeper in a pump factory in Cincinnati. Two years later he began to read law in a law office there. More often than not, he read on an empty stomach, but he mastered Blackstone's "Commentaries" and Chitty's "Pleadings," and at the age of twenty-one was admitted to the bar. What made him decide to move farther west to Illinois I don't know. Probably there were already too many lawyers in Ohio. When he was still in his early thirties he tried to run for Congress on the Republican ticket and was nosed out by another candidate. Some years later the nomination was offered to my grandfather at a moment when there was no serious Democratic opposition, and he chose not to run because it would have taken him away from the practice of law. By the time he was forty he had a considerable reputation as a trial lawyer, and eventually he argued cases before the Supreme Court. Lawyers admired him for his ability in the courtroom, and for his powers of close reasoning. People in general saw in him a certain largeness of mind that other men didn't have. From the way my mother spoke of him, it was clear that—to her—there never had been and never could be again a man quite so worthy of veneration. My uncle must often have felt that there was no way for him to stand clear of his father's shadow.

Because my grandfather had served a term on the bench of the Court of Claims, he was mostly spoken of as Judge Blinn. His fees were large but he was not interested in accumulating money and did not own any land except the lot his house stood on. He was not at all pompous, but when he left his office and came home to his family he did not entirely divest himself of the majesty of the law, about which he felt so deeply. From a large tinted photograph that used to hang over the mantelpiece in my Aunt Annette's living room, I know that he had a fine forehead, calm gray eyes, and a drooping mustache that partly concealed the shape of his mouth.



"How come you never seem to have this kind of patience at home?"

There were half a dozen imposing houses in Lincoln but my grandfather's house wasn't one of them. It stood on a quiet elm-shaded street and was a two-story flat-roofed house with a wide porch extending all across the front and around the sides. It was built in the eighteen-seventies and is still there, well over a hundred years old—what passes for an old house in the Middle West. My father worked for a fire-insurance company and was gone three days out of the middle of the week, drumming up business in small-town agencies all over the state, and so we were at my grandfather's house a good deal. Though I haven't been in it for sixty years, I can still move around in it in my mind. Sliding doors, which I liked to ease in and out of their recesses, separated the back parlor, where the family tended to congregate around my grandmother's chair, from the front parlor, where nobody ever sat. There it was always twilight because the velvet curtains shut out the sun. If I stood looking into the pier glass between the two front windows I saw the same heavy walnut and mahogany furniture in an even dimmer light. Whether this is an actual memory or an attempt on the part of my mind to adjust the past to my feelings about it I am not altogether sure. The very words "the past" suggest lowered window shades and a withdrawal from brightness of any kind. Orpheus in the Underworld. The end of my grandparents' life cast a shadow backwards over what had gone before, but in point of fact it was not a gloomy house, and the life that went on in it was not withdrawn or melancholy.

My Aunt Edith was the oldest. Then came my mother. Then Annette. Between Annette and my uncle there was another child, who didn't live very long. My grandmother was morbidly concerned for my uncle's safety when he was little, and Annette was told that she must never let him out of her sight when they were playing together. She was not much older than he was, and used to have nightmares in which something happened to him. They remained more or less in this relationship to each other during the whole of their lives.

My mother and her sisters had a certain pride of family, but it had nothing to do with a feeling of social superiority, and was, actually, so unexamined and metaphysical that I never understood the grounds for it. It may have been something my grandmother brought with her from Kentucky and passed on to her children. That branch of the family didn't go in for genealogy, and the stories that have come down are vague and improbable.

When I try the name Youtsey on a Southerner, all the response I ever get is a blank look. There appear to have been no statesmen in my grandmother's family, no colonial governors, no men or women of even modest distinction. That leaves money and property. My grandmother's father, John Youtsey, owned a hundred acres of land on the Licking River, where he raised strawberries for the markets of Cincinnati. He was also a United States marshal—that is to say, he had been appointed to carry out the wishes of the judicial district in which he lived, and had duties similar to those of a sheriff. Three of his sons fought in the Civil War, on the side of the North. Shortly before the war broke out, he began to build a new house with bricks fired on the place. I saw it once. I was taken there by one of my mother's cousins. The farm had passed out of the family and was now owned by a German couple. My grandmother used to take her children to Kentucky every summer and when the July term of court was over, my grandfather joined them. My mother told me that the happiest days of her childhood were spent here, playing in the attic and the hayloft and the water meadows, with a multitude of her Kentucky cousins. But as I looked around I saw nothing that I could accept as a possible backdrop for all that excitement and mirth and teasing and tears. There wasn't even a child's swing. The farmer's wife told us to look around as much as we liked, and went back to her canning. We paused in the doorway of a long empty room. I concluded from the parquet floors that it must have been the drawing room. Since my mother's cousin had gone to some trouble to bring me here, I felt that I ought to say something polite, and remarked, "In my great-grandfather's time this must have been a beautiful room," and he said with a smile, "Grandfather kept his wheat in it." My uncle may have inherited his *folie des grandeurs* from some improvident ancestor but it wasn't, in any event, the bewhiskered old gentleman farmer who built and lived in this house.

The lessons that hardship had taught my Grandfather Blinn he was unable to pass on to his son. He must have had many talks with Ted about his future, and the need to apply himself, and what would happen to him if he didn't. Hunger that is only heard about is not very real. My uncle had a perfect understanding of how one should conduct oneself after one has arrived; it was the getting there that didn't much interest him. The most plausible explanation is that he was a changeling.

THE REEF

The most graceful of misunderstandings
I could not keep close at hand
She paused a moment
At the door as she adjusted her scarf against
The winds & sprays & in the moonlight
She rowed back across the inlet to the shore

I sat alone above my pale vodka
Watching its smoky trails of peppercorns
Rising toward my lips

& while I flicked the radio dial
Trying to pick up the Cuban station or even
The static of the "Reggae Rooster" from Jamaica

I watched the waves foam above the coral & recede

Then foam breathlessly again & again
As a school of yellowtail
Rose together to the surface & then suddenly dove
Touched I knew by the long silver glove

Of the barracuda she loved to watch each afternoon
As she let the boat drift in its endlessly

Widening & broken arc

—David St. John

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FROM a history of Logan County published in 1911 I learned that Edward D. Blinn, Jr.—that is, my Uncle Ted—was the superintendent of the Lincoln Electric Street Railway. My grandfather must have put him there, since he was a director and one of the incorporators of this enterprise. One spur of the streetcar tracks went from the courthouse square to the Illinois Central Railroad depot, another to a new subdivision in the northwest part of town, and still another to the cemeteries. In the summertime the cars were open on the sides, and in warm weather pleasanter than walking. Except during the Chautauqua season, they were never crowded. The conductor stomped on a bell in the floor beside him to make pedestrians and farm wagons get out of the way, and from time to time showers of sparks would be emitted by the overhead wires. What did the superintendent have to do? Keep records, make bank deposits, be there if something went wrong; and in an emergency run one of the cars himself (with his mind on the things he would do and the way he would live when he had money). The job was only a stopgap, until something more appropriate offered itself. *But what if nothing ever did?*

When my grandfather's back was turned, Ted went to Chicago and made some arrangements that he hoped would change the course of his life; for a thousand dollars (which, of course, he did not have), a firm in Chicago agreed to supply him with an airplane and, in case my uncle didn't choose to fly it, a pilot. It was to be part of the Fourth of July celebration. The town agreed to pay him two thousand dollars if the plane went up.

Several years ago the contract was found tucked between the pages of a book that had been withdrawn from the Lincoln College library—God knows how it got there. It is dated June 27, 1911—to my surprise; for it proves that I was a few weeks less than three years old at the time, and I had assumed that to be able to remember the occasion as vividly as I do I must have been at least a year older than that.

The plane stood in a wheat field out beyond the edge of town. The wheat had been harvested and the stubble pricked my bare legs. My father held me by the hand so I would not get lost in the crowd. Very few people there had ever seen an airplane before, and all they asked was to see this one leave the ground and go up into the air like a bird. Several men in mechanic's coveralls were clustered around the plane. Now and then my uncle climbed into the cockpit and the place grew still with expectation. The afternoon wore on slowly. The sun beat down out of a brassy sky. Word must have passed through the crowd that the plane was not going to go up, for my father said suddenly, "We're going home now." Looking back over my shoulder I saw the men still tinkering with the airplane engine. My father told me a long time later that while all this was going on my grandfather was pacing the floor in his law office, thinking about the thousand dollars he would have to raise somehow if the plane failed to go up, and that if it did go up there was a very good chance his only son might be killed.

Using what arguments I find it hard to imagine (except that a courtroom is one thing and home is another, and drops of water wear away stone), Ted persuaded my grandfather to buy a motorcar. The distance from my grandfather's house to his law office was less than a mile, and the roads around Lincoln were unpaved, with deep ruts. Even four or five years later, when motorcars were beginning to be

"Philip has said everything there is to say."

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more common, an automobile could sink and sink into a mudhole until it was resting on its rear axle. But anyway, there it was, a Rambler, with leather straps holding the top down, brass carriage lamps, and the emergency brake, the gearshift, and the horn all on the outside above the right-hand running board. It stood in front of my grandfather's house on Ninth Street, more like a monument than a means of locomotion. It is unlikely that anyone but Ted ever drove it, and it must have given a certain dash to his courtship of a charming red-headed girl named Alma Haller. I have pursued her and her family through three county histories and come up with nothing of any substance. Her father served several terms as a city alderman, he was a director of the streetcar company, and he owned a farm west of Lincoln, but there is no biography, presumably because he was not coöperative. Anyway, the soft brown eyes, the understanding of what is pleasing to women, assiduousness, persistence, something, did the trick. They were engaged to be married. And if either family was displeased by the engagement I never heard of it.

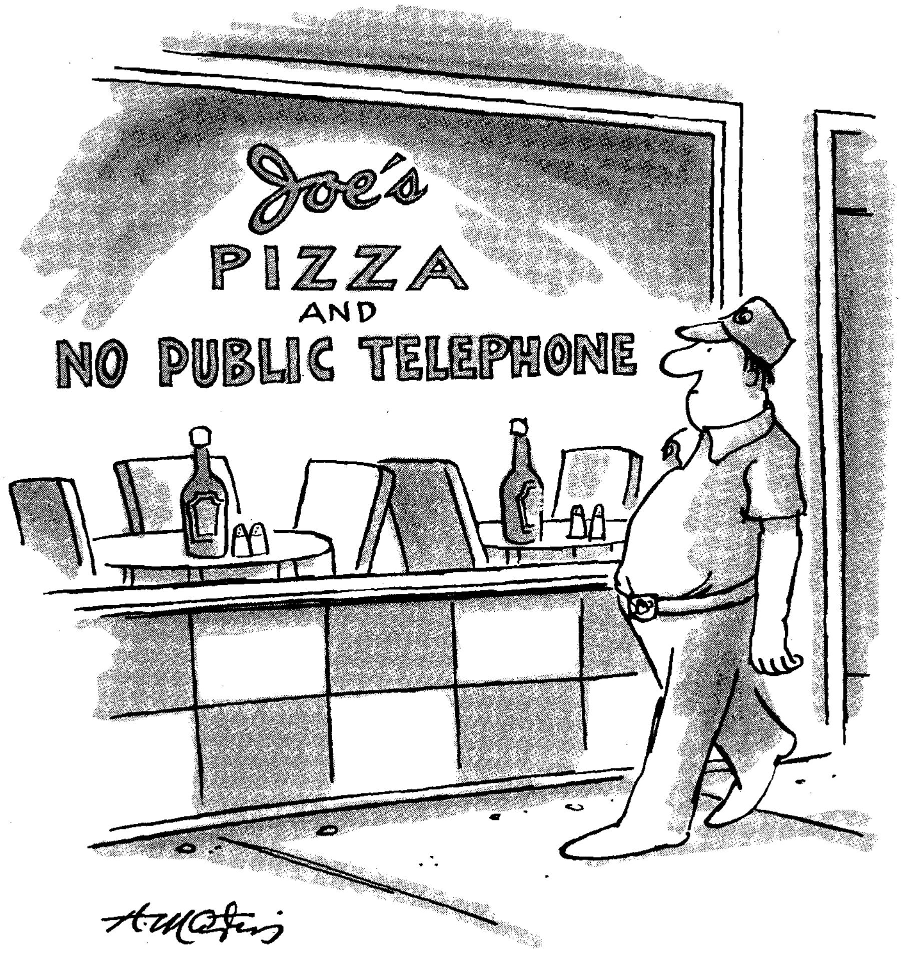
My uncle had the reputation in Lincoln of being knowledgeable about motors, and a friend who had arranged to buy an automobile in Chicago asked Ted to go with him when he picked it up. On the way down to Lincoln the car skidded and went out of control and turned over. My uncle was in the seat beside the driver. His left arm was crushed and had to be amputated. My grandmother's premonitions were at last accounted for. What I was kept from knowing about and seeing because I was a small child it does not take very much imagination to reconstruct. He is lying in a hospital bed with his upper chest heavily bandaged. There are bruises on his face. He is drowsy from morphine. Sometimes he complains to the nurse or to Annette, sitting in a chair beside his bed, about the pain he feels in the arm that he has lost. Sometimes he lies there rearranging the circumstances that led up to the accident so that he is at the wheel of the car. Or better still, not in the car at all. When the morphine wore off and his mind was more clear, what can he have thought except that it was somebody else's misfortune that came to him by mistake?

When he left the hospital, and forever afterward, he carried himself stiffly, as if he were corseted. He did not let anyone help him if he could forestall it, and was skillful at slipping his overcoat on in such a way that it did not call attention to the fact that his left arm was immovable and ended in a gray suède glove.

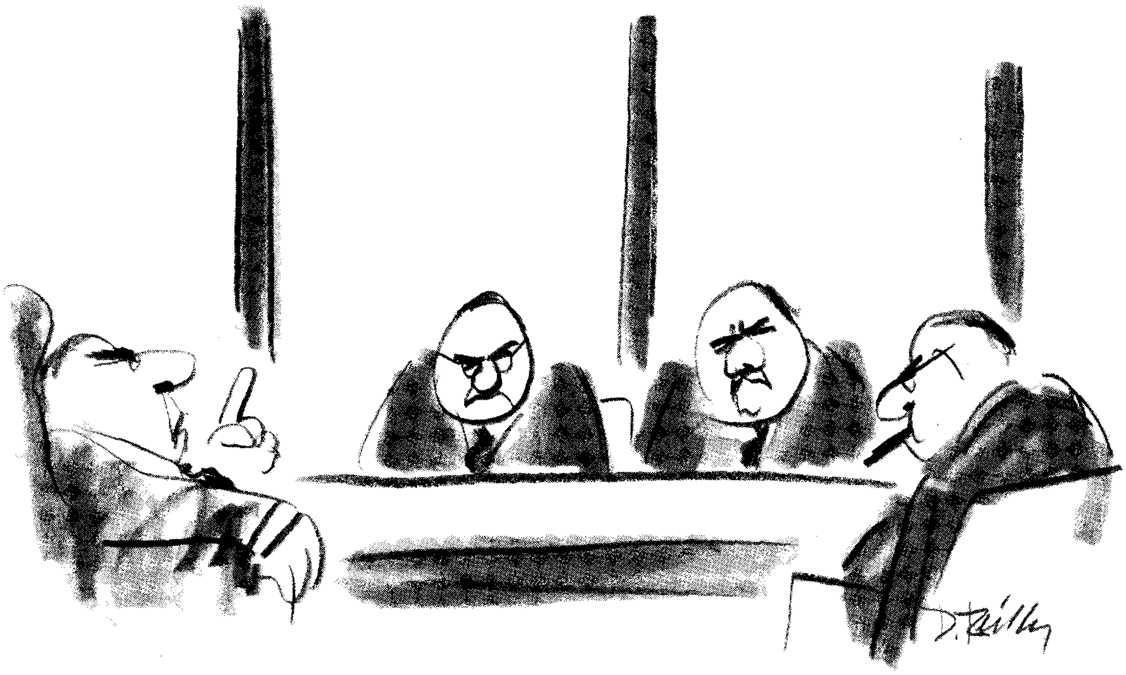
A few years ago, one of Alma Haller's contemporaries told me that she had realized she was not in love with Ted and was on the point of breaking off the engagement but after the accident felt she had to go through with it. They went through with it with style. All church weddings that I have attended since have seemed to me a pale imitation of this one. In a white corduroy suit that my mother had made for me, I walked down the aisle of the Episcopal church beside my cousin Peg, who was a flower girl. I assume that I didn't drop the ring and that the groom put it on the fourth finger of the bride's left hand, but that part I have no memory of; though the movie camera kept on whirring there was no film in it. What was he thinking about as he watched the bridal procession coming toward him? That there would be no more sitting in the moon with girls who had no reason to expect anything more of him than a good time? That there, in satin and lace, was his heart's desire? That people were surreptitiously deciding which was the real arm and which the artificial one? All these things, perhaps, or none of them. The next thing I remember (the camera now having film in it again) is my mother depositing me on a gilt chair, at the wedding reception, and saying that she would be right back. Her idea of time and mine were quite different. The bride's mother, in a flame-colored velvet dress, interested me briefly; my grandmother always wore black. I had never before seen footmen in knee breeches and powdered wigs passing trays of champagne glasses. Or so many people in one house. And I was afraid I would never see my mother again. Just when I had given up all hope, my Aunt Edith, who had no children of her own, appeared with a plate of ice cream for me.

In the next reel, it is broad daylight and I am standing—again with my father holding my hand—on a curb on College Avenue. But this time it is so I will not step into the street and be run over by the fire engines. As before, there is a crowd. It is several months after the wedding. There is a crackling sound and yellow flames flow out of the upstairs windows and lick the air above the burning roof of the house where the wedding reception took place. The gilt furniture is all over the lawn, and there is talk about defective wiring. The big three-story house is as inflammable as a box of kitchen matches.

In the hit-or-miss way of children's memories, I recall being in a horse and buggy with my aunt and uncle, on a snowy night, as they drove around town delivering Christmas presents. And on my sixth birthday our yard is full of children. All the children I know have come bringing presents, and when London Bridge falls I am caught in the arms of my red-haired aunt, and pleased that this has happened. Then suddenly she was not there anymore. She divorced my uncle and I never saw her again. After a couple of years she remarried and moved away, and she didn't return to Lincoln to live until she was an old woman.



AS often happened with elderly couples during that period, my grandmother's funeral followed my grandfather's within the year. Because she had insisted on it, my grandfather had named his son as his executor, and Ted quit his job with the streetcar company in order to devote himself to settling the estate. My grandfather did not leave anything like as much as people thought he would. He was in the habit of going on notes with young men who needed to borrow money and had no collateral. When the notes came due, more often than not my grandfather had to make good on them, the co-signer being unable to. He also made personal loans, which his family knew about but which he didn't bother to keep any record of since they were to men he considered his friends, and after his death they denied that there was any such debt. Meanwhile, it became clear to anyone with eyes in his head that my uncle was spending a lot of money that could only have come from the estate. My mother and my aunts grew alarmed, and asked my father to step in and represent their interests. He found that Ted had already spent more than half of the money my grandfather left. Probably he didn't mean to take more than his share. It just slipped through his fingers. He would no doubt have run through everything, and with nothing to show for it, if my father hadn't stopped him. My father was capable of the sort of bluntness that makes people see themselves and their conduct in a light unsoftened by excuses of any kind. I would not have wanted to be my uncle when my father was inquiring into the details of my grandfather's estate, or have had to face his contempt. There was nothing more coming to Ted when the estate was finally settled, and, finding himself backed into a corner, he began forging checks. The fact that it didn't lead to his being arrested and sent to prison suggests that the sums involved were not large. I once heard my mother say to my Aunt Edith (who had stopped having anything to do with him) that when she wrote to Ted she was always careful not to sign her full name. The friends whose names he forged were young, in their twenties like my uncle, and poor as Job's turkey. How he justified doing that to them it would be interesting to know. When it comes to self-deception we are all vaudeville magicians. In any case, forging checks for small amounts of money relieved his immediate embarrassment but did not alter his circumstances.



"We're not blocking and tackling the way we should."

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Children as they pass through one stage of growth after another are a kind of anthology of family faces. At the age of four I looked very much like one of my mother's Kentucky cousins. Holding my chin in her hand, she used to call me by his name. Then for a while I looked like her. At the age of eleven or twelve I suddenly began to look like my Uncle Ted. When people remarked on this, I saw that it made my father uneasy. The idea that if I continued to look like him I would end up forging checks amused me, but faulty logic is not necessarily incompatible with the truth, which in this case was that when, because of Christmas or my birthday, I had ten or fifteen dollars, I could always think of something to spend it on. All my life I have tended to feel that money descends from heaven like raindrops. I also understood that it doesn't rain a good deal of the time, and when I couldn't afford to buy something I wanted I have been fairly content to do without it. My uncle was not willing, is what it amounted to.

When my mother died during the influenza epidemic of 1918-19, I turned to the person who was closest to her for comfort and understanding. I am not sure whether this made things harder for Annette or not. Her marriage was rocky, and more than once appeared to be on the point of breaking up but never did. Nearly every day, my Uncle Will Bates drove out to one of his farms to make sure that the tenant farmer was not putting anything over on him. When he came home he would pass through the living room, leaving behind him a sense of strain between my aunt and him, but as far as I could make out it had nothing to do with my being there. Sometimes I found my Uncle Ted there, too. I didn't know, and didn't ask, where he was living and what he was doing to support himself. I think it was probably the low point of his life. There was no color in his face. His eyes never lit up or looked inquiringly or with affection at any of the people seated around the dining-room table. If he spoke, it was to answer yes or no to a question from my aunt. That when he and Annette were alone he opened his heart to her as freely as I did I have no doubt.

Defeat is a good teacher, Hazlitt said. What it teaches some people is to stop trying.

EXCEPT for the very old, nothing, good or bad, remains the same very long. My father remarried, and was promoted, and moved us to Chicago. I went to high school there, and my older brother went off to college, at the University of Illinois, in Champaign-Urbana. On the strength of his experience with the streetcar company, my uncle had managed to get a job in Champaign, working for a trolley line that meandered through various counties in central and southern Illinois. Nobody knew him there, or anything about him. He was simply Ed Blinn, the one-armed man at the ticket counter. He kept this job for many years, from which I think it can be inferred that he didn't help himself to the petty cash or falsify the bookkeeping. During the five years that my brother was in college and law school they would occasionally have dinner together. He tried to borrow money from my brother, whose monthly allowance was adequate but not lavish, and my brother stopped seeing him. Once, when Ted came up to Chicago, he invited me to have dinner with him at the Palmer House. Probably he felt that it was something my mother would have wanted him to do, but this idea didn't occur to me; adolescents seldom have any idea why older people are being nice to them. He was about forty and I was fifteen or sixteen, and priggishly aware that, in taking me to a restaurant that was so expensive, he was again doing things in a way he couldn't afford. He had an easier time chatting with the headwaiter than he did in getting any conversation out of me. After we got up from the table he gave me a conducted tour of a long corridor in the hotel that was known as Peacock Alley. I could see that he was in his natural element. I would have enjoyed it more if there had been peacocks. When I followed my brother down to the university I didn't look my uncle up, and he may not even have known I was there.

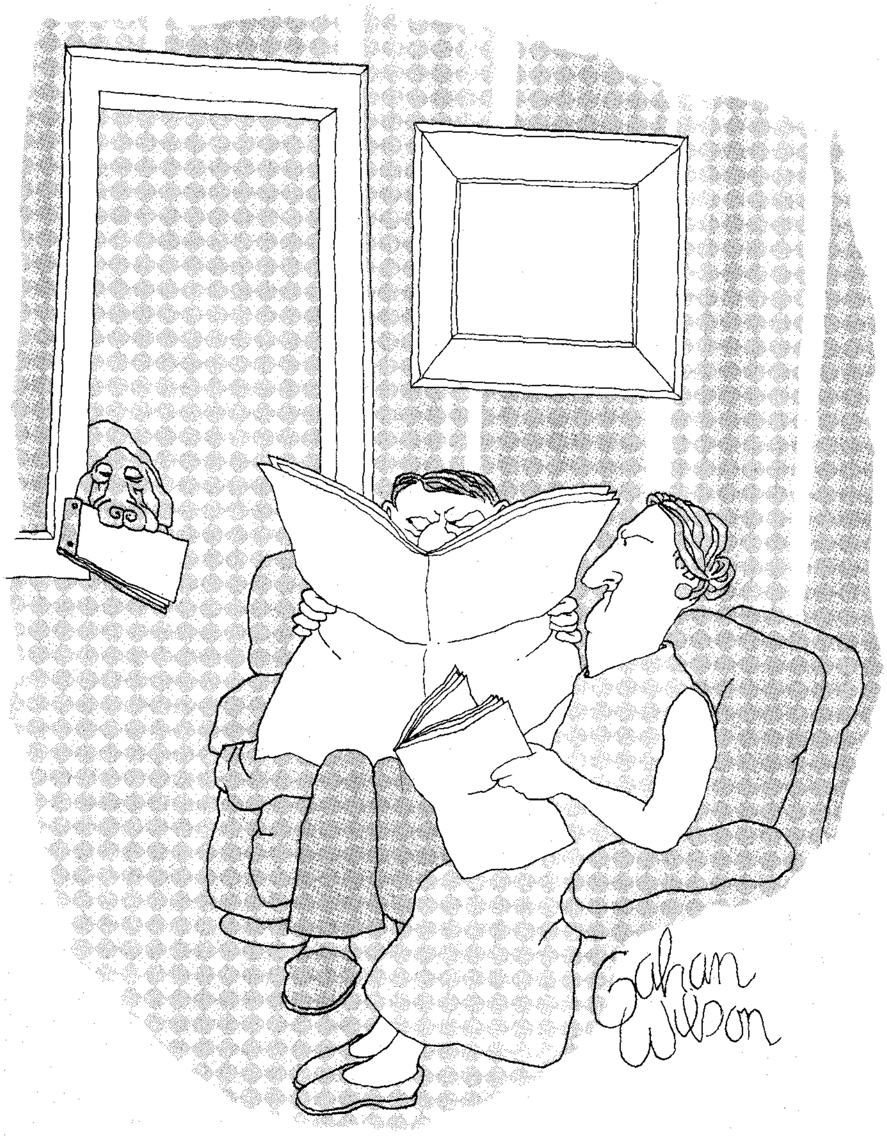
Some years later, from a thousand miles away, I learned that he had married again. He married a Lincoln woman, the letter from home said. Edna Skinner. He and his wife were running a rental library in Chicago, and she was expecting a baby. Then I heard that the baby died, and they had moved back to Lincoln, and she was working at the library, and somebody had found him a job running the elevator in the courthouse—where (as people observed with a due sense of the irony of it) his father had practiced law.

By that time my father had retired from business and he and my stepmother were living in Lincoln again. When I went back to Illinois on a visit, I saw my Aunt Annette. She was angry at Ted for marrying. Though she did not say so, what she felt, I am sure, was that there were now two children she couldn't let out of her sight. And she disliked his new wife. She said, "Edna only married him because she was impressed with his family." All this, however, didn't prevent my aunt from doing what she could for them. The grocer was given to understand that they could charge things to her account. She did this knowing that my Uncle Will was bound to notice that the grocery bills were padded, and would be angry with her. As he was. She refused to tell the grocer that her brother and his wife were not to charge things anymore, and my Uncle Will, not being sure what the consequences would be if he put a stop to it, allowed it to continue. Also, living in a small town, there is always the question of what people will think. One would not want to have it said that, with the income off several farms and a substantial balance at the bank, one had let one's brother-in-law and his wife go hungry.

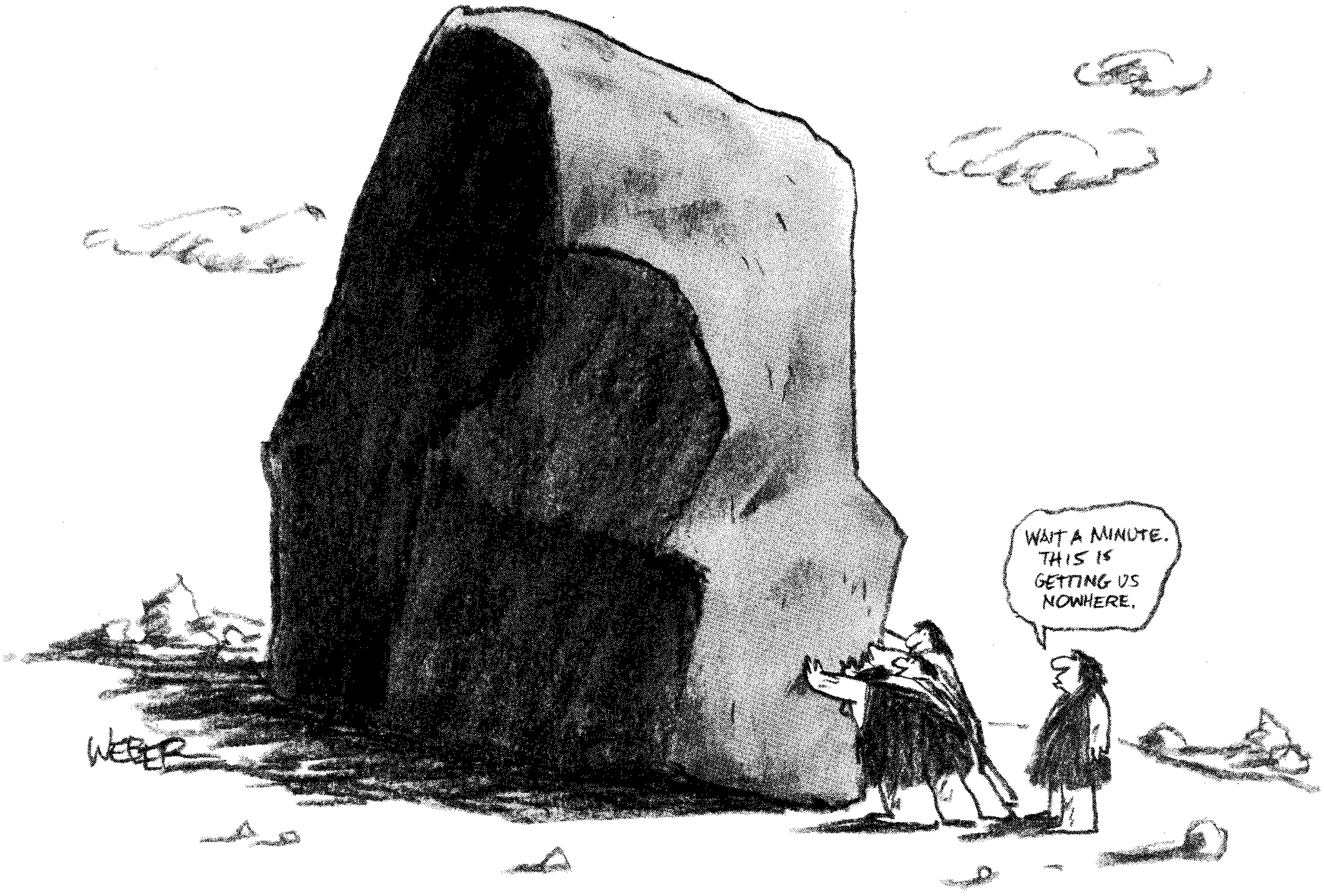
I did not meet Edna until I brought my own wife home to Lincoln for the first time. We had only been married three or four months. When we were making the round of family visits, it struck me as not quite decent not to take her to meet Ted and the aunt I had never seen. My father didn't think that this was necessary. He and my stepmother had given a party for us, and invited all the friends of the family who had known me when I was a boy. They didn't ask Ted and Edna. I doubt if it even occurred to them. Though they all lived in the same small town, my father never had any reason to be in the courthouse or the library, and he hadn't had anything to do with Ted since the days, thirty years before, when he had to step in and straighten out the handling of my grandfather's estate. But I saw no reason I shouldn't follow my own instincts, which were not to leave anybody out. I was thirty-six and so grateful to have escaped from the bachelor's solitary existence that all my feelings were close to the surface. I couldn't call Ted, because they had no telephone, but somebody told me where they were living and we went there on a Sunday morning and knocked on the screen door. As my uncle let us in, I saw that he was pleased we had come. The house looked out across the college grounds and was very small, hardly big enough for two people. Overhanging trees filtered out the sunlight. I found that I had things I wanted to say to him. It was as if we had been under a spell and now it was broken. There was a kind of easy understanding between us that I was not prepared for. I felt the stirring of affection, and I think he may have as well.

Edna I took to on sight. She had dark eyes and a gentle voice. She was simple and open with my wife, and acted as if meeting me was something she had been hoping would happen. Looking around, I could see that they didn't have much money, but neither did we.

I wrote to them when we got home,



"Here he comes with his damn yearly contract!"


WAIT A MINUTE. THIS IS GETTING US NOWHERE.

THE DAWN OF REASON

• •

and heard from her. After my uncle died, she continued to write, and she sent us a small painting that she had done.

Not long ago, by some slippage of the mind, I was presented with a few moments out of my early childhood: My grandfather's house, so long lived in by strangers, is ours again. The dining-room table must have several leaves in it, for there are six or eight people sitting around it. My mother is not in the cemetery but right beside me. She is talking to Granny Blinn about . . . about . . . I don't know what about. If I turn my head I will see my grandfather at the head of the table. The windows are there, and look out on the side yard. The goldfish are swimming through their castle at the bottom of the fishbowl. The door to the back parlor is there. Over the sideboard there is a painting of a watermelon and grapes. No one stops me when I get down from my chair and go out to the kitchen and ask the hired girl for a slice of raw potato. I like the greenish taste. When I come back into the dining room I go and stand beside my uncle. He finishes what he is saying and then notices that I am looking with curiosity at his glass of beer. He holds it out to me, and I take a sip and when I make a face he laughs. His left hand is resting on the white damask tablecloth. He can move his fingers. The catastrophe hasn't happened. I would have liked to linger there with them, but it was like trying to breathe underwater. I came up for air, and lost them.

THE view from the seventies is breathtaking. What is lacking is someone, *anyone*, of the older generation to whom you can turn when you want to satisfy your curiosity about some detail of the landscape of the past. There is no longer any older generation. You have become it, while your mind was mostly on other matters.

I wouldn't know anything more about my uncle's life except for a fluke. A boy I used to hang around with when I was a freshman in Lincoln High School—John Deal—had a slightly older sister named Margaret. Many years later I caught up with her again. My wife and I were on Nantucket, and wandered into a shop full of very plain old furniture and beautiful china, and there she was. She was married to a Russian émigré, a bear-like man with a cast in one eye and huge hands. He was given to patting her affectionately on the behind, and perfectly ready to be fond of anyone who turned up from her past. I learned afterward that he had been wounded in the First World War and had twice been decorated for bravery. Big though his hands were, he made ship's models—the finest I have ever seen. That afternoon, as we were leaving, she invited us to their house for supper. The Russian had made a huge crock of vodka punch, which he warned us against, and as we sat around drinking it, what came out, in the course of catching up on the past, was that Margaret and Edna Blinn were friends.

Remembering this recently, I looked up Margaret's telephone number in my address book. The last letter I had had from her was years ago, and I wasn't sure who would answer. When she did, I said, "I want to know about my Uncle Ted Blinn and Edna. How did you happen to know her?"

"We were both teaching in the public schools," the voice at the other end of the line said. "And we used to go painting together."

"Who was she? I mean, where was she from?"

"I don't know."

"Was she born in Lincoln?"

"I kind of think not," the voice said. "I do know where they met. At your grandfather's farm, Grassmere."

"My grandfather didn't have a farm."

"Well, that's where they met."

"My grandfather had a client, one of the Gilletts, who owned a farm near Elkhart—I think it was near Elkhart. Anyway, she moved East and he managed the farm for her. It was called Gracelands. Could it have been there that they met?"

"No. Grassmere."

Oral history is a tangle of the truth and alterations on it.

"They had a love affair," Margaret said. "And Edna got pregnant and lost her job because of it."

"Even though they got married?"

"Yes. It was more than the school board could countenance, and she was fired. He quit his job in Champaign and they went to Chicago and opened a rental library."

"I know. . . . What did the baby die of?"

"It was born dead."

Looking back on my uncle's life, it seems to me to have been a mixture of having to lie in the bed he had made and the most terrible, undeserved, outrageous misfortune. The baby was born dead. He lost his arm in that automobile accident and no one else was even hurt. They put whatever money they had into that little rental library in Chicago just in time to have it go under in the Depression.

THE oldest county history mentions an early pioneer, Thomas R. Skinner, who came to that part of Illinois in 1827, cleared some land near the town of Mount Pulaski, and was the first county surveyor and the first county judge. Edna was probably a direct or a collateral descendant. She may also have been the daughter of W. T. Skinner, who was superintendent and principal of the Mount Pulaski high school. Whatever her background may have been, she was better educated and more cultivated than any of the women in my family, and if she had had money would, I think, have been treated quite differently.

From that telephone call and the letter that followed I learned a good deal that I hadn't known before. Edna worshipped my uncle, Margaret said. She couldn't get over how wonderful, how distinguished, he was. He was under no illusions whatever about *himself but loved her.* He called her "Baby."

She never spoke about things they lacked, and never seemed to realize how poor they were. She lived in a world of art and music and great literature. He had a drinking problem.

They lived in many different houses—in whatever was vacant at the moment, and cheap. For a while they lived in what had been a one-room Lutheran schoolhouse. They even lived in the country, and Ted drove them into town to work in a beat-up Ford roadster. Whatever house they were living in was always clean and neat. Annette gave them some of my Grandmother Blinn's English bone china, and Edna had some good furniture that had come down in her family—two Victorian chairs and a walnut sofa upholstered in mustard-colored velvet.

Annette and my Uncle Will Bates went to Florida for several months every winter, and while they were away Ted and Edna lived in their house. She loved my Aunt Annette, and was grateful to her for all she had done for them, and didn't know that the affection was not returned.

Margaret found Ted interesting to talk to and kind, but aloof. She had no idea what he was paid for running the elevator in the courthouse. Edna's salary at the library was seventy-five dollars a month. He made a little extra

PEARL

First the skip stutters down its rail line
and the miners, stacked together, knee to kneeback,
stomach to buttock, watch
the clouds, one Douglas fir, a V-tip
of station roof condense, condense, until
everything they have walked through is a little moon
shining one hundred, one thousand feet,

and exchanged now, from below, for a sparkle
of dusty headlamp—
its growth, like a moon, then
the face and great-boots.

It is always raining. Always
the temperature of sliced ham cooled on a platter,
a placemat, these things of another world.
And, unfolded, the miners step into their day, which is
night, walking behind one another
out through the drift tunnels.
An ore cart wobbles by, steaming
with quartz-rubble, a little gold, perhaps,
the size of a thumbnail, pushed up
from the earth's molten center, through the molten veins,
pushed and pushed—the great pressure, great heat—
to this exact intersection of
vertical, horizontal.

Ears pop.
Someone is singing. And beyond,
from another chamber, comes the whistle of nitrate
billowing up from its spitter fuse.

• •

Now and then a tremble may continue, up
through the ankles, thighs. There is the wheeze
of a bank collapsing, and into the drift tunnel

creep the poisons of powder fumes, methane.
It is then, with the motion of bathers, that
the miners dip into their airmasks, bite
down and turn together, all
the headlamps reversing their light

to its first horizon.
And nothing can stop what follows,
not science, not the elements:

in a grave interaction of vapors, saliva,
the airmask biteplates begin heating.
Past the muck and black-slush, into the skip,
up through the timbers, they grow hotter,
hotter, scorching the tongue,
the palate, until the miners, trapped by a halo
of methane, by the slow pull
of the skip-cable, feel their hearts withdraw, feel
their nerves collect in this new center, foreign
and not, all the flames pushing off,
regathering—the great heat, great pressure—
foreign and not.
But for their eyes, these workers are the color of
quartz-rubble, stacked
and lifted . . . lifting . . . past the shale beds,
limestone, from the rain into the rain . . .
and here is that moon, swelling to meet them—
old ghost, old platter of steam—
and here is the world of the world.

—Linda Bierds

• •

money by selling cigarettes out of the elevator cage, until some town official put a stop to it because he didn't have a license.

My uncle always dressed well. (Clothes of the kind he would have thought fit to put on his back do not wear out, if treated carefully.) Edna had one decent dress, which she washed when she got home from the library, and ironed, and wore the next day. She loved clothes. When she wanted to give herself a treat she would buy a copy of *Harper's Bazaar* and thumb through the pages with intense interest, as if she were dealing with the problem of her spring wardrobe.

She was a Christian Scientist and tended to look on the bright side even of things that didn't have any bright side. She would be taken with sudden enthusiasms for people. When she started in on the remarkable qualities of someone who wasn't in any way remarkable, Ted would poke fun at her. The grade-school and high-school students who came to the library looking for facts for their essays on compulsory arbitration or whales or whatever found her helpful. She encouraged them to develop the habit of reading, and to make something of their lives. Some of them came to think of her as a friend, and remained in touch with her after they left school. At the end of the day, Ted came to the library to pick her up and walk home with her. Margaret didn't think that he had any men friends.

They had a dog, a mutt that had attached himself to them. Whatever Ted asked the dog to do he would try to do, even if it was, for a dog, impossible. Or when he had, in fact, no clear idea of what was wanted of him. He made my uncle laugh. Not much else did.

He must have been in his early sixties when he got pneumonia. He didn't put up much of a fight against it. Edna believed that he willed himself to die.

"Sometimes she would invite me for lunch on Sunday," Margaret said. "Your uncle ate by himself in the other room—probably because there weren't enough knives and forks for three. Having fed him, Edna would get out the card table and spread a clean piece of canvas on it or an old painting, and set two places with the Blinn china. The forks were salad forks, so small that they tended to get lost on the plates. And odd knives and spoons, jelly glasses, and coffee cups from the ten-cent store. Then she would bring on, in an oval silver serving dish, an eggplant casserole, or something she had invented. She was a superb cook, and she did it all on a two-burner electric plate. After the lunch dishes were washed and put away we would go off painting together. There was nothing unusual about her watercolors but her oils were odd in an interesting way. She couldn't afford proper canvas and used unsized canvas or cardboard, and instead of a tube of white lead she had a small can of house paint. She had studied at the Art Institute when they lived in Chicago. I think now that she saw her life as being like that of Modigliani or some other bohemian starving in a garret on the Left Bank. Ted was ashamed of the way they lived. . . . Only once did she ask me for help. She had seen a coat that she longed for, and it was nine dollars. Or it may have been that she needed nine dollars to make up the difference, with what she had. At that time you could buy a Sears, Roebuck coat for that. Anyway, she asked if I would take two paintings in exchange for the money. . . . When I saw her after her heart attack she was lovely and slender —much as she must have looked when she and Ted first knew each other. She spent the last year or so of her life living in what had been a doctor's office. . . . That nine-dollar coat continues to haunt me."

SHE was buried beside Ted, in the Blinn family plot. My grandfather's headstone is no higher than the sod it is embedded in, and therefore casts no shadow over the grave of his son.

—William Maxwell

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BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

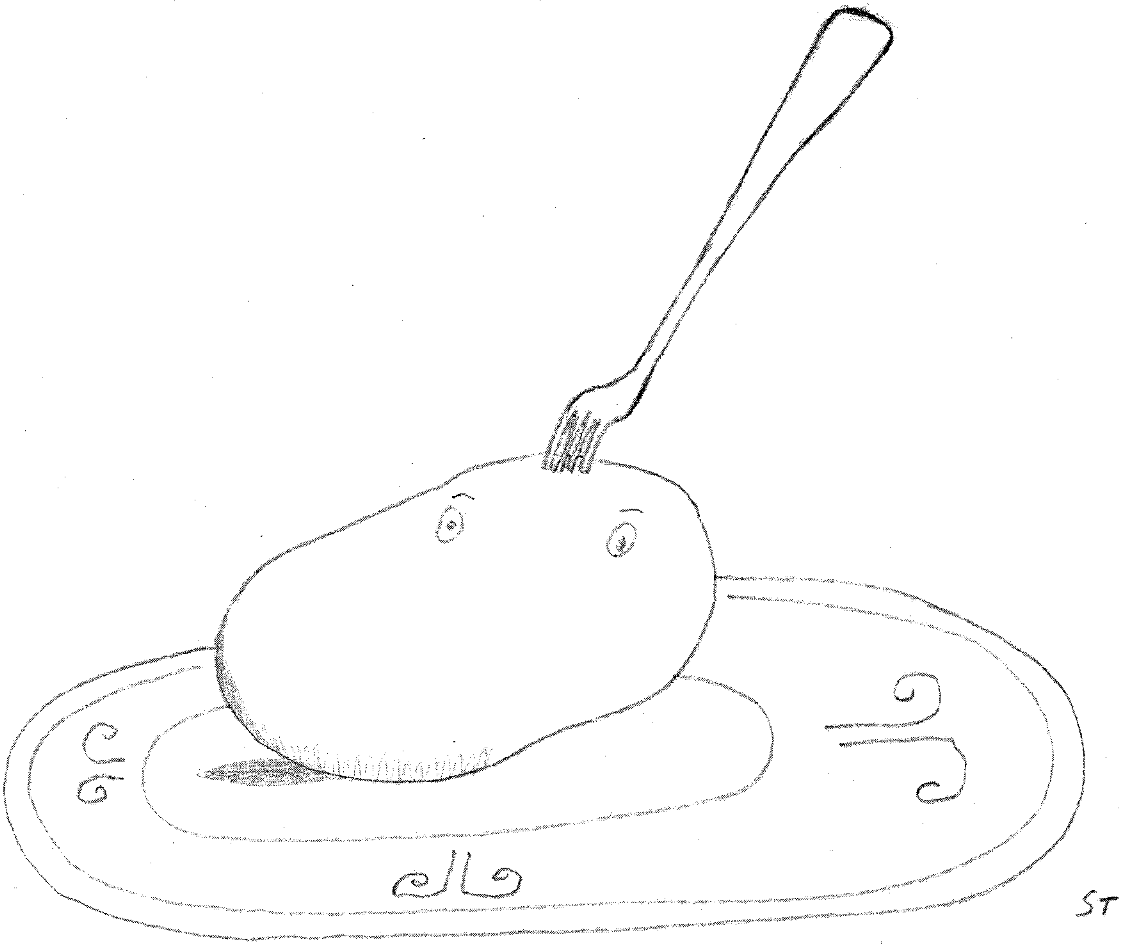
[*Robert Davis and Steve Neal in the Chicago Tribune*]

It is shocking to many that the factions of a once totally disciplined political apparatus, now splintered into fiefdoms along the fault lines of race, can flounder so badly in attempts to discover a replacement for the monolith that finally crumbled.

PROFILES

THE STAFFS OF LIFE

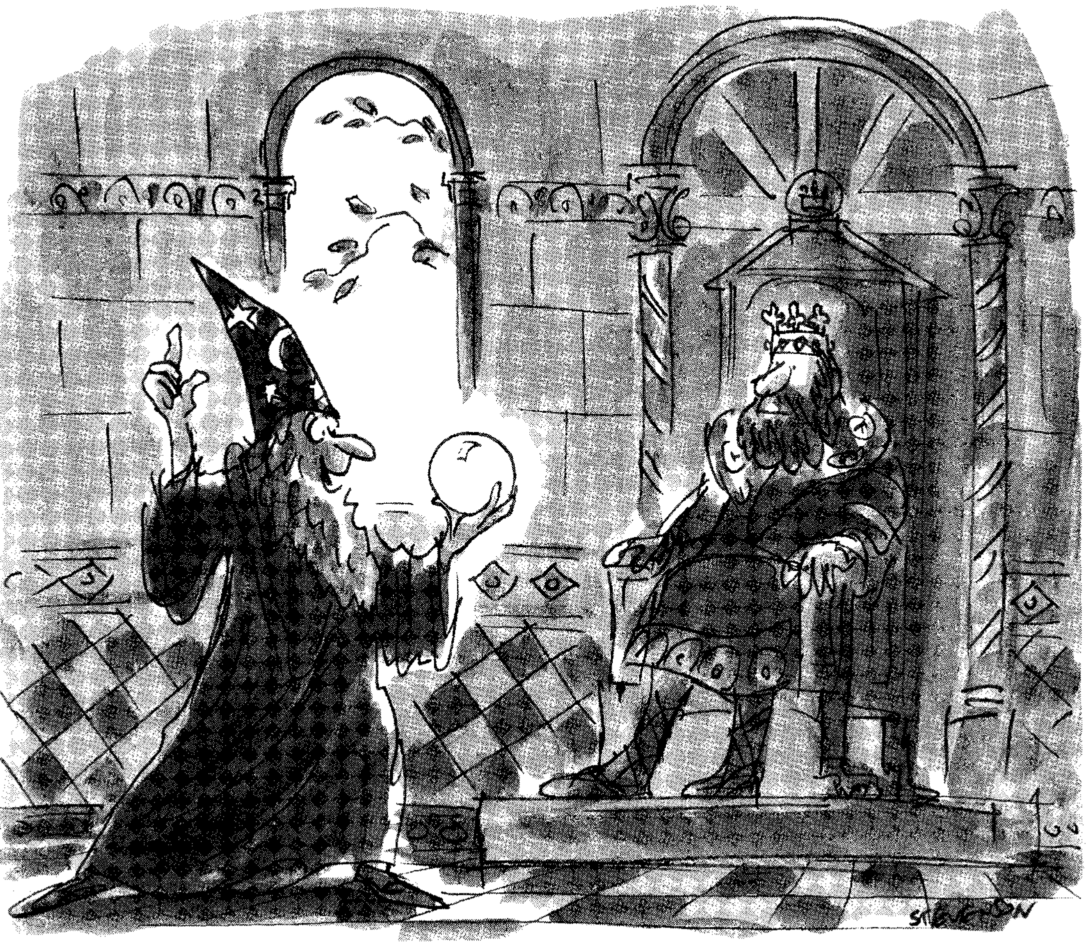
II—MAN IS WHAT HE EATS



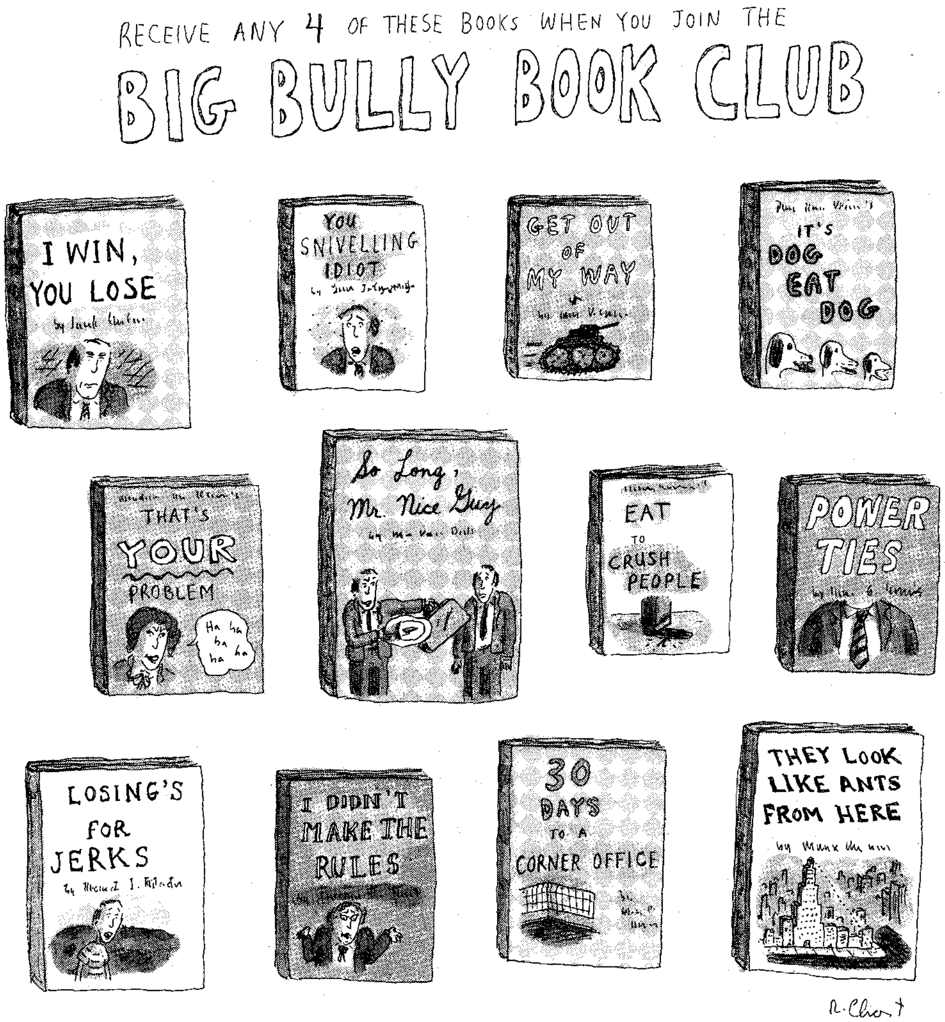
Oh! there's not in the wide world a race that can beat us,
From Canada's cold hills to sultry Japan,
While we fatten and feast on the smiling potatoes
Of Erin's green valleys so friendly to man.
—*The Reverend John Graham, of Magilligan, County Derry, who died in 1844, just before the great Irish famine.*

THE Nobel Prize that the onetime Iowa farm boy Norman E. Borlaug was awarded in 1970 for his role in what was—perhaps euphemistically—called the Green Revolution, was the Nobel Peace Prize, because the will of Alfred Nobel, the Swedish munitions man, did not specify Agriculture as a deserving category. The omission seems strange, inasmuch as food—especially the handful of edible plants on which most of humankind has been all but totally dependent since it attained what it likes to perceive as civilization—has figured as consequentially and decisively in most of history's lethal conflicts as has firepower. That an army marches on its stomach, as Napoleon said, is not a mere cliché. During the First World War, when Herbert Hoover was in charge of procuring emergency rations for the Allies, a popular slogan in America was "Food will win the war;" after the United States became an active participant in the Second World War, Hoover declared, "The first word in war is spoken by guns—but the last word has always been spoken by bread." Back in the Middle Ages, there was sometimes a sort of gentleman's agreement that no wars were to be started at harvesttime; when crops were ready for picking during the Wars of the Roses, everybody stopped fighting and went off to tend them. One of the causes of the American Revolution was the imposition by the British of binding restrictions on the trade of farm products in the colonies. Earlier, when white Americans were forcibly subjugating red ones, the destruction of Indians' corn was considered as important a strategic objective as the destruction of people; a not very long-lasting agreement that those antagonists signed in 1831 was called the Corn Treaty. Twenty-five years before that, when the British blockaded Europe and thus deprived it of the sugarcane that it customarily imported from the West Indies, Napoleon had offered a ten-thousand-franc reward to anybody who could devise an acceptable sweetener from indigenous sources. Soon glucose—sugar from starch—was in general use. When Napoleon marched east, he counted on Russian wheat to sustain his troops. It apparently didn't occur to him—any more than it did to the Nazis in their turn—that the Russians might burn their crops as they retreated. The Nazis, incidentally, believed that an addiction to white bread had sapped the fighting will of German soldiers in the First World War and that a switch to rye in the Second would give their troops "the strength and endurance of the Nibelungs;" and they were glad to sign a pact with the Soviet Union in 1939 because, for one thing, it meant that Germany could obtain, via the Trans-Siberian Railroad, all the protein-rich soybeans it also esteemed.

The naturalist Jean-Henri Fabre once wrote, "History . . . celebrates the battlefields whereon we meet our death, but scorns to speak of the plowed fields whereby we thrive; it knows the names of the king's bastards, but cannot tell us the origin of wheat. That is the way of human folly." There is no staple-food plant that has not affected the outcome of the strife on one battlefield or another. Genoa would probably have won the War of Chioggia in 1381 had not the contending Venetians foresightedly cached more than five hundred tons of millet. (Millet is the grain on which today, along with its cousin, sorghum, several hundred million Asians and Africans inescapably rely.) When William D. (Big Bill) Haywood, leader of the Industrial Workers of the World, was indicted in 1917 for seditious conspiracy, one of the charges against him—a grave one indeed in time of war—was that he had threatened to burn American wheat fields. One of the nation's most ardent partisans of white bread was Harry Snyder, a frequent contributor to the *Northwestern Miller*, whose editor once said that because of Snyder's long-standing efforts "to defend and uphold the cause of honest, pure, white flour, assailed viciously and persistently by its enemies, the millers of the world owe him a lasting debt of gratitude." Snyder himself observed in the January 4, 1919, issue of the *Miller* that the American victory at Château-Thierry the year before had coincided meaningfully with the harvest at home of a splendid winter-wheat crop. "Great credit must be given wheat for its very efficient aid in helping to win the World War," he added. "No nation can wage and win a war without bread." The 1895 war between Japan and China and the Russo-Japanese War a decade later were both fought in no small measure for control of the soybeans of Manchuria, which was then sometimes called the Land of the Bean. The Russians there were amazed at the stamina of their opponents, who were on a soy-fortified diet; as soon as that war ended, Russia inaugurated an all-out soybean-research program, and by the time of the Revolution the soybean was known among those combatants with access to it as "our young Chinese ally." When General Sherman marched through Georgia during the Civil War, his men had standing orders to burn every corn shock they encountered. The North won that war because it had more bread than the South, and its bread was sometimes enviously described below the Mason-Dixon Line as "Lincoln's cannonballs." (The story went that one Southern child, watching a wagon train of bread lumber by, asked a nearby Confederate soldier whether cannons really ate it. "No," the soldier replied. "But the men do.") Of a total of a hundred and seventy-three million bushels of wheat that were harvested in the United States in 1859, only thirty-one million were from the seceding states, which before the outbreak of hostilities customarily bought ten million bushels from the North (where one variety was aptly named Pride of the North) to supplement their meagre stocks. Lincoln's 1861 blockade of the Confederacy put Great Britain on the spot. The South had a near-monopoly of worldwide cotton exports; it supplied close to eighty per cent of Britain's cotton in 1860—a year in which four million textile workers there were dependent on cotton for a living. British imports of cotton shrank from more than two and a half million bales in 1860 to a mere seventy-two thousand in 1862, and half a million workers became charity cases. That sorry circumstance might have led Britain to side with the South, but it was no less dependent on Northern wheat than on Southern cotton. To make matters worse, from 1860 through 1862 the United Kingdom had below-average wheat crops of its own, and it couldn't obtain much wheat from Russia or Poland or France. Its only source of supply was



"Nine hundred and eighty years from now, the Everly Brothers will be reunited."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THEY LOOK LIKE ANTS FROM HERE
R. Chast

the American North. You can't eat cotton. If the South had had both cotton *and* wheat, the Civil War might have seen some formidable intervention from abroad. As for rice, one of its chroniclers, Edwin Bingham Copeland, who was also the author of the scholarly "The Coco-nut," said in his 1924 book "Rice" that rice growers, because they are tied down to their fields, tend to be more peaceable than other mortals and, accordingly, they fall prey more easily to marauding warriors. "No other human activity has held men fixed, and made them peaceful and conservative, as rice culture has done," Copeland wrote. "Industrial development may enable a people to levy on the produce of other lands, and develop a denser population than any agriculture will support, but there is no warrant in history for the expectation that any other means of livelihood will lead to the evolution of a human cultural system as permanent as that associated with the culture of paddy rice has proved to be." In 1941, when the Japanese invaded the Hunan Province of China just as its rice was ripe for harvest, the Chinese there resisted with exceptional vigor; they were fighting for their rice. Later, one of the much-quoted sayings of Chairman Mao Zedong was "To grow a single additional grain of rice is to produce one more bullet and kill one more enemy."

THE Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations, whose proclamations from its base in Rome are universally listened to, if not always heeded, has declared that "by and large cereals and starchy roots and fruits have been the basis of human diets throughout recorded history, and this applies to the majority of human beings in the world today." Of all the plants to which men cling, sometimes precariously, for survival, the only one to have had a war named after it is *Solanum tuberosum*, the common—and often termed lowly—potato. That war was the Kartoffelkrieg of 1778-1779, also known as the War of the Bavarian Succession. Frederick the Great of Prussia, who believed that the best time for planting potatoes was in the dark of the moon, was at odds with Austria. The opposing armies vied strenuously in eating one another's potatoes. "They consumed the resources of the enemy's country till the cold weather set in and forced them to terminate," Redcliffe N. Salaman wrote in a monumental 1949 work titled "The History and Social Influence of the Potato." Frederick came from a royal line whose sovereigns, unlike many of their contemporaries, had long manifested an interest in potatoes. His great-grandfather, the Frederick who was called the Great Elector, had had them planted in the Berlin Lustgarten in 1651, because he found their flowers attractive. The Great Elector's grandson and the Great's father, Frederick William I, was so convinced of the nutritive value of potatoes that for a time he threatened to have the noses and ears cut off of any of his subjects who refused to plant them. It can only be conjectured whether he was aware that among the means sometimes thought to have been used years earlier by South American Indians to appease their potato deities was the mutilation of the noses and lips of unfortunates chosen for the pious rite.

Salaman, a British geneticist who died in 1955, at eighty, likened primitive human beings' struggles with nature to warfare, and said, "How long that combat lasted we may never know, but when it was over, man had as his allies the manioc, the potato and the maize." Salaman, a physician, became ill when he was twenty-nine. On recovering, in 1906, he decided to abandon medicine—he had independent means—and study evolution. He experimented for a while with butterflies, guinea pigs, and hairless mice but deemed their scrutiny insufficiently rewarding and switched to food plants. He confided his change of plans to his gardener, Evan Jones, who at once told him, "If you want to spend your spare time on vegetables, then you had better choose the potato, for I know more about the potato than any man living." Jones didn't. Salaman, who eventually became the director of his government's Potato Virus Research Station, at Cambridge University, spent five years breeding a couple of varieties before he learned that the gardener had given him the wrong names for them. When Jones steered him onto his solanaceous path, "I embarked on an enterprise which, after forty years, leaves more questions un-

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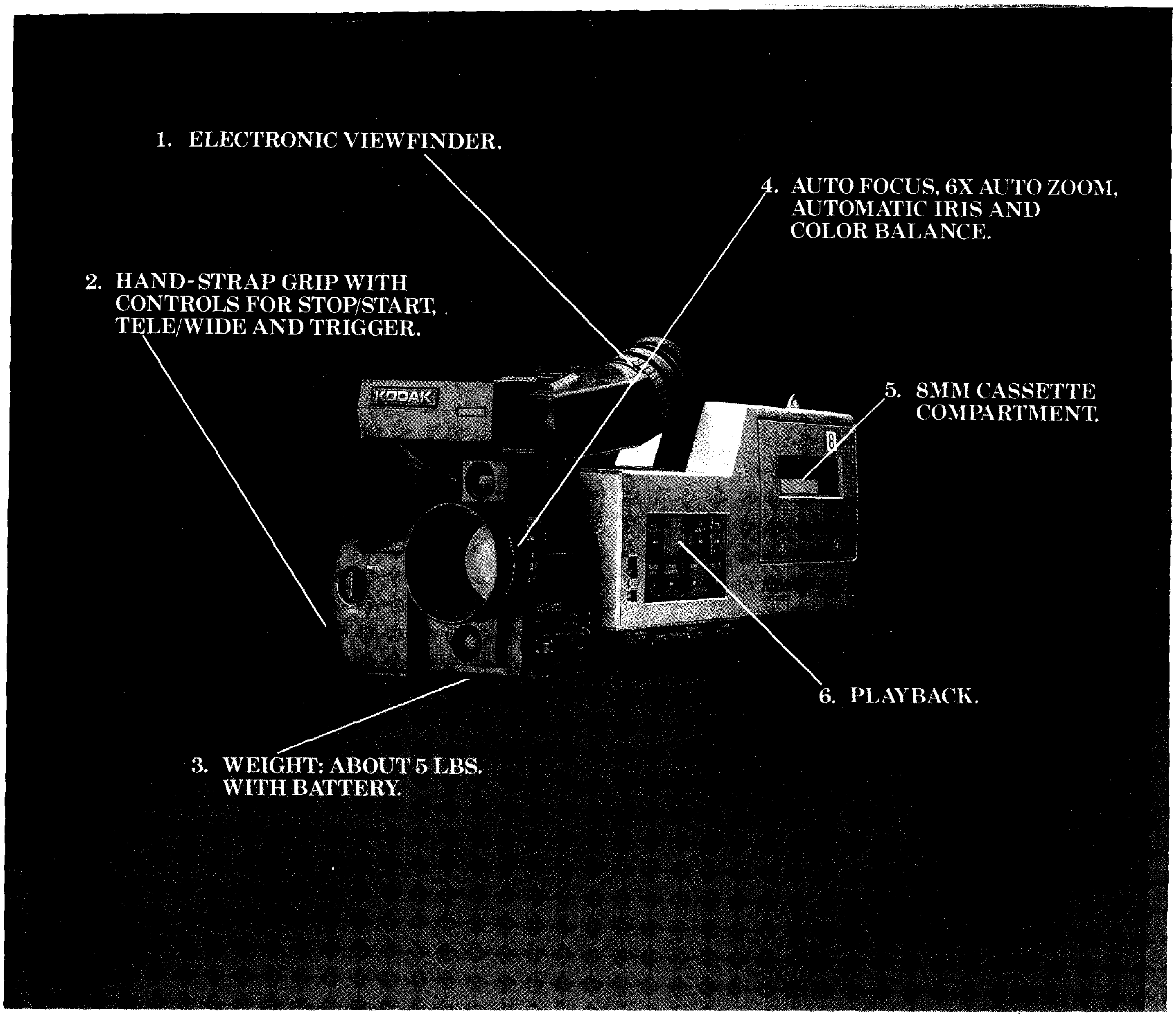
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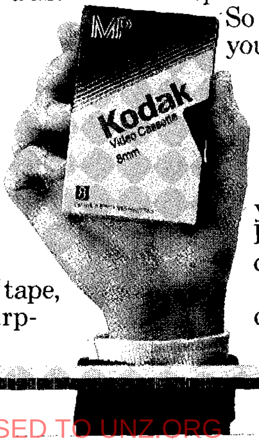
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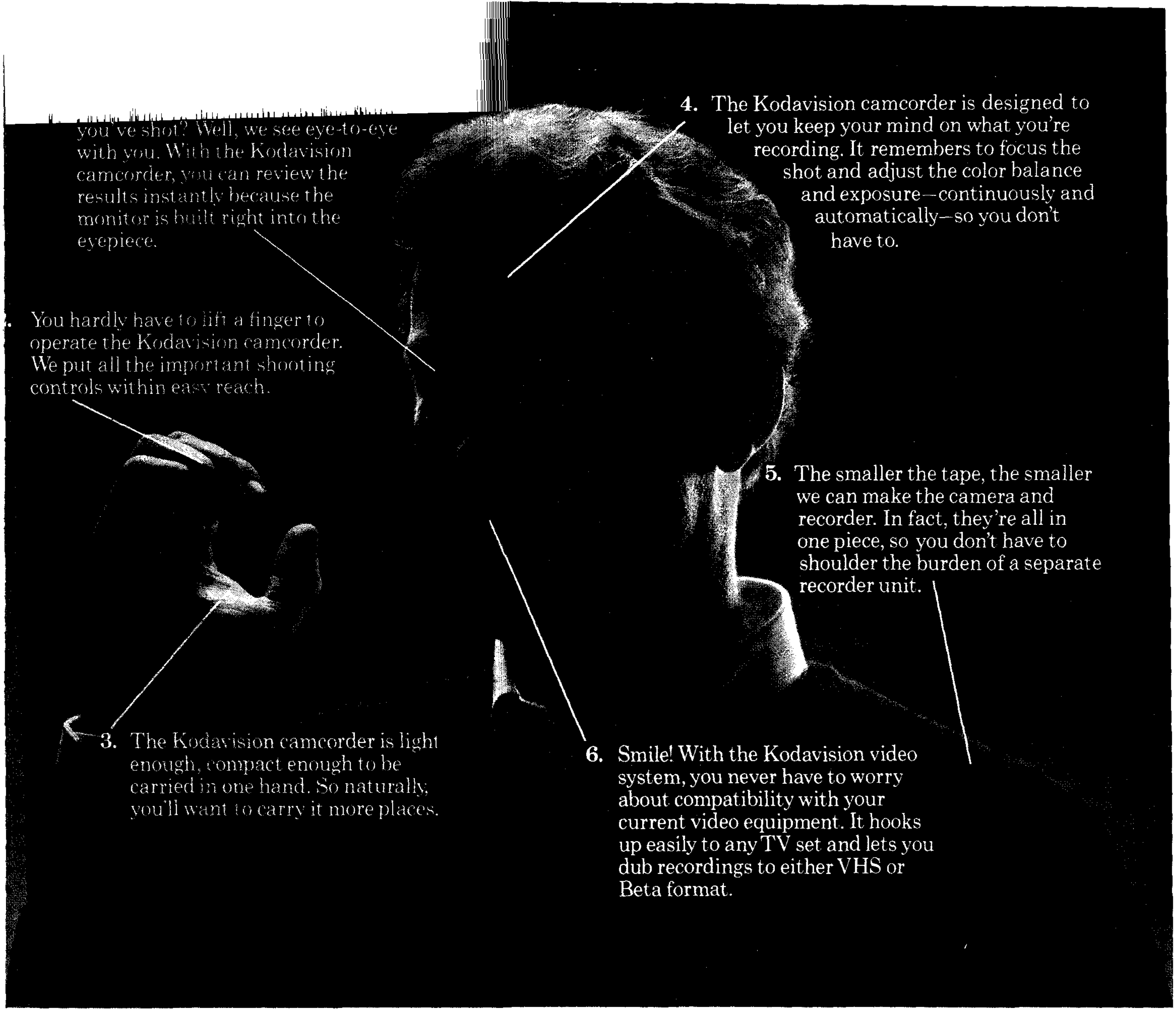

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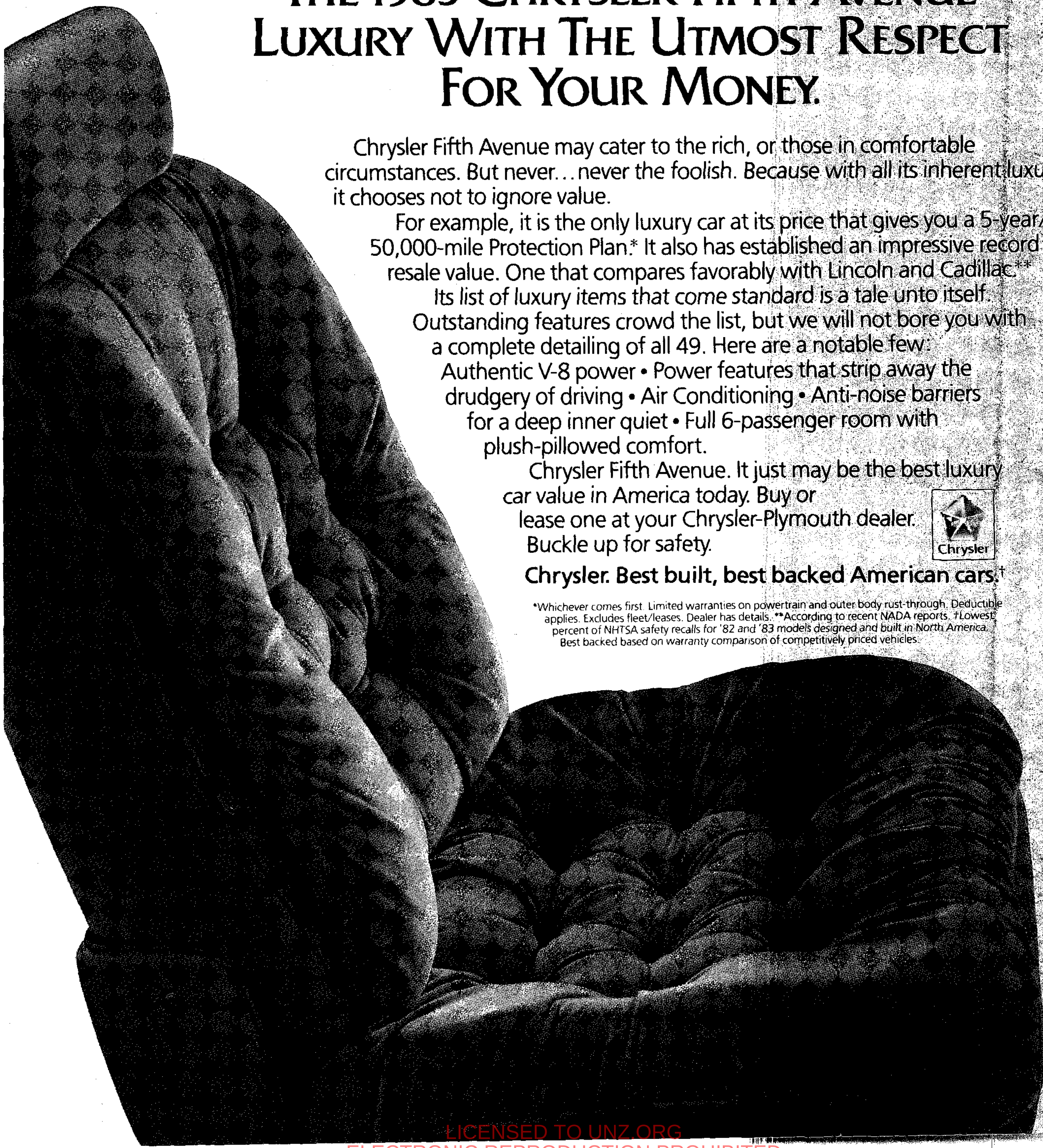

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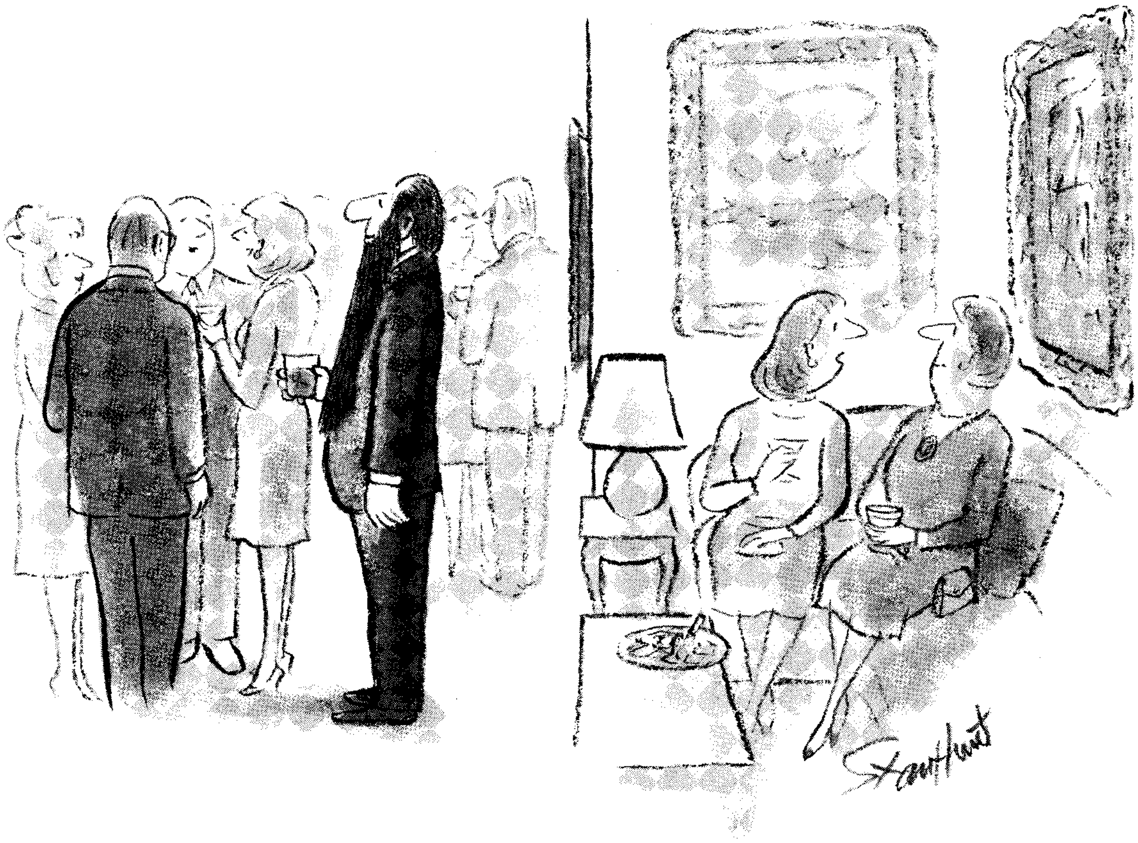
solved than were at that time thought to exist," Salaman wrote toward the end of his life. "Whether it was mere luck, or whether the potato and I were destined for a life partnership, I do not know, but from that moment my course was set, and I became ever more involved in problems associated directly or indirectly with a plant with which I then had no particular affinity, gustatory or romantic." He mentioned that "there have not been wanting those who have regarded these activities with a shake of the head and an indulgent smile, indicating that nothing, short of mental instability, could excuse a lifelong attachment to the study of so banal a subject." By the time that attachment had become unbreakable, Salaman was calling the potato, which first flowered in the Andes, "the most important if less acclaimed of all the Spanish discoveries and conquests."

Of a total of three and a half billion tons of food produced on earth each year—close to a ton per capita—eighty per cent is of plant origin. Potatoes alone account for some three hundred million tons, ranking in bulk just behind wheat, corn, and rice. Occupying nearly fifty million acres of land, potatoes have been a vital staple food in highland areas of, among other Third World countries, Bolivia, Colombia, Ecuador, India, China, Guatemala, Kenya, Nepal, Peru, and Rwanda. The early-twentieth-century plant breeder Edward Murray East once wrote testimonially, "Either because it possesses no strong flavor to dull the appetite, or possibly on account of its antiscorbutic properties [potatoes have freed many a ship's crew from fear of scurvy], the common potato *Solanum tuberosum* has overcome seemingly insurmountable obstacles in its claim upon the public taste and has become a close rival to our cereal staff of life." The Soviet Union now produces about a quarter of all the world's potatoes, China nineteen per cent, Poland twelve per cent, and the United States five per cent. (Even so, Idaho's yearly output is a robust eight and a half billion pounds of spuds—a nickname much used there, and one that is derived from an old-time potato-digging spade.) According to a 1982 calculation of per-capita potato consumption, East Germany, with a figure of 370 pounds, was the globe's pacesetter. (Belgium's tally was 290, Poland's 270, the Soviet Union's, Ireland's, and Rumania's 210, and, in tenth place, the United States' 115.) In the last two decades, the world production of potatoes has increased at a more rapid rate than that of any other major food—up a hundred and thirty per cent in the Near East, up a hundred and eighty per cent in the Far East, up a hundred and twenty per cent in Africa, and up fifty per cent in Latin America. That should be beneficial for those regions, because, under warm tropical conditions, potatoes, though they are not fully mature, can be eaten only two months after planting, and they provide, per unit of land and time, more calories and more protein than any other major food crop. Their yields—about five times as great per unit of land as those of corn or wheat or soybeans—are prodigious. Even in the so-called developing countries, where agriculture is often hampered by limited irrigation and fertilizers, potatoes come to ten thousand pounds an acre.

Potatoes are about eighty per cent water, but, then, so are human beings—and, as the nineteenth century German philosopher Ludwig Andreas Feuerbach once said, "man is what he eats." Of the remaining fifth, eighty-five per cent is starch, five per cent sugar, and the rest a mixed bag of fibre, mineral salts, and a dash of Vitamins B_1, B_2, and C. Potato buffs like to stress their favorite food's "biological value"—an index of the portion of nitrogen absorbed from a food which is retained by the body for its maintenance and growth. By that yardstick, eggs rate a 96, but the potato, at 73, outscores soybeans (72), corn (54), and wheat flour (53). People have been reported to have subsisted on nothing other than potatoes—with a bit of margarine added—for three hundred days. (When the British settled the remote South Atlantic island of Tristan da Cunha, in 1816—to keep it out of American hands and also



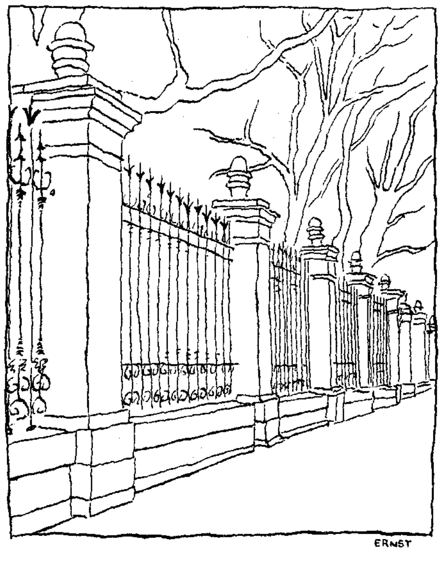
"Herbert never had any real ambition. All he ever wanted to do, really, was to grow a nice, long beard."

• •

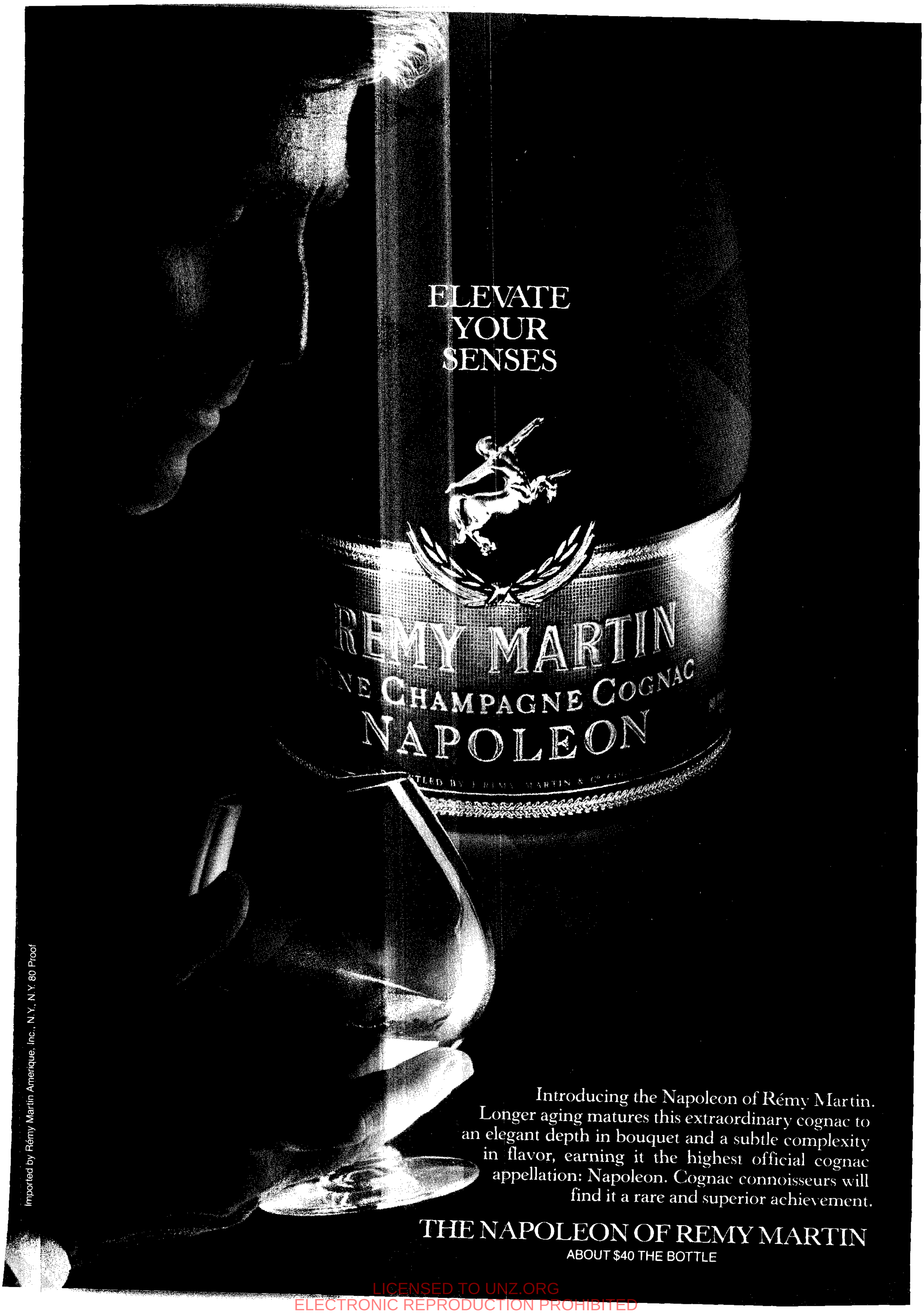
to prevent it from being used as a base for an expedition to rescue Napoleon from St. Helena—a handful of colonists took up permanent residence. By 1949, there were two hundred of them. They ate mostly potatoes—three and a half or four and a half pounds each a day. Even though toothbrushes were apparently alien to their culture, they had exceptionally fine teeth, and their potato diet seemed to be the most plausible reason for their dental health.) The twenty per cent of dry matter contained in potatoes, on a worldwide basis, constitutes more of the food consumed by human beings than—milk excluded—all meat and fish and fowl together. Tastes vary according to geography. In northern Bangladesh, many farmers will send the large, white-skinned varieties they produce to market; they keep the smaller, red- or purple-skinned ones, which they deem more flavorful, for their own tables. Venezuelans generally prefer white-skinned ones, Colombians red-skinned. In Peru, the majority of the citizens lean toward mealy, yellow-fleshed, very dry, floury potatoes. Americans like French fries, and the French *pommes de terre soufflées*, which supposedly came into being when a chef at a railroad station, upon the late arrival of a train, tossed some already fried potatoes into hot oil to reheat them and, to his surprise and delight, they puffed up.

Potatoes, along with other tubers and roots, have long had to contend with the aspersions cast upon plants whose edible parts are not visible in their natural state. Emerson, Thoreau, and their fellow-Transcendentalists apparently would have no truck with any food that grew belowground. Most civilizations that consider themselves advanced have been based on grains. Root crops have been described as "the inferior foods of inferior peoples." Yet to half a billion or so contemporary human beings such plants are truly buried treasure. Taro, the basis of Hawaiians' poi, is also the staple of many other Pacific islanders. An old saying of the Palauans of Micronesia has it that "the taro swamp is the mother of life." (On the islands of Truk, not far away, it was long believed that any man foolish enough to engage in sex immediately before working a taro patch was in grave danger of being stricken with elephantiasis of the scrotum for his indiscretion.)

And then, of course, there is the sweet potato, *Ipomoea batatas*, which belongs to an entirely different family from the ordinary potato—one that is related to the morning glory, whereas *Solanum tuberosum* numbers among its close botanical kin the deadly nightshade. The word "potato" derives from "*batata*," the South American Indian word for "sweet potato;" the Europeans who gave *Solanum tuberosum* (which the Indians called *papa*) its nonscientific name were unaware of the dissimilarities between the two plants. One of these is that the edible portion of the sweet potato is part of its root, while that of the potato is a tuber, attached to stolons, or underground stems, that emanate from its root. Almost any part of a potato plant, once duly interred, can produce more potatoes. (To encourage regeneration along acceptable lines, the Indians of pre-Columbian Peru would sometimes bury potato-shaped stones of their favorite colors in their potato fields.) Potatoes have traditionally been spawned from whole progenitors or from cut chunks that contain "eyes," called seed tubers; the buds that mature into new plants grow out of the eyes. (The plant geneticist Edgar Anderson once wrote that his notion of a "nice quiet evening with a potato" was to sit in a comfortable chair with a "succulent brown blob" in front of him and look it in the eyes.) Recently, potato breeders around the world have been busying themselves developing the "true potato seed;" that is, the seeds contained in the "berry" of the potato, which is a small, hard, green ball resembling an unripe tomato and produced *above*ground. There are as many as two hundred seeds to a berry. Potatoes may never be grown on a large scale directly from T.P.S., as potato folk refer to true potato seed, although farmers have already begun doing that in, for instance, Sri Lanka, Western Samoa, Rwanda, and the Philippines; more likely, they will be grown from tubers derived from T.P.S. seedlings. One advantage is that such plants can be disease-free for several generations. Another advantage that T.P.S. has over seed tubers in general is that seeds can be transported much more easily to remote farms—in rural China, say, or Nepal—with poor links to sources of supply. Specialists in *Solanum tuberosum* like to point out that seven hundred thousand potato seeds weigh only a pound, and that a small glass jar filled with T.P.S. is the equivalent, in crop potential, of two tons of seed tubers.



WRITING about nineteenth-century England, when wages were linked to the subsistence level, and for many workers potatoes were just about the cheapest food available, Redcliffe Salaman said in his potato history, "The potato can, and generally does, play a twofold part: that of a nutritious food, and that of a weapon ready forged for the exploitation of a weaker group in a mixed society." If the potato is, as it is often dubbed, "the poor man's staff of life," then cassava, the main sustenance today of some five hundred million inhabitants of Africa, Asia, and South and Central America, is probably the poorest man's. (It may be illustrative of cassava's relatively low repute that when one of the leading researchers involved with it recently described a euphoric development in his work he said he was "as happy as a potato.") *Manihot esculenta*, informally known as cassava, is widely grown in Thailand, Indonesia, Brazil, and West Africa; in Africa, "manioc" is the word for it; in Spanish-speaking Latin America it is "yuca;" and in India and Malaysia it is "tapioca"—which in the United States, of course, connotes a dessert, often inflicted on helpless children. Cassava can easily be grown in warm climates in almost any kind of soil. It is as easy to plant as a geranium; all that one has to do is chop off a piece of its stem and stick it in the ground. A single plant, once it has achieved its full subterranean spread, can produce fifty pounds of food—five tons of it an acre (like the potato), on the worldwide average, or the equivalent in caloric value of six acres planted to, say, wheat. If cassava is left undisturbed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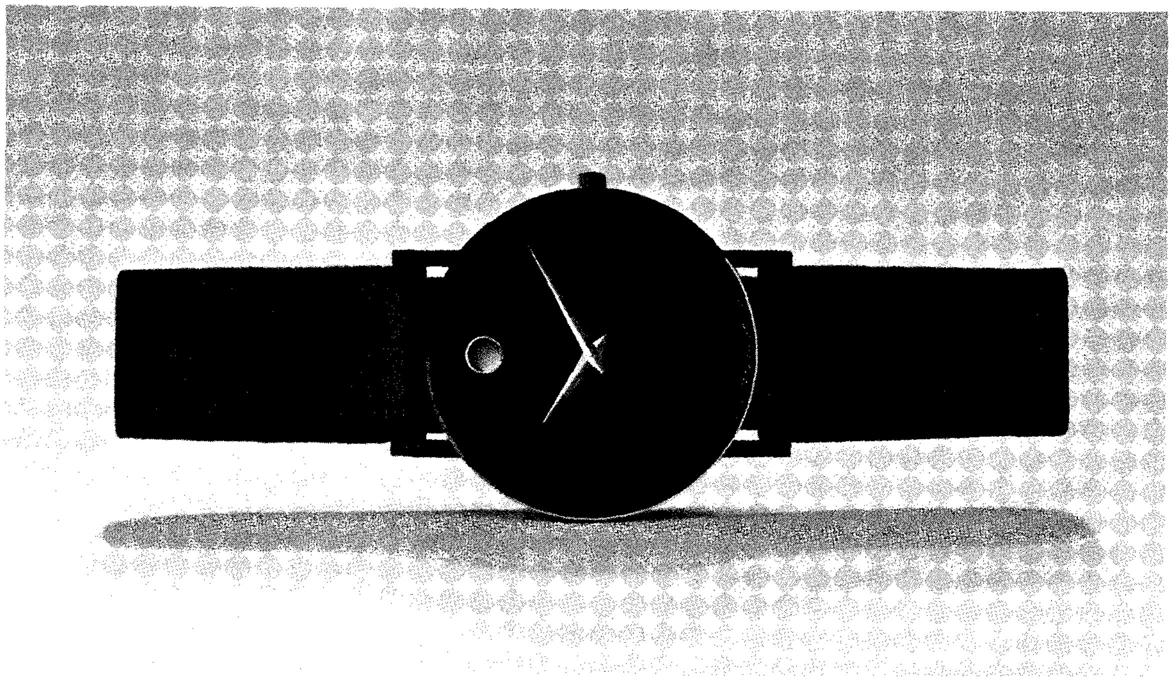

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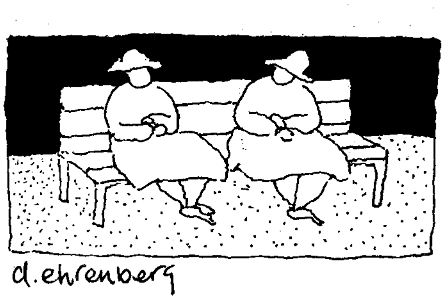
underground, it can still be dug up for food as much as three years after it matures. It is mostly starch, to be sure, with a mere one-per-cent content of protein, but, again like the potato, it constitutes an admirable source of energy. Yet it has one formidable drawback: unless eaten or processed quickly after it is harvested, it rots in a couple of days. In Paraguay, where the annual rural per-capita consumption of fresh cassava comes to nearly a pound a day (more than three times the rate for any other Latin-American country), fresh cassava provides more than eleven per cent of the national caloric intake. Many Paraguayans, especially those in rural communities, eat a bowlful of boiled cassava in lieu of bread. An often heard phrase there is "as Paraguayan as cassava." Eighty-two per cent of Paraguayan farmers grow cassava, and whenever virgin land is settled the first order of business is to plant some of it. Photographs of Paraguayan migrants show them trudging along carrying their most essential belongings, and on top of many of the piles of pots and pans are to be seen some stalks—called stakes—of cassava. Wherever those displaced persons ended up, they would at once plant their dependable, and perhaps lifesaving, stakes.

In Brazil, which produces nineteen per cent of the world crop of cassava, most people use it in a roasted-flour form—generally complemented by rice and beans. Many Africans also sensibly eat the leaves, which are nutritious and taste not unlike spinach. Cassava, though it is now grown on nineteen million tropical African acres, is not native to that continent. The Portuguese took it there in the second half of the sixteenth century. They had judged that the Indians they subjugated in Brazil were, by their harsh criteria, unsatisfactory laborers; so they imported slaves from Africa. Dried cassava was used as food on the ships sent over to fetch them, and there were also stakes on board, which were duly planted. Even earlier, at the same time that Columbus discovered corn in Cuba he found cassava; presumably, it had been carried there from another Caribbean island or directly from northeastern Brazil. Whatever the case, from then on Spanish missionaries—and Portuguese missionaries as well—began to take cassava with them in their evangelical peregrinations. The Spanish seem to have introduced cassava to the Philippines, the Portuguese to Indonesia. Its emergence in Africa proved a boon to many people there who had previously subsisted, in stressful times, on what they could hunt and gather. By the middle of the nineteenth century, cassava was ubiquitous. Both Livingstone and Stanley, though they had trouble finding one another, found cassava—Livingstone in 1854 in Angola, Stanley two decades later along the Congo River, where one regional king had long since made its cultivation compulsory for his subjects. (In Ghana, where chalk can be hard to come by, contemporary schoolteachers sometimes use dried cassava chips for blackboard exercises.) Colonial nations had a high regard for cassava as an emergency food supply; when locusts gobbled up everything in sight, cassava was an estimable insurance against famine. Like all food plants, it had, and has, its rapacious predators of all sizes and types—from monkeys and wild pigs to mealybugs and green spider mites—but, snugly buried and long-lived underground, it was blessedly locustproof. For some colonies, moreover, it became a valuable export crop. A thriving cassava-starch industry grew up on the Malay Peninsula, and it flourished for fifty years—until rubber plantations were accorded a higher priority in international trade.

After the First World War, the Belgians, for their part, urged their new subjects in the former German colony of Ruanda-Urundi (it later became the independent nations of Rwanda and Burundi) to embrace the hardy crop. (When potatoes were introduced there, by missionaries, around 1900, the tribal chiefs had suggested that they would somehow poison cows' milk, and children who ate them on the sly were punished for their impudence.) But in 1924 Belgium issued a no-nonsense order to grow nonseasonal crops, such as cassava, and within a few years, as sixty thousand porters carried five thousand tons of stakes around the region, they came to be greeted in village after village with dancing and speechmaking. In 1943, Ruanda went through a near-famine; about two hundred and fifty thousand tons of potatoes, the bulk of that year's crop, succumbed to the same blight that had laid Ireland low a century before. Cassava saved the day; at get-togethers of cassava aficionados, who sometimes suspect that they are perceived as socially inferior to the potato élite, that episode is apt to be affectionately related. (Cassava saved a lot of lives, too, in Eastern Nigeria during the Biafran war.) By the time of the Second World War, the inhabitants of Ruanda-Urundi were not only indebted to cassava but thoroughly familiar with its peculiarities. In initially foisting it on them, however, the Belgians had failed to warn all of them strongly enough that under no circumstances should cassava be ingested raw or half cooked. Its skin contains a stiff dose of cyanide, which deters some potential enemies from bothering it, and unless the prussic acid is eliminated by boiling, squeezing, leaching, or some other removal process, eating the root can aggravate nutritional imbalances that can lead to goiters, to cretinism, and even—especially in the case of people with too little iodine in the rest of their fare—to death. William O. Jones, in "Manioc in Africa," wrote, putting it mildly, that after the appearance of cassava on the Ruanda-Urundi scene "the usual accidents occurred."



CASSAVA will not normally prosper at more than five thousand feet above sea level. The potato, which Noah Webster once definitively characterized as one of "the greatest blessings bestowed on man by the Creator," is, unlike cassava, a temperate-climate crop, and it has done nicely at twice that altitude. The hub of the world's potato research is the International Potato Center, in Peru—hereinafter referred to by the initials of its name in Spanish, CIP—and scientists there are hoping to breed varieties that can tolerate jungle heat at altitudes of a thousand feet and lower. Given all the advances that have been made in the past few decades in plant genetics, scientists are already beginning to have some positive results. The implications could be profound for the needy nations of Latin America, Africa, and Asia, which by the year 2000 may harbor ninety per cent of the global increase in population after 1980, and where food enough to maintain their already low standards of living will have to come from increased local production. The authors of a 1980 treatise on rice-dominated

Bangladesh, where about half the population of close to a hundred million has to make do with fewer than two thousand calories a day (about eighty per cent of the generally accepted minimum for good health), asked, "Could not the potato be accepted by the poorer nations too as a staple or at least partly staple besides being used as a vegetable? Could it not contribute to the solution of food and nutritional problems faced by them?" The authors went on to express the hope that their readers would "look at the potato, from now onwards, with a special admiration, that was not there so far, for this gift of God and a miracle food crop for the hungry billions, yet to be fully appreciated and exploited." The authors of that book would surely have been pleased by a later one, "Potatoes for the Developing World," which CIP published this past September, and which disclosed that potatoes were the most rapidly expanding major food crop in those areas, with consumption now doubling about every dozen years.

It is fitting that CIP is situated in Peru—it has its headquarters just outside Lima, and it operates three additional growing-and-research stations at altitudes ranging up to ten thousand seven hundred and sixty-one feet—because potatoes originated in that region and are known, from radiocarbon analysis of ancient trash, to have been cultivated there at least eight thousand years ago. (Peru, curiously, is one of the few inhabited places on earth into which McDonald's French fries have yet to intrude.) Of some two thousand species in the botanical genus *Solanum*, a hundred and sixty to a hundred and eighty are wild tuber-bearing species. Of the eight cultivated species, only *S. tuberosum* is significant in the developed world. All eight, however, are to be found in the Andes. Some, impervious to cold, thrive where *S. tuberosum* would freeze. Among them, there are infinite permutations of shape, color, and taste. The Quechua language has a thousand words for different kinds of potatoes. The Incas, who often measured time by how long it took potatoes to cook, also used them for divination: finding an even number of potatoes in a pile was a promising omen; odd numbers meant trouble. Even today, in the Peruvian highlands a meal without potatoes, no matter how many other comestibles it may contain, is considered incomplete. The Indians up there preserve some of their harvested potatoes by "freeze-drying" them. They spread them on the ground so that they are dried by the sun during the day and frozen at night. That breaks down their cell walls. Then the Indians stomp on them to reduce them to fragments. Next, the pieces are soaked in a running stream. Finally, they are sun-dried again. The end product is called *chuño*. "A stew without *chuño*," one hallowed saying goes, "is comparable to life without love." Their ancestors may have offered occasional human sacrifices to potato deities—and also to even more demanding corn deities. Redcliffe Salaman passed along a report that early in this century, among one group of Indians, when a man found a blood-red potato or a deep-eyed one at harvesttime he chased the nearest woman until he caught up with her and then touched her with it. If a woman found one, she ran up to the nearest man, who was not allowed to run away, and clouted him with it.

CIP, which boasts the world's most extensive collection of potato cultivars—the germ plasm of fifty-five hundred tuber-bearing varieties—construes its mandate to be "to develop, adapt, and expand the research necessary for the technology to solve priority problems that limit potato production in developing countries." (Some malnourished children in those countries who cannot tolerate milk can digest potatoes, which scientists at CIP have credited with being able to furnish, on average, seventy-five per cent of an infant's energy requirements.) Research alone, however, the Center believes, will not suffice. "The final evaluation of food production technology," it stated in a recent evaluation of its own potential, "is in a grower's field and on a consumer's plate." The Center headquarters has, among others on a staff of three hundred and fifty men and women, forty-five international scientists, several of whom are anthropologists. These last not only conduct potato taste tests among Lima housewives—for whose schoolchildren, CIP, supported by a grant from the Irish government, has processed a nutritious dry-food mix three-tenths of which is mashed potatoes and the rest a jumble of rice, corn, oats, barley, and beans, plus a pinch of salt—but also look over consumers' shoulders and check their china in, for instance, Bhutan. There rice—highland red rice, the highest-altitude rice on earth—is the staple, but potatoes have been part of the diet since at least 1774. The British East India Company sent George Bogle there that year. His principal assignment was to negotiate with the Bhutanese for a trade route through to Lhasa, but he was also instructed to "plant a few potatoes at each camp and bring back two yaks, the giant Himalayan rhubarb (*Rheum nobile*), and any other curiosities." CIP has been involved since 1980 in a National Potato Development Program in Bhutan funded by Switzerland. A popular potato variety that is known to most of the rest of the world by the beguiling name of Désirée is called Swiss Red in Bhutan. Susan V. Poats, a CIP anthropological emissary to Bhutan, was pleased to be told by one village woman that "even if we take rice, unless we also eat potato, we don't feel like we have eaten." Miss Poats also heard from a Drukpa farmer that whenever he and his neighbors overindulged in potatoes they got stomach aches and also both constipation and diarrhea. She was relieved to learn that their travails might not be attributable to potatoes, after all, for when those Bhutanese put them on their plates they usually also put on them generous helpings of hot chili peppers.

Judith Shahn

In 1982, when CIP celebrated its tenth anniversary, it convened a Potato Congress, which was attended by about three hundred delegates from fifty-four countries. The president of Peru, Fernando Belaúnde Terry, stopped by to pay his respects, and his government issued a commemorative postage stamp to mark the occasion. CIP, for its part, put out a great many technical papers, and also distributed a book of recipes in Spanish and English, titled "International Potato Cookery." Compiled in 1978 by the CIP Women's Club, it does not include a recipe for something unappetizingly called Potato Mold, which—along with Chocolate Potato Cake and Potato-and-Nut Sausage—was touted in a 1918 United States Department of Agriculture circular that stated, "The potato has a place on our food list

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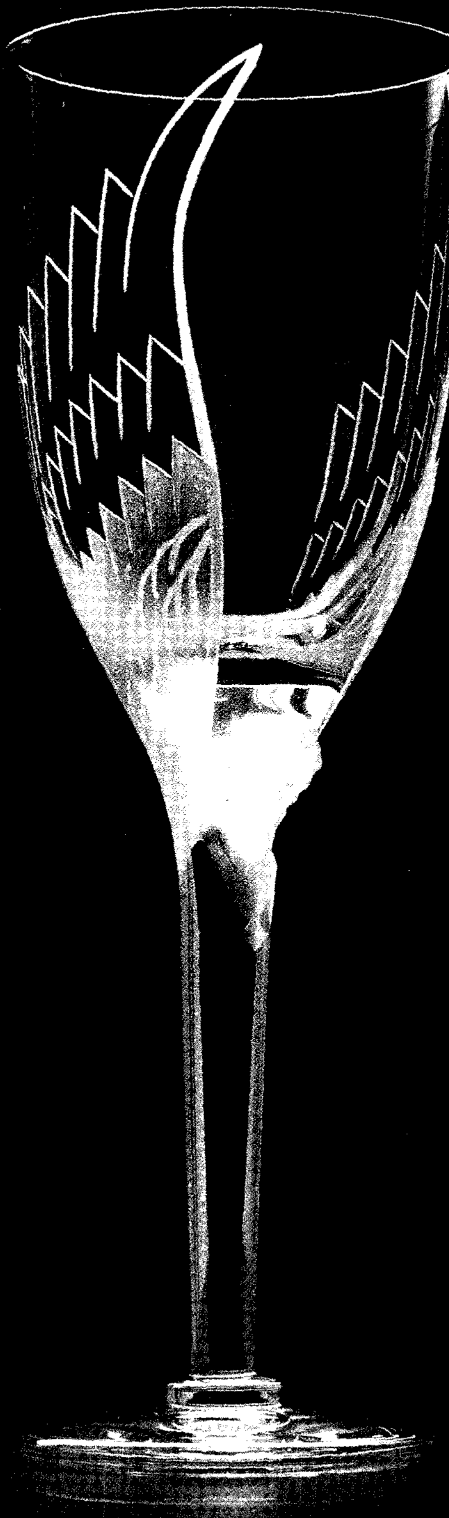

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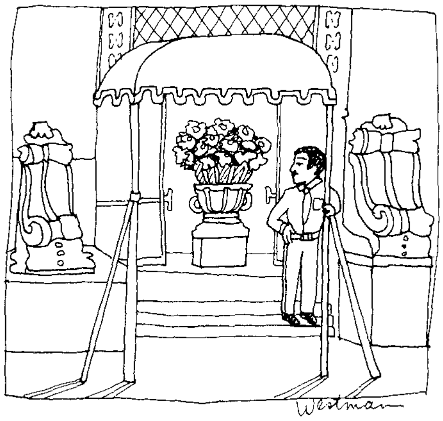
which no other vegetable occupies.” Nor does it mention Poached Eggs In Potato Jackets With Lobster Sauce or Curried Potato and Shrimp Salad On Avocado, which *Town & Country* apostrophized in a March, 1983, article called “The Lordly Spud.” (Perhaps the lordliest of all recent self-proclaimed potato gourmets was Truman Capote, whose 1972 oeuvre included a foreword to “The Potato Book,” published to raise funds for a day school at Bridgehampton, Long Island. Capote was interested in the project because he had a house on the site of an old Sagaponack potato farm, and because, he confessed, it was his wont to go out into nearby fields in October, after the commercial harvest was finished, and collect leftover potatoes. What he saved by not having to buy his own could hardly have covered the cost of the raw materials for *his* pet potato dish. He declared that there was only one way he could “bear to eat” potatoes—baked, covered with sour cream, heaped with the freshest, grayest, biggest-grained beluga caviar, and washed down with eighty-proof Russian vodka.) The CIP cookbook did, however, contain some fairly esoteric entries: Spicy Orange Potato Doughnuts, from the United States; Pâté de Pommes de Terre, from, naturally, France; and Potato Pizza, from, of all places, Australia.

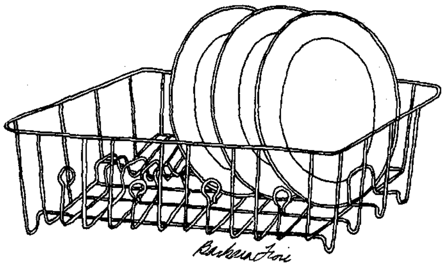
Peru’s commemorative stamp depicted, along with two plump potatoes, CIP’s institutional emblem, a skirted pre-Columbian deity holding in one hand a healthy potato (or, some ethnobotanists have contrarily argued, sweet-potato) plant and in the other an unhealthy one. The diseases and pests that vex *Solanum tuberosum* and its close relatives also prey heavily on the thoughts and efforts of the CIP staff, at least one of whom cannot abide eating potatoes no matter how dolled up or disguised. The potato has more than two hundred and sixty recognized scourges: six bacteria, a hundred and nineteen insects, sixty-eight nematodes, nine aphids, thirty-eight fungi, one viroid, and twenty-three viruses. And of just one of these species of fungi over two thousand strains have already been isolated. A few of the enemies against which CIP’s researchers stand arrayed in grim and endless battle are early blight, late blight, leaf-roll virus, rugose-mosaic virus, potato mop-top virus, tobacco-rattle virus, purple-top wilt, potato spindle tuber viroid, wart, stem canker, green peach aphid, black scurf, blackleg, ring rot, black rot, brown rot, violet root rot, pink rot, pink eye, and—among nematodes—golden, root knot, and false root knot. (Sprout Nip is not among them; it is a commercial potato-sprout inhibitor used on stored potatoes.) The sixty-eight species of potato-attacking nematodes—tiny worms that assault both the roots and the tubers of a potato plant—have their own foes. Using steamed rice as food, CIP grows fungi that attack the root-knot nematode in the soil, when the fungus-infected rice is spread in the field at planting time. Cyst nematodes travel around to do their dirty work by attaching themselves to seed potatoes—or occasionally, it has even been alleged, to seagulls’ feet. Even when there is no potential potato host in the vicinity, some nematodes can remain viable in soil for twenty years. (So can the seeds of some weeds.) According to the United States Department of Agriculture, the ravages that all nematodes inflict on all food plants add up to a loss every year of seven per cent of all American crops—a six- to seven-billion-dollar depredation.

To thwart yet another pest, the potato-tuber moth, which can raise havoc in storage bins, researchers at CIP—and elsewhere, too—have lately been using synthetic pheromones. These replicate the scent exuded by female moths when they are in a mood to entice males. The male moths fly toward the fake perfume and flounder into traps. Other ingenious scientists in Peru, collaborating with colleagues at Cornell University, have been crossbreeding cultivated varieties of *Solanum tuberosum* with a wild Bolivian species, *S. berthaultii*, which has glandular microscopic hairs containing a variety of defensive chemicals on its stem and leaves. These immobilize and kill unsuspecting mites, thrips, leafhoppers, aphids, and potato flea beetles, and might even be effective against the dread Colorado potato beetle. That scourge was first discovered in the Rocky Mountains in 1824, where before it developed a fondness for potatoes it had seemed content to feast on sand nettles, wild tomato plants, and buffalo bur weed. It soon began to move eastward, in a relentless sweep. It got to Nebraska in 1859, reached Iowa in 1861, and crossed the Mississippi River in 1864. By 1866 it was in Wisconsin, by 1867 in Indiana and Ohio, by 1870 in Canada, by 1873 across the whole Atlantic seacoast. It was crawling all over the streets of St. Louis in 1871. It caused train wheels to slip because it had blanketed railroad tracks. It infests Long Island potato fields today. Along its destructive migratory trek, it mutated and eventually became resistant to DDT and other insecticides. It also became involved in human conflicts. Hitler’s Ministry of Agriculture tried to arouse German farmers’ wrath against the British even before the start of the Second World War by spreading the word that English planes had dropped larvae of the Colorado potato beetle on areas where the Nazis had stored fifty-three million tons of potatoes. At the height of the Cold War, the Soviet Union accused the United States of bombing East German, Czechoslovakian, and Polish farms with the beetle, which the Russian press called “the six-legged ambassador of Wall Street.” Actually, the bug had almost certainly got to Europe with the best of American intentions, in food-relief shipments after the First World War.



NO one member of the CIP hierarchy has been more resolute in searching for as yet unearthed wild potatoes, whose genes may often help breeders neutralize the onslaughts of the potato’s unrelenting tormentors, than a Peruvian breeder and taxonomist, Carlos Ochoa, who was born and raised in Cuzco, near Machu Picchu. Ochoa began his professional career as a wheat breeder but switched to the potato early in the nineteen-fifties, because it was, like him, native to Peru, because it is Peru’s main food crop after maize, and because no other Peruvians were then studying it. He has collected wild potatoes throughout the Western Hemisphere. “I would drop everything and go anywhere upon hearing that a new species might be there,” he has said. He has also said that upon arriving at a promising location he can sniff out potatoes; he once flushed one out that was hiding behind the six-foot spikes of a thirty-foot cactus. Ochoa found some especially rewarding specimens in the hills of Ecuador in 1980, but then some xenophobic Ecuadoran law-enforcement operatives found him, arrested him for espionage, and, after relieving him of his field notes and photographic equipment, clapped him into prison; a week passed before he managed to get out. He is credited with the discovery of more than forty new wild-potato species. Ochoa has respectfully named a few of them in honor of such eminent patrons of the potato as W. Glynn Burton, a British plant physiologist, who wrote in the preface to his "The Potato," following twenty-six years of intimate association with *Solanum tuberosum*, "No one man can be fully conversant with the results of all the work on the potato;" Donovan S. Correll, an American whose "The Potato and Its Wild Relatives" is a classic in solanaceous literature; and Dr. Richard L. Sawyer, a past president of the Potato Association of America and CIP's director-general since its launching, who pronounced an invocation before four hundred or so delegates to the seventh triennial conference of the European Association for Potato Research, held in Warsaw in 1978, that went, in part, "Give us our daily potatoes." (During the Second World War, when Sawyer was a prisoner of the Germans in Poland, he had eked out his slim rations by stealing seed potatoes from the camp stores.) A Russian scientist, Professor Vadin Lecknovitch, named a potato for Ochoa and so did a Peruvian scientist, Dr. César Vargas. Another Russian plant scientist, S. M. Bukasov, prowled around Mexico and Central and South America in the nineteen-twenties with a sack over his shoulder to gather potatoes for the collection of the celebrated Nikolai Ivanovich Vavilov. Ochoa has memorialized Vavilov; the Peruvian's discovery, plucked from moss-covered alpine rocks in Bolivia in February, 1983, is *S. neovavilovii*. Vavilov's 1926 pronouncements on the centers of origin of all food plants—he believed that their domestication began in the area in which the largest number of their wild ancestors were to be found—are still regarded as near-gospel. Between 1921 and 1934, he had twenty thousand people working under him, at four hundred installations, and he dispatched them worldwide on hunting expeditions for food crops. From 1923 to 1931, for example, they brought him twenty-six thousand strains of wheat alone. In 1930, he was moved to declare, according to Anna Louise Strong's "The Soviets Conquer Wheat," that "Agriculture, the basic industry of man, almost immobile for ages, is today entering upon a new phase." In that same year, the Soviet Commissar of Agriculture told the Sixteenth Congress of the Communist Party, "We have solved the grain problem." He noted that the United States was then reported to have a million tractors and the U.S.S.R. only seventy thousand. And in March, 1931, addressing the Sixth Congress of Soviets of the U.S.S.R., the Commissar said, "In America this agricultural revolution is drawn out for decades, in a process of ruin for the majority of farmers and enrichment for the few at the top. . . . Our way means the betterment of life for the overwhelming majority of peasants. . . . We shall be able in a few years not only to solve our food problems . . . but in a very short time to satisfy the needs of the toiling people of the U.S.S.R. to an extent unknown in history." The Soviet Union today, of course, is one of American grain farmers' biggest customers. Vavilov, however, fell out of favor with Trofim Lysenko, and thus with Stalin; he died, in disrepute and, officially, of natural causes, at Saratov Prison, in 1943.

CIP's emissaries have been almost as peripatetic as Vavilov's were in his heyday. One of the first requests for outside assistance that Zimbabwe made after it became independent was for help from CIP in setting up a national potato program. The Peruvian Center has regional headquarters in Brazil, Colombia, India, Kenya, the Philippines, Tunisia, and Egypt, and it had one in Pakistan to serve that country, Iran, and Afghanistan until the area became too volatile for CIP scientists to travel in. CIP has been working throughout the Middle East from its Cairo headquarters, particularly in seed production, and it has a solid working relationship with Vietnam and with China, where during rice shortages people sometimes fool themselves by chopping potatoes into bits the size of rice grains. (A European noticed potatoes growing in Taiwan in 1650, and that they got there from abroad seems likely, for the Chinese then called the plant *yang shu*—"foreign yam.") Vietnam, which first learned about potatoes from nineteenth-century French missionaries, got involved in modern potato breeding in 1973, when Le Duc Tho, Hanoi's chief representative at the Paris peace talks, took time off from his negotiations with Henry Kissinger for an instructive visit to the Laboratory of Plant Morphogenesis at the University of Orsay; by 1981, Vietnamese breeders were working with fifty-two CIP cultivars, and by February, 1984, when CIP ran a workshop there on tissue culture—growing potatoes out of test tubes—Vietnam was producing 745,000 tons on 185,250 acres, and just twelve of its native farmers had raised, in small laboratories, at their homes, three million seedlings for other farmers to plant. CIP has also had scientific contact and exchanged visits and information with the Soviet Union, which has introduced a good deal of breeding material from CIP's advanced germ plasm. Potatoes are said to have been brought to Russia at the end of the seventeenth century by Peter the Great, who imported them from Holland as a delicacy for imperial banquets. Eighteenth-century Russian peasants, however, considered them unclean and unchristian; called them "the Devil's apples;" and, even when they had scarcely anything else to eat, burned them at the stake. Nevertheless, by the twentieth century potatoes were so essential in all walks of Soviet life that during the siege of Leningrad a handful of scientists, though near starvation themselves, would not dip into a sack of precious South American potatoes they were guarding but, rather, burned furniture to keep their treasure from freezing. Carlos Ochoa has made a number of business trips to the Soviet Union. When he was in Leningrad in 1982, to inspect a potato collection at the Komarov Botanical Gardens, and to visit the Vavilov Institute, he heard that the official version of Vavilov's death was imprecise: he had died in prison, all right—not from natural causes, however, but from hunger.



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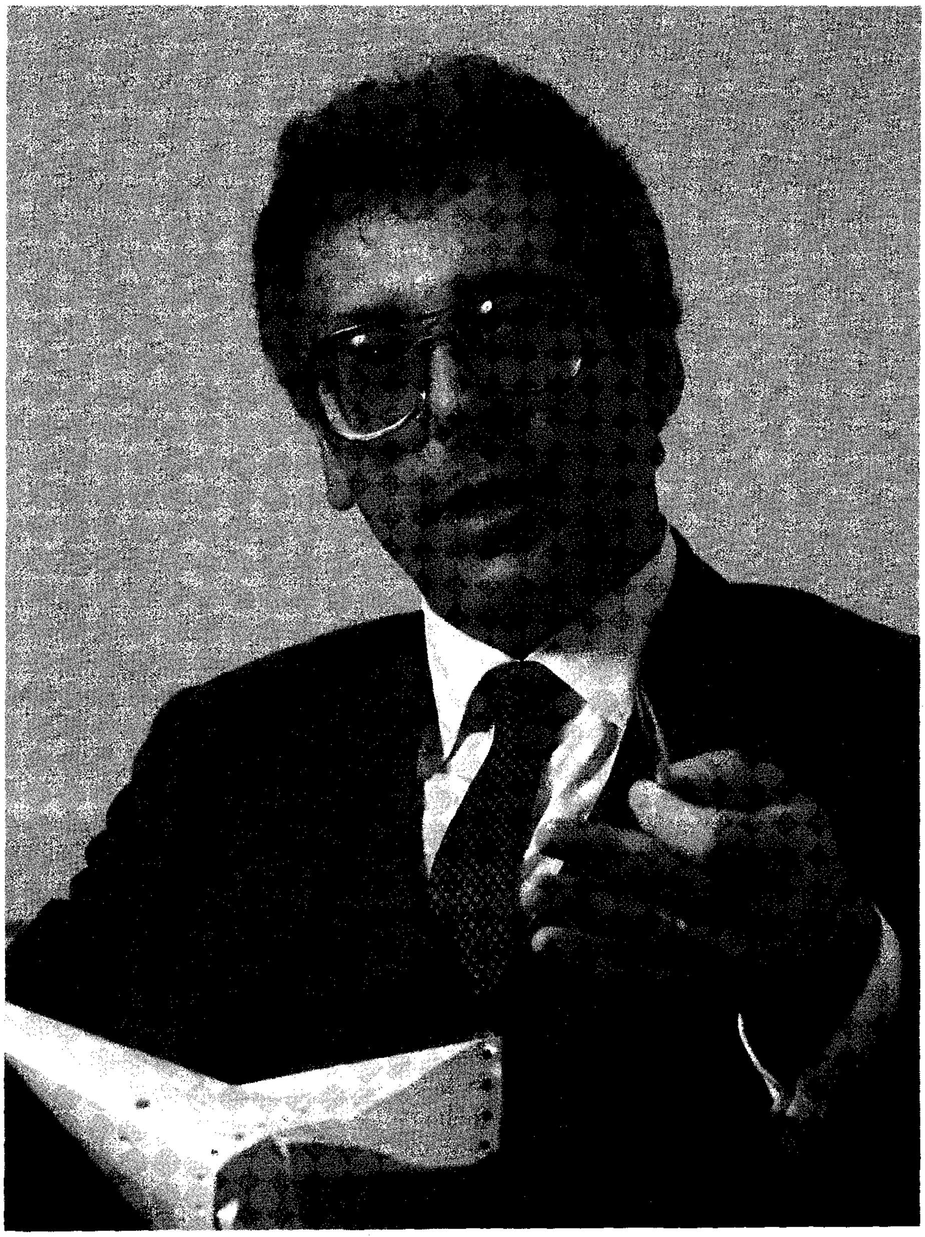

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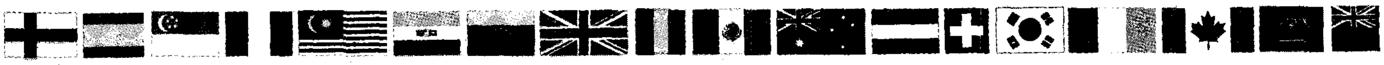

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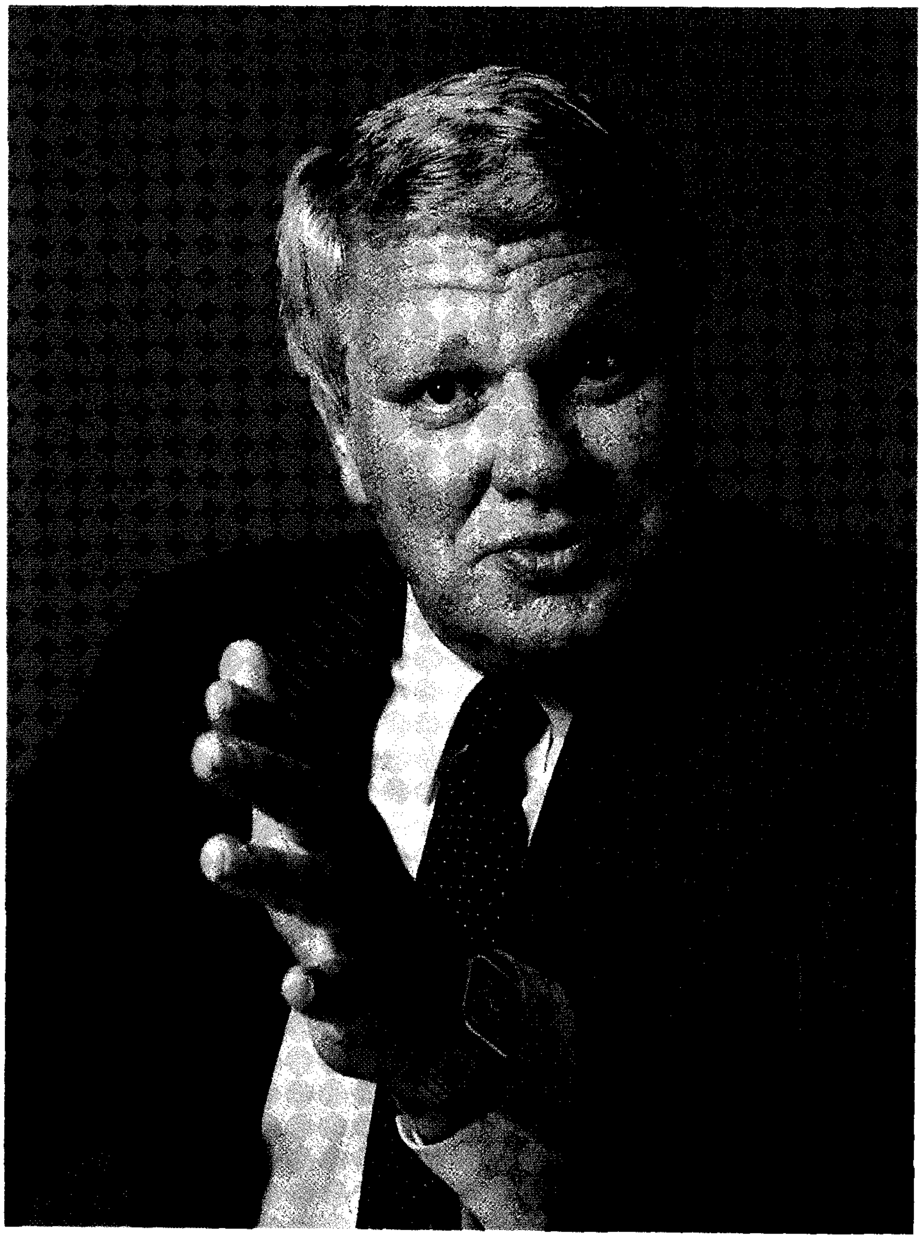

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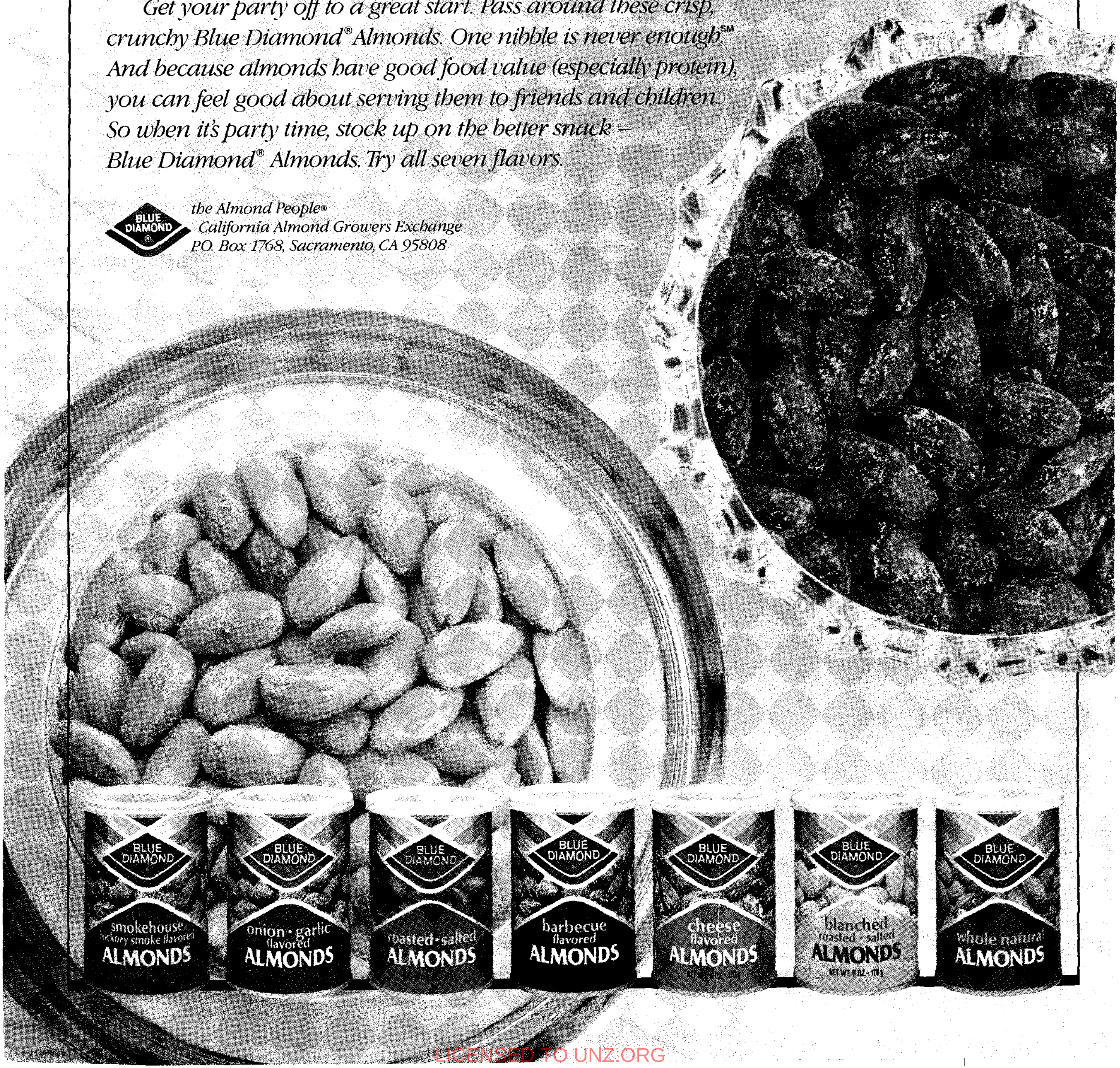
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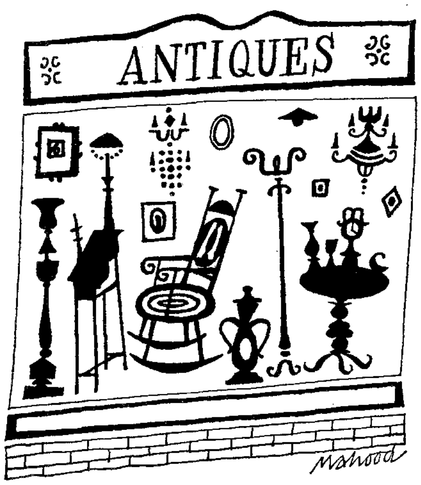
thirties, in northern Ecuador and southern Colombia. Francisco Pizarro appraised them as "a tasty, mealy, truffle;" his countrymen at home, aware of the fondness of swine for truffles, fed most of the potatoes they proceeded to grow to their pigs. (At the end of the eighteenth century, when the American-born Count Rumford [Benjamin Thompson] ran a soup kitchen for the poor in Bavaria, some of the intended recipients wouldn't go near the place no matter how hungry they were, once they heard that what they were being offered, though it was tactfully called Rumford soup, was made of barley and potatoes.) Elsewhere in Europe, potato plants were valued solely as ornamentals; when in flower, they were a much-admired exhibit in, for instance, the Vienna gardens that the French botanist Jules Charles de l'Écluse, better known as Carolus Clusius, tended for Emperor Maximilian II. In Japan, similarly, although the Dutch had brought potatoes there in the early seventeenth century, they were considered largely decorative and good cattle fodder, until Commodore Perry persuaded the Emperor to sample them.

Clusius, the sixteenth-century author of "Rariorum Plantarum Historia," had received *his* first potatoes from a friend of a friend of the papal legate in Belgium, who "ate these tubers, prepared like chestnuts or carrots, in order to gain strength, as he was of delicate health." Few plants can match the reputation that the potato has acquired, over the years, as both a boon and a bane. It has been hailed as a cure for gout, lumbago, drunkenness, black eyes, sunburn (when rubbed on the skin), rheumatism (when carried in the pocket), sore throat (when baked and put in a woollen stocking tied around the neck), temper tantrums, and toothache (here the trick was to put a peeled potato in a pocket on the same side of one's body as the ailing tooth; by the time the potato decomposed, the pain would be gone, though what happened meanwhile to the lining of the pocket is hard to imagine). The Irish long believed that the water in which potatoes had been boiled could heal sprains, and even broken bones. In Holland, people who bathed in that sort of broth supposedly risked getting warts; any they got, though, they could remove by rubbing them with a slice of raw potato—preferably a stolen one.

Bygone European physicians, on the other hand, blamed the potato for causing rickets, scrofula, flatulence, syphilis, and indigestion. Another Irish superstition was that if a pregnant woman ate potatoes at night she risked bearing a macrocephalic child. An oft-repeated legend of dubious veracity has it that in the early seventeenth century a French provincial parliament went as far as to decree that "in view of the fact that the potato is a pernicious substance whose use can cause leprosy, it is hereby forbidden, under pain of a fine, to cultivate it." In any event, there was a leprosy scare, and it lasted well into the eighteenth century, by which time the potato's singular alleged virulence had inspired some Sicilians to become convinced that if they wanted somebody to die all they had to do was write his name on a piece of paper and pin it to a potato. He'd be gone in a month.

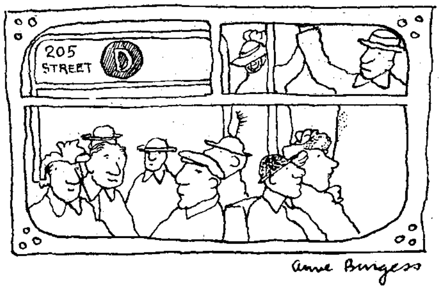
In the second edition of "Via Recta ad Vitam Longam," published in 1622, the English herbalist William Salmon wrote that potatoes "do wonderfully comfort, nourish, and strengthen the bodie," and that the food "incites to Venus." He called potatoes not only Diuretick and Stomatick but also Spermatogenetick, and said, "They nourish the whole Body, restore in Consumptions, and provoke Lust." Until the end of the nineteenth century, it was a widely held concept in much of Europe that the potato was an aphrodisiac and a cure for impotence. In "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Falstaff intones, "Let the sky rain potatoes. Let it thunder to the tune of 'Green Sleeves,' hail kissing comfits." (Some exegetes believe that Shakespeare was thinking of the sweet potato.) In "Don Juan," Byron called propagation "that sad result of passions and potatoes." For proof of the erotic nature of potatoes, Englishmen pointed to Irish peasants, who ate a lot of them and also produced a lot of children. Because potatoes were often associated with sex, they were also associated with sin. They were shunned by many Scotsmen, who were constantly reminded by their clergymen that potatoes were nowhere mentioned in the Bible. In the eighteenth century, when the parishioners of an irreproachably God-fearing minister in Massachusetts learned that he had grown twenty bushels of potatoes behind his manse, they all but drove him from his pulpit. A century later, another East Coast reverend who was an inveterate potato breeder was regarded more tolerantly, perhaps because he was raising them at an institution of which he was chaplain—the New York State Lunatic Asylum.



THE potato began to attain respectability in Continental Europe toward the end of the eighteenth century, and the man chiefly responsible for its improved reputation was a French agriculturist and chemist, Antoine-Augustin Parmentier, who did much to enhance both the cultivation and preparation of potatoes. A pharmacist in the French Army during the Seven Years' War, he was captured by Frederick the Great's troops and imprisoned for three years at Hanover. He subsisted largely on, and became exceedingly grateful to, what some Germans then still considered animal food—potatoes. Back home, he became an earnest, though for quite a while a not widely heeded, proselytizer for potatoes. In 1771, a year after a severe famine, the Academy of Besançon offered a prize for the best "study of food substances capable of reducing the calamities of famine." Parmentier forthwith produced a pro-potato "Inquiry Into Nourishing Vegetables That in Times of Necessity Could Be Substituted for Ordinary Food." A copy of it ended up in the library of Thomas Jefferson, who may have got wind of it from Benjamin Franklin, for Franklin, while American Commissioner to France, was reputedly one of the guests at a dinner given by Parmentier that, from soup to liqueur, consisted exclusively of potato courses. Elegant restaurants today that don't like the vulgar look of "Potato Soup" on their menus call it Potage Parmentier.

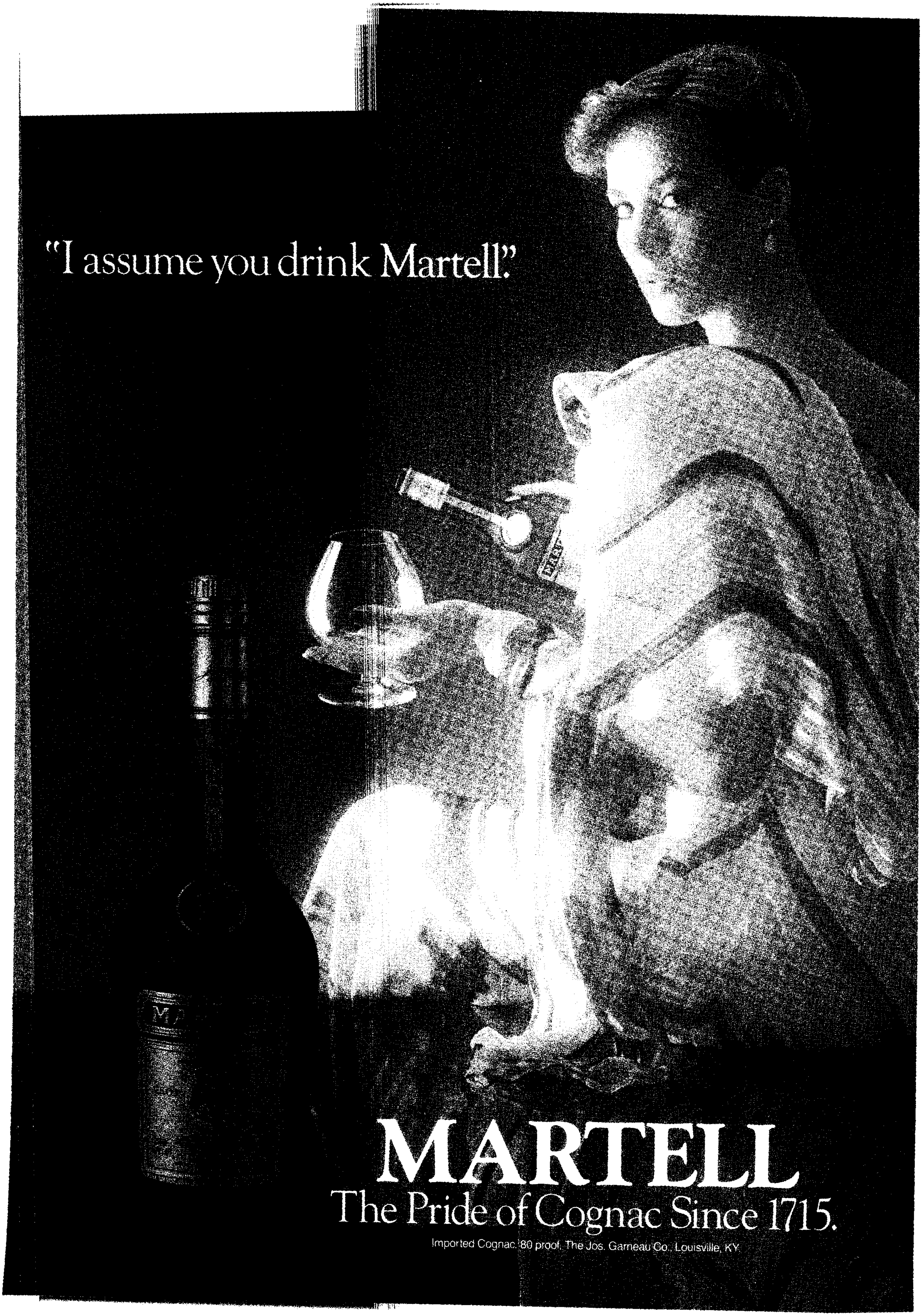
Parmentier's diligence was rewarded on August 23, 1785, when King Louis XVI—a decade after his ill-nourished subjects had looted the bakeries of Paris in what became known as the Flour War—was celebrating his birthday. Parmentier is supposed to have presented him with a bouquet of potato flowers. Some of the accounts of what happened next have it that the King pinned a sprig to his lapel, and his consort stuck one in her hair, and that there were two aftermaths: All the lords and ladies of the court made such haste to emulate the royal examples (some outdid Marie Antoinette and had potato blossoms painted on their best china) that Paris florists were able to charge outrageous prices for potato flowers. What mattered far more to Parmentier was that, at his request, Louis let him plant some potatoes in a field just outside the city, called Les Sablons. To arouse curiosity about what he was up to, Parmentier, once his crop was ready for harvest, had it patrolled during the day by soldiers. They were removed at dusk. People in the neighborhood, under the impression that whatever merited that sort of protection had to be immensely valuable, sneaked in at night and stole potatoes—just what Parmentier had hoped they'd do. Eating potatoes became routine. The King told Parmentier that "France will thank you some day for having found bread for the poor." He wasn't thanked much in his lifetime for having conferred a new source of nourishment on his compatriots (neither, of course, were Louis and Marie Antoinette); indeed, when Parmentier was mentioned as a candidate for a municipal post during the Revolution of 1789, he was denied the nomination after a voter declared, "He will make us eat nothing but potatoes—he it is who invented them!" Not long afterward, however, other Frenchmen, their fears of leprosy and other afflictions long allayed, began to call the potato, in a backhandedly complimentary way, "the only substantial blessing that the inhabitants of Europe derived from the discovery of the continent of America."

After Parmentier's death, in 1813, his countrymen showed him greater respect. One of France's gastronomic societies, the Académie Parmentier, holds an annual banquet during which his acolytes, clad in ornate regalia, deferentially toast the potato and its patron. Every year, too, potatoes used to be planted at his grave, in Paris. At least two statues honoring Parmentier have been erected—one at Montdidier, his birthplace, and the other behind the city hall of the Paris suburb of Neuilly-sur-Seine. The latter statue was destroyed during the First World War, but inside the *hôtel de ville* a mural survives showing Parmentier welcoming Louis XVI to the well-secured potato patch at Les Sablons. *Solanum tuberosum*, on its own, has figured prominently in other works of art. The Louvre harbors Jean-François Millet's 1858 "The Angelus," depicting a farm couple standing in prayer above a basket of potatoes. At a park in Alingsås, Sweden (potatoes may have arrived in that country about 1655, but it took a royal edict in 1764 to get people actually to cultivate them), the sculptor Dieter Matzner in 1969 unveiled a fibre-glass potato nineteen and a half feet long in tribute to a local resident, Jonas Alströmer, who in the eighteenth century was Sweden's pioneer potato promoter; that creation lasted only a few years before vandals smashed it. Claes Oldenburg was inspired in 1965 to envision a huge baked-potato sculpture, which he never got around to executing, for display in front of the Plaza Hotel, in Manhattan. "The baked potato is an object which, in its structure, resembles the kind of sculpture I like to make," he explained. "It's a soft sack that registers what is done to it, where it is placed. Its form can be molded and returned to its original position. . . . Butter also changes form and returns to its original form. The addition of butter to a slit baked potato creates a very suggestive drama which is constantly being recorded in the magazines. One can go pretty far in form with just a baked potato and a pat of butter." Seventeen years after that revelation, the Guggenheim Museum did prominently exhibit—on, fittingly, its ground floor—Giuseppe Penone's 1977 work "Potatoes," a jumbled heap of genuine, unbaked, butterless tubers, some of them sprouting, with a handful of cast-bronze potatoes strewn among them. And then, of course, there are at least four important potato still-lifes that Vincent van Gogh painted between 1883 and 1885, when he was at Nuenen, Holland. Concerning his most famous potato canvas, "The Potato Eaters," van Gogh wrote his brother Theo, "I have tried to emphasize that those people, eating their potatoes in the lamplight, have dug the earth with those very hands they put in the dish, and so it speaks of *manual labor*, and how they have honestly earned their food." In his potato still-lifes, the artist noted, "I mean to express the material in such a way that they become heavy, solid lumps, which would hurt you if they were thrown at you."



FOR many years—until the Nazis had it razed, in 1939, because it memorialized an Englishman—one work of art with potato connections was a red sandstone statue put up in 1853 at Offenburg, in Baden-Württemberg, of Sir Francis Drake. He was depicted holding a potato plant, and was acclaimed in an inscription on the frieze as the person who, in 1580, had brought potatoes to Europe. A translation of part of the eulogy goes, "The blessings of millions of men who cultivate the globe of the earth is thy most imperishable glory; the precious gift of God as the help of the poor against need prevents bitter want." The sculptor, Andreas Friedrich, had hoped initially to sell the piece to a wealthy man of Strassburg, where potatoes were said to have once inadvertently been the cause of an unusual scare. When they putrefy, they emit luminosity. The story went that a pile of them was stored in the cellar of a military barracks there, and when they rotted they gave off so much light that a sentry thought the building had caught fire, and sounded an all-quarters alarm. When the Strassburgher would not meet his price, Friedrich, aggrieved, gave his statue to nearby Offenburg. He stipulated, however, that when it was emplaced Drake's back would have to be turned on Strassburg.

What, if anything, Drake had to do with bringing the potato and Europe together is moot. Legend has it that he gave some potatoes to a friend in England or Ireland, who planted them in his garden. When they matured, the recipient mistakenly had their seed balls boiled rather than their tubers. They tasted terrible. The friend forthwith had his gardener dig up all the plants, burn them, and bury the ashes. Later, the gardener happened to step on a couple of tubers that had been baked in the ashes. He broke one open, tasted it, and found it delicious. Thus potatoes got a reprieve, and were on their way. Very much the same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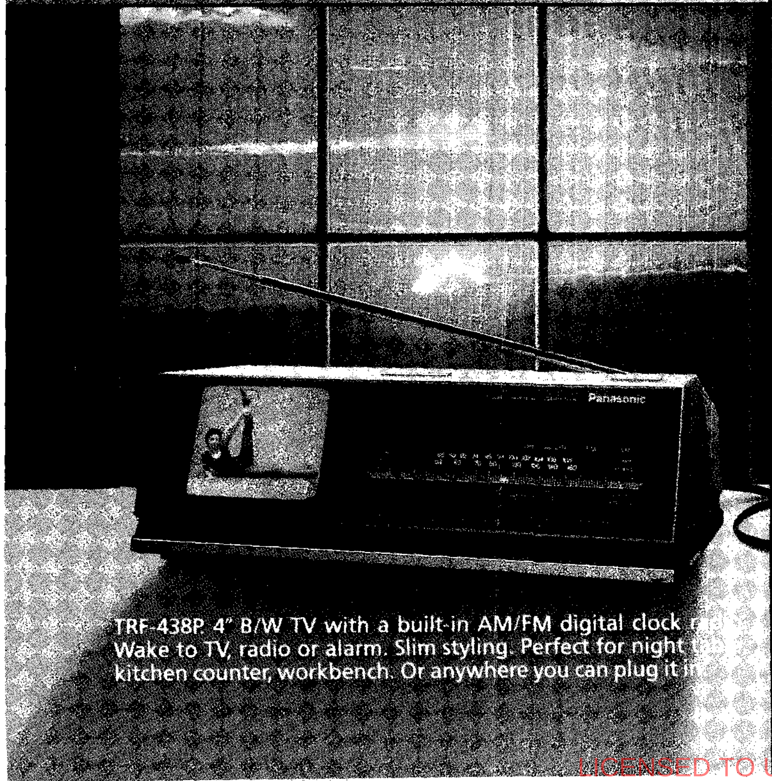

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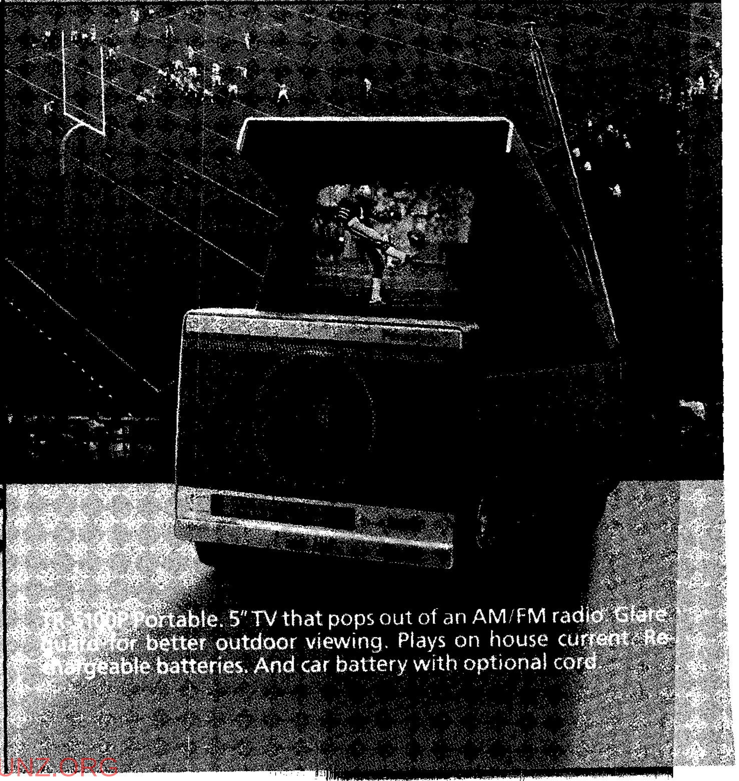

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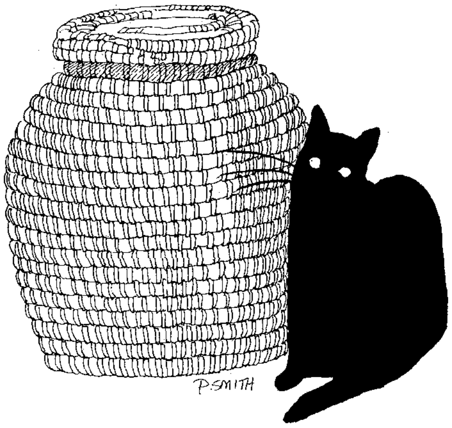
story has been told, and retold, with Sir Walter Raleigh the protagonist instead of Drake. In 1586, Raleigh's people came upon *something* on Roanoke Island, off the North Carolina coast, and brought it back to England, but it is uncertain just what that was; it may have been a walnut-sized root called *Apios tuberosa.* Sir Joseph Banks, in a 1912 essay titled "An Attempt to Ascertain the Time When the Potatoe (*Solanum tuberosum*) Was First Introduced Into the United Kingdom," gave the nod to colonists sent out by Raleigh, and pinpointed the historic moment as July 27, 1586, but he may have been confused, because he called the plant he had in mind the "openawk," which is not a potato but a tuber-bearing climber of the bean family. Raleigh has even been credited, by others, with having put a dish of cooked potatoes on Elizabeth's table. In any event, the potato was well enough known by 1597, when the barber-surgeon John Gerard published his voluminous "Herball," for him to choose for his frontispiece an illustration of himself holding a spray of its blossoms.

Gerard's testimonial notwithstanding, it took a long time for potatoes to catch on solidly in England. James I is said to have served some at court in 1619, and early in the reign of Charles II (1660-85) numerous efforts were made to persuade the common folk to plant and eat them. In 1664, the *Gardener's Calendar* of the Royal Society, which evidently judged potatoes to be a crop of last resort but better than nothing, enjoined its readers to "plant potatoes in February in your worst ground." That same year, a Londoner named John Forster published a book with the title "England's Happiness Increased" and with, as was the literary custom of the day, a much longer subtitle: "Or a Sure and Easie Remedy Against all Succeeding Dear Years; by a Plantation of the Roots called POTATOES: (with the addition of Wheat Flower) Excellent, Good and Wholesome Bread may be Made, Every Year, Eight or Nine Months Together, for Half the Charge as formerly . . . Invented and Published for the Good of the Poorer Sort." At one point, King Charles was urged by a counsellor to grant potato-growing licenses to ten thousand of his subjects. It was estimated that each of them would net thirty pounds sterling a year for his pains, out of which Charles, for his magnanimity, was to receive five. Not much happened, although some people did turn to potato starch as a hair powder in lieu of wheat flour—the use of which Parliament, concerned about shortages of bread, had proscribed for that purpose. During another stressful period when wheat was scarce, in 1795 and 1796, King George III announced that the royal bread—like that of his servants—would be made with rye and potatoes. He asked his subjects to follow suit. The clergy fell in line and, though doubtless with lingering misgivings in a few cases—potatoes in some rigid minds still having sinful connotations—preached compliance; and William Pitt wrote to the *Times* in praise of a corn-and-potato bread he had sampled. Nonetheless, the English, by and large, shied away from potatoes. As late as 1829—the prickly journalist William Cobbett, who despised potatoes, had been inveighing against the "miserable roots" as unsuitable sustenance for the poor or anyone else—the *Times* editorially pronounced potatoes acceptable for the well-to-do but said that if the working classes ate too many of them Great Britain would become "a nation of miserable, turbulent drunkards."

As far back as 1776, in "The Wealth of Nations," Adam Smith had said that "the very general use which is made of Potatoes in these Kingdoms as food for man, is a convincing proof that the prejudices of a nation, with regard to diet, however deeply rooted [he was presumably unaware of his play on words], are by no means unconquerable." It was not until the Victorian era, though, that the upper-class English, at least, truly began to take the potato to their hearts, and increasingly to their stomachs. A popular mid-nineteenth-century variety was the Prince Albert. (There was also a British Queen, an Irish Queen, a Prince of Wales, and, later, a King Edward VII, a Red King, and a Purple-Eyed King Edward.) In 1863, a wealthy potato breeder from Dundee named William Paterson brought forth the Victoria. He had got into serious potato culture in 1854, when he imported varieties, for his breeding stock, from Australia, India, South Africa, England, and the United States. In nine dedicated years, he spent seven thousand pounds on his quest for first-rate new varieties, and his perseverance made him the butt of many a joke. After his Victoria came along and proved popular, the Queen ordered some. People quickly stopped laughing at Paterson—"I would not give a farthing for any potato if I could not trace its descent from the Victoria," a rival breeder declared toward the end of the century—and began calling him the savior of the British potato. (Her Majesty also had a wheat and an oat named after her. The Victoria oat, which was resistant to crown rust, was an ancestor of most of the oats that were raised in the United States until the middle of the twentieth century. But the Victoria's gene that defied that rust was nearly identical to a gene that was helpless against Victoria blight disease, and when that assailant sprang to the attack all the offspring of the Victoria oat were wiped out.) In 1898, the once derided potato was characterized in the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society* as "the noble tuber." Five years after that, when there was a scarcity of potatoes, the demand for them reached such manic heights that single tubers of new or allegedly new varieties sold for hundreds of pounds apiece; the going price for shoots from prized specimens went as high as four pounds; and one entrepreneur purportedly sliced and sold a thousand cuttings from a single plant. Until the speculative bubble burst, potatoes were reputed to be worth more than their weight in gold.



HOWEVER the potato (often called, of course, the Irish potato) got to Ireland—through Raleigh, through Drake, or, as has also been suggested, from wrecked ships of the scattered Spanish Armada—it was unarguably there in 1663, when the Royal Society advocated its being planted as, ironically, a hedge against famine. For the following two hundred years, the tuber was indispensable. Ludwig Andreas Feuerbach once said disparagingly of the Irish and their potatoes, in relation to the English and their roast beef, "You cannot conquer, for your sustenance can

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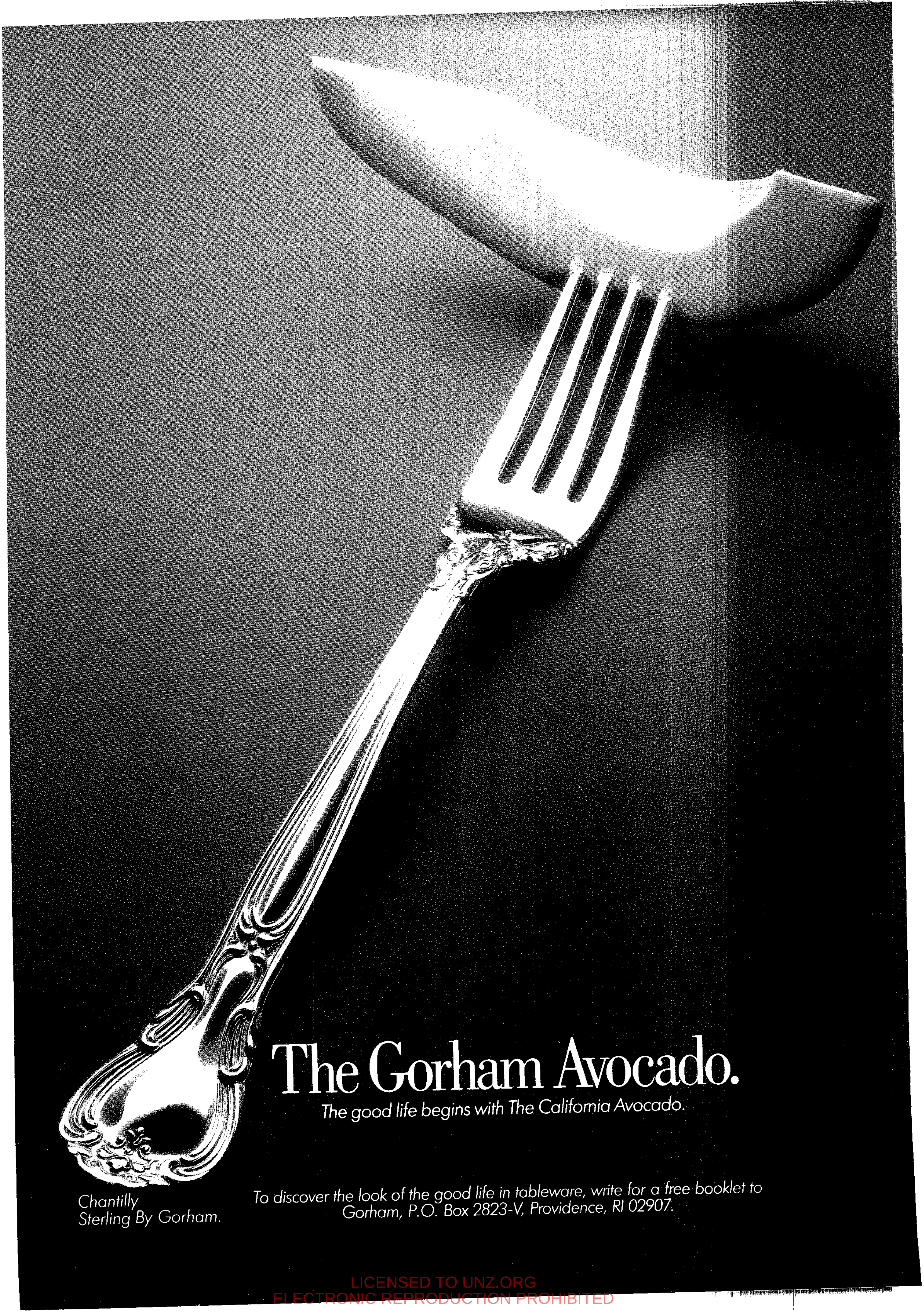

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only arouse a paralysing despair not a fiery enthusiasm. And only enthusiasm will be able to fight off the giant in whose veins flow the rich, powerful, deed-producing blood." But when Oliver Cromwell invaded Ireland, in 1649, and, in the fashion of so many warriors, destroyed all the visible food that his soldiers could get their hands on, it was potatoes that succored the indigenes. Redcliffe Salaman once wrote, "In the potato, people discovered a new weapon with which to withstand the oppression of their conquerors. In the great struggle which followed, it was, I believe, the potato which saved them from extermination and gave them the opportunity to effect a temporary recovery. From now on, it was to prove itself a shelter to the people against the economic weapons of their enemies." By 1780, the Irish were eating an average of eight pounds of potatoes apiece daily—a statistic that, since it included children of all ages, meant that some adults were accounting for a dozen or more. (It was often considered good manners before biting into any potato—which Oliver Goldsmith, in his time, called "Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe, /That found'st me poor at first, and keepst me so"—to point it toward a salt herring or a bit of bacon hanging in front of a chimney.) There was an old saying that went "Be eating one potato, peeling a second, have a third in your fist, and keep your eye on a fourth." An Englishman of that era was moved to exclaim, "What hope is there for a nation that lives on potatoes!" The Reverend Patric Brontë, paterfamilias of a literary brood, demurred: he raised his daughters chiefly on potatoes, because he was proud of his grand physique and attributed it to the fact that he had eaten little else in his childhood. Another old saying had it that in Ireland there were only two things too serious to jest about: marriage and potatoes. Some people jested anyway—one, for instance, defined an Irish "sauce" as a little potato to go along with a big one.

"If one may attempt to sum up in a sentence the influence of the potato on Irish history," Salaman wrote, "I would say that it played the part of the least common denominator in Irish economic life for close on three hundred years, with an efficiency as great as it was disastrous." It was the view of Robert McKay, an agricultural scientist specializing in potato diseases, who in 1961, on behalf of the Irish Potato Marketing Company, in Dublin, edited "An Anthology of the Potato," that "the potato and the Irishman are often considered as somewhat synonymous." McKay's book, aside from the introduction, was entirely in verse. One stanza of the poem on the title page, authorship undisclosed, went:

> We praise all the flowers that we fancy
> Sip the nectar of fruit ere they're peeled,
> Ignoring the common old tater
> When, in fact, he's King of the Field.
> Let us show the old boy we esteem him,
> Sort of dig him up out of the mud;
> Let us show him he shares our affections
> And crown him with glory—King Spud.

Famines punctuated Irish history with doleful regularity. Between 1728 and 1845, there were twenty-four instances of potato-crop failure, attributable to unusually cold springs or wet summers or drought. The loss of most of the expected 1739 potato harvest precipitated three hundred thousand deaths—or one-fifth of the population. (An earlier famine—when the 1727 oat crop was decimated—had provoked Jonathan Swift into writing "A Modest Proposal for preventing the Children of Poor People from being a Burden to their Parents or the Country"—by using them as food for the rich.) But the Irish stuck with their potatoes. For one thing, many of them didn't know how to plant and nurture grains. They were root farmers, dependent on nature to do their work for them. And nature did it agreeably well: on a one-and-a-half-acre plot enough potatoes could be grown to sustain a family of five or six for a year. By the eighteen-forties, the population of Ireland had risen, periodic crop failures notwithstanding, to around nine million; half that number rarely ate anything except potatoes. Cecil Woodham-Smith said in her book "The Great Hunger" that "the existence of the Irish people depended on the potato entirely and exclusively." It was not that other crops were unfamiliar to them. Thousands of Irish acres were planted to wheat, to oats, and to barley. But these nourishing cereals were earmarked by their absentee proprietors for export to England or as feed for animals whose meat would also end up across the Irish Sea.

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The outlook for the 1845 Irish potato crop was bright. There had been a warm enough spring, an only moderately rainy early summer. True, Sir Robert Peel, Queen Victoria's Prime Minister, had had a letter from the Isle of Wight in early August disclosing inexplicable trouble in the potato fields there, but perhaps that was an isolated case. And, indeed, a part of the 1845 Irish crop survived. But 1846 was something else again. On July 27th, a man travelling overland from Cork to Dublin was impressed by the fine look of the potato plants in the fields he passed. When he travelled back to Cork just one week later, the plants were drooping, and there was a foul stench in the air. At digging time, in October, most of the tubers were found to have rotted. Those that appeared to be healthy decomposed—like cassava—soon after they were unearthed. In London, a Committee on the Potato Disease was hastily formed. On October 31st, it reported to Lord Heytesbury, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, on "the awful state the kingdom was likely to become reduced to, if the Government did not at once step in to prevent as far as possible, by all human means, the dreadful scourge of anticipated famine and pestilence." Upon receiving what they judged to be an unsatisfactory response from Heytesbury, the members of the committee resolved to meet daily, starting November 5th. On the seventh, their chairman, Lord Cloncurry, wrote to the Prime Minister, "We do wish to impress upon your mind the awful responsibility which, as Her Majesty's principal adviser, you incur, if our government hesitates to adopt the most speedy and extensive possible modes of alleviating the impending calamity. Whilst you hesitate, if hesitate you shall, the people of Ireland are about to perish in countless numbers." The committee had recommended, inter alia, that Irish ports be opened up for duty-free food imports, that distilling from grain be halted, that food-for-work programs be initiated throughout Ireland, and that English cavalry regiments cut down on their horses' consumption of oats. On October 31st, Peel took the matter up with his col-

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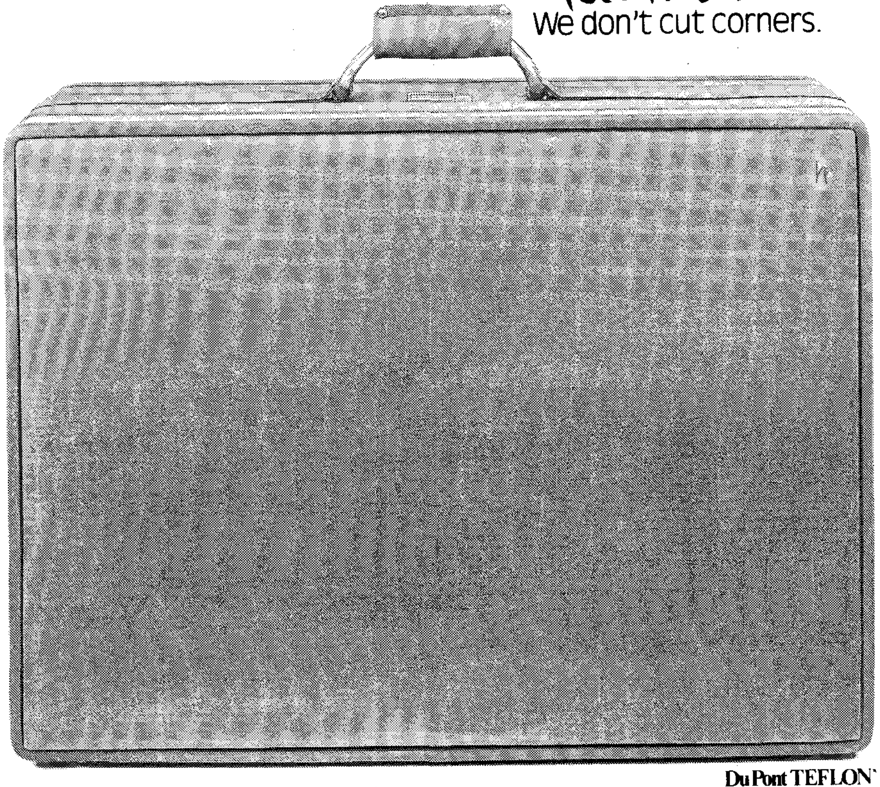

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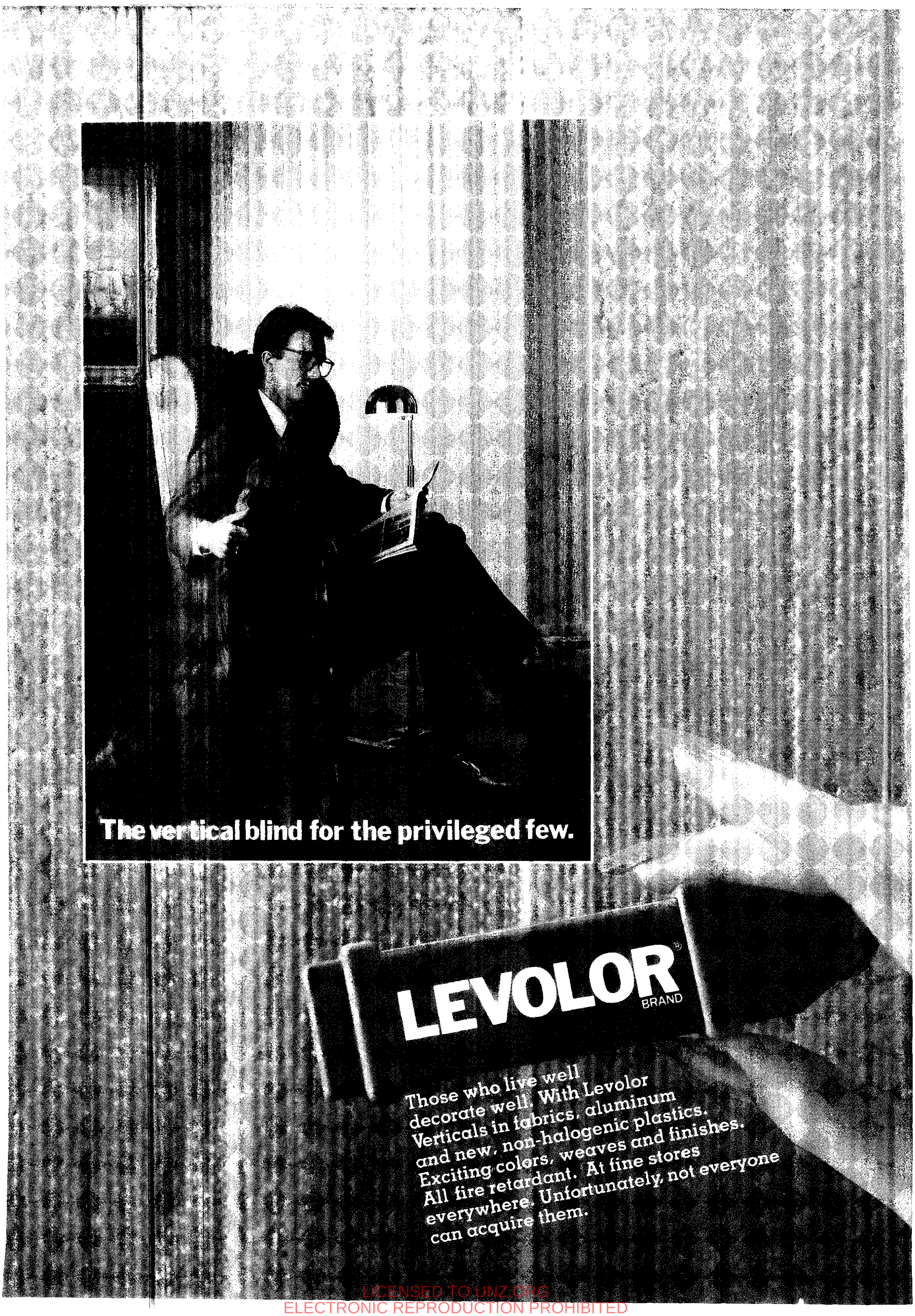
leagues in the Cabinet. He suggested to them that they seek to repeal the Corn Laws—"corn" being the term used there for all grains—which imposed stiff tariffs on imports from abroad. The Cabinet wouldn't go along with him. Repeal the Corn Laws? Let in alien grains? Wheat? Rice? The maize that those Americans perversely insisted on referring to as "corn"? Peel resigned. Victoria, even though she had yet to have a potato named after her, took his side, and requested that he withdraw his resignation. He got the Corn Laws repealed in 1846. It was the end of protectionism, and also the end of Peel. London would soon be sending a half-million dollars' worth of Indian corn from the United States to Ireland, but there were not enough mills there to grind it (some hungry Irish ate it unground, and suffered indigestion), and many Irish were suspicious of the unfamiliar cereal. They called it "Peel's brimstone." Irish peasant women had no idea how to cook it. They didn't really know how to cook anything except potatoes, and knew very little about preparing *them* except by boiling. All the while, the traffic from Ireland to England of export commodities—wheat and barley, oats and oatmeal, cattle, pigs, eggs, butter—went routinely on. The farmers who handled those commodities felt they had no choice about that: they had to give them to their landlords as rent. And the landlords stolidly shipped them across to England, though now as they loaded their ships they had to have armed soldiers standing by to disperse hungry mobs. (There were plenty of fish offshore, but most of the commercial fishermen had long since pawned their gear to buy whatever food was obtainable.) England, all in all, did too little too late. When, for instance, it passed the Poor Relief (Ireland) Act, in 1847, the statute stipulated that anyone who occupied more than a quarter of a British acre of land (the Irish dimensions were slightly different) would not be eligible for food aid unless he gave up his soil.

The Irish famine was the worst European disaster since the Black Death of 1348-50. Before it ran its course, more than a million and a half Irishmen were dead, many of them from typhus or relapsing fever—after they'd been evicted, for nonpayment of rent, from their squalid homes into ditches or streets or open fields. A million and a quarter more had emi-



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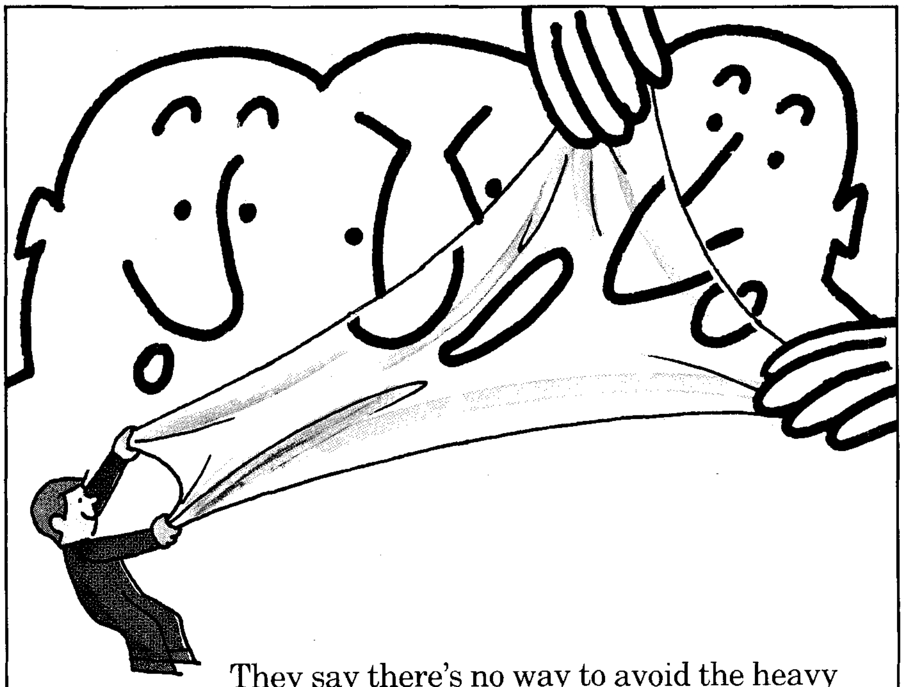

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grated to the United States, even more to Great Britain, and a few to Australia, where they had the distinction of being the first immigrants to that distant colony who had not come there from jail. The *Illustrated London News* saw fit to run a poem entitled "The Potato Crop. 1846":

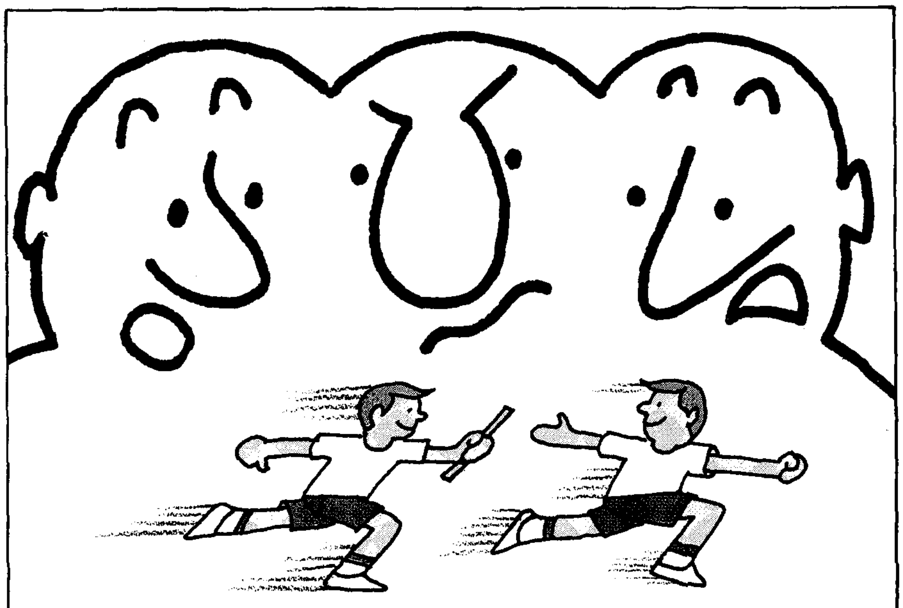
> Alas! the foul and fatal blight
> Infecting Raleigh's grateful root,
> Blasting the fields of verdure bright,
> That waves o'er Erin's favorite
>   fruit.
> The peasant's cherished hope is
>   gone,
> His little garden pride is o'er,
> Famine and plague now scowl upon
> Hibernia's fair and fertile shore.

Redcliffe Salaman later wrote, much more soberly, "After proving itself the most perfect instrument for the maintenance of poverty and degradation amongst the native masses, the potato ended in wrecking both exploited and exploiter."

Ireland never quite forgave England for its comparative callousness during the terrible time. Religious differences were, of course, a factor in the two areas' bitter estrangement; but the Irish refusal to fight in the Second World War on the side of England and the rise of the Irish Republican Army stemmed in no small measure from smoldering resentment over the famine. It is true that when Victoria and Albert paid a sympathy call in 1849, they were politely enough received (the 1847 potato crop had been satisfactory, 1848 another ghastly season), but the British were held blameworthy on a number of counts; for one, they never made any serious effort to teach the bulk of the Irish how to grow anything other than potatoes.

It is now known beyond any reasonable doubt what caused the horror that began in 1845. The villain was *Phytophthora infestans*, a rapacious fungus that causes a disease known as late blight. It begins its deadly work on the leaves of the plant. Then spores of the fungus wash into the soil and the fungus invades the tubers. (Only a short time after the bad news first came out of Ireland, a French botanist rightly analyzed the situation and suggested that if each stricken potato plant had its stalk amputated just above ground level the tubers nesting underneath might survive; that might inhibit their growth, but runty potatoes would be better than none. There is no evidence that anybody paid him any heed.) Late blight was and still is a universal scourge. It was responsible for a devastating potato-crop loss in

Chile in the early nineteen-fifties. It has wiped out crops in Kenya, in India, in Sikkim; almost everyplace the potato has gone, late blight has followed, an unflagging pathogenic nemesis. CIP devoted an entire scientific conference to *Phytophthora infestans* in 1973. In 1981, it screened seventy thousand potato seedlings, hoping to find one or two with the capacity for withstanding it. In 1983, a CIP researcher who was engaged in the never-say-die struggle to breed resistance to late blight said of it, with grudging respect, "It's one of the most versatile enemies we have got." But to the Irish peasants of the eighteen-forties it was unknown by any name. What it did they attributed, variously, to the steam released by locomotives, to a volcanic eruption within the earth, to the use of guano for manure, to insects, to drought, to dampness, to frost, to electricity, to unidentified fungi, and, inevitably, to God. Had the testy William Cobbett still been around, he would doubtless have put the blame for it all on the, to him, unforgivable dietary habits of the Irish. For in his "Rural Rides," published in 1832, three years before his death, he had sputtered "Faith! These papas of ours [he meant fathers, not potatoes] would have burnt up not only the stacks, but the ground itself, rather than have lived upon miserable roots." In 1846, another Englishman, Alfred Smee, who deemed the potato "a plant of indolence," delivered himself of a hundred-and-seventy-four-page book entitled "The Potatoe Plant, Its Uses and Properties: Together with the Cause of the Present Malady." Smee, who was Surgeon to the Bank of England, to the Central London Ophthalmic Institution, and to the Royal General Dispensary (he dedicated the volume to Prince Albert), confidently laid the onus on *Aphis vastator*, an insect with which he claimed close acquaintance. He had frequently tried to eradicate the pest from a potted plant at Finsbury Circus, but, he wrote, "these little rascals crawl into chinks and crannies, from which they come forth at their convenience, and rapidly multiply." Smee thought that for those Irish who were still alive the future might be more promising. "Let the husbandman be of good cheer," he wrote, "and remember, that if nature deviates for a time from its wonted relations, it always returns to its normal condition, and ultimately maintains the proper balance of animated beings. Let all people



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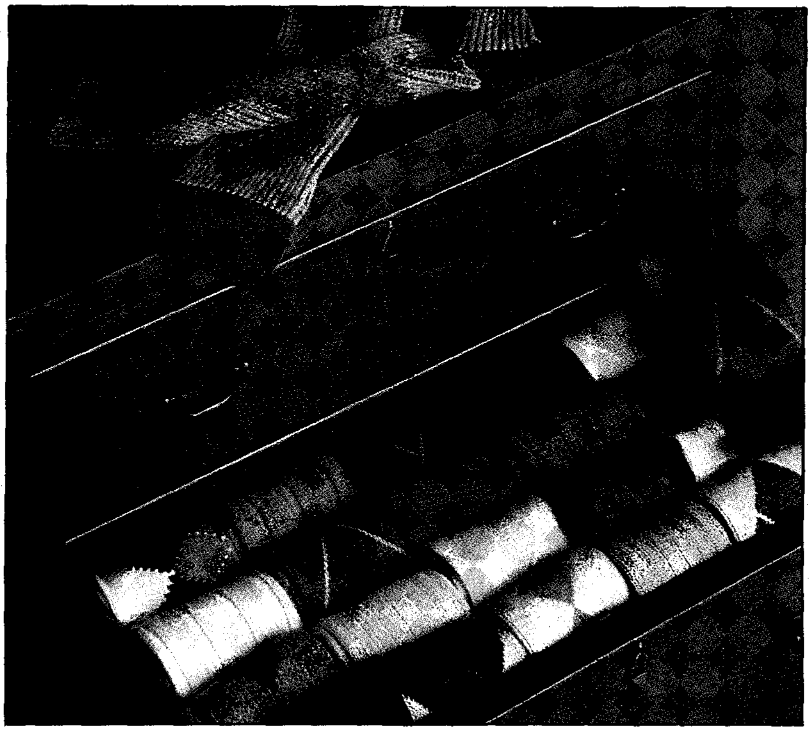

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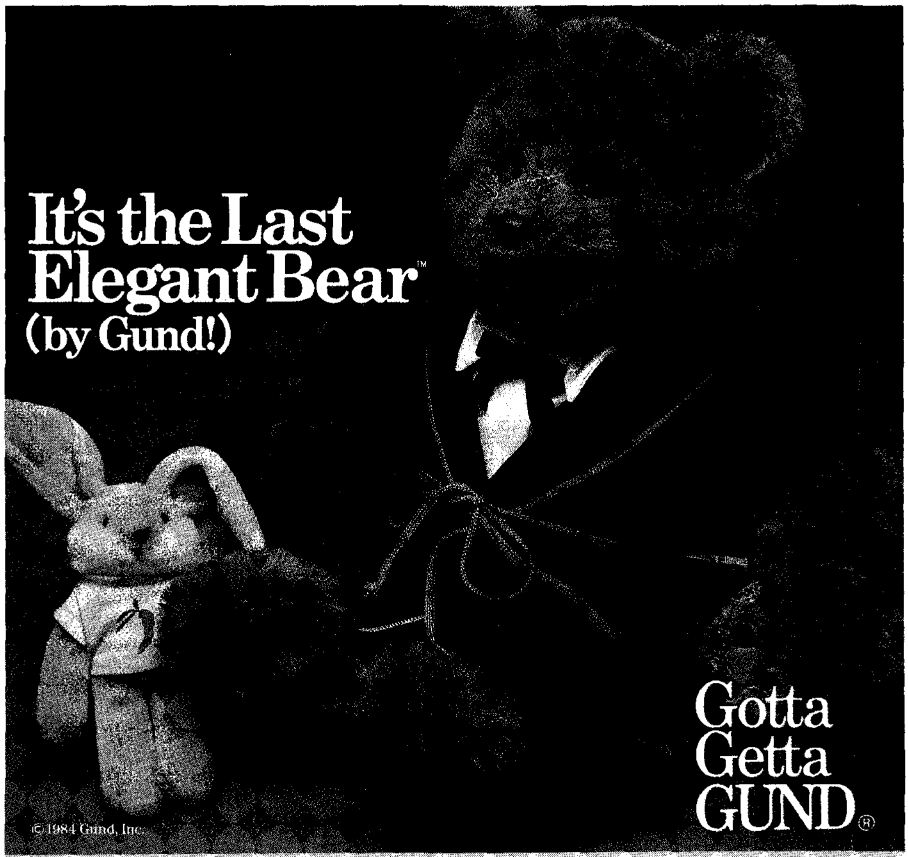

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remember the promise in Malachi, 'that God will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground.' " Smee had delved into earlier famines. He reported that Rome had had one in 1708 B.C., which lasted seven years; that during an English one in 440 B.C. people ate tree bark, and during an Italian one in 446 A.D. parents ate their children; that in a later English one, in 1251, people ate horses, dogs, cats, and vermin; and that in yet two more British famines, those of 1389 and 1438, bread was made of fern roots. He then suggested: "It is absurd to suppose that it is the duty of Government to supply food, except under extraordinary circumstances." In any event, he continued, "a nation of potatoe-eaters does not feel those relations and dependencies which bind other societies together. . . . This effect of depending too exclusively on the culture of the potatoe is fearfully exhibited in the Irish people, where the potatoe has begotten millions of paupers, who live, but who are not clothed; who marry but do not work, caring for nothing but their dish of potatoes." Left on their own, he concluded, the Irish would be helpless. "Fortunately for the Irish people," he added, slightly changing his tack, or perhaps judging that the circumstances were after all extraordinary, "they have a rich and powerful country to sympathize with and relieve them in their distress, and also desirous of alleviating their suffering." There is no reason to believe that if Smee had been more knowledgeable in his diagnosis of the plague he'd have come up with any less severe a remedy than what, in effect, he prescribed: tree bark.

By 1856, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, *in* "*Aurora Leigh*," *was* wondering, "And are potatoes to grow mythical/Like moly? Will the apple die out too?" (The moly was the herb that Hermes is said to have given Odysseus to prevent Circe from turning him into a pig.) Three years later, however, Ireland had nearly the same acreage planted to potatoes that it had had in 1846, with only three-quarters as many people to sustain on the produce. At present, the three and a half million inhabitants of Ireland still consume substantial quantities of potatoes (of their recommended average per-capita daily intake of about twenty-five hundred calories, potatoes provide two hundred and forty, as opposed to a mere twenty-one from alcohol). In fact, Ireland imported ninety-four thousand tons of potatoes in 1982.

THE great hunger brought more than a million Irish to the United States, among them Patrick Kennedy, the thirty-fifth President's great-grandfather. The immigrants were so closely identified with the plant that had upheld them and then undone them that for a while Boston policemen were called Blue Potatoes. All those who came were glad to learn that their new homeland had plenty of potatoes. To some of them, any other kind of food required getting used to. (It may be illustrative of the degree of assimilation of the Irish into the American mainstream that the per-capita consumption of potatoes in the United States in 1982 was only two-fifths of what it had been in 1912.) The potato, of course, had arrived on the Atlantic coast of North America long before the Irish. The English introduced it to the Bermuda Islands in 1613, and eight years after that the governor of the Bermudas fraternally sent the governor of Virginia two cedar chests filled with fruits and vegetables, including some cassava and potatoes in the lot. (Thomas Jefferson, who is believed to be the first President of the United States to have served French fries in the White House, thought that the British had found potatoes growing in Virginia when they first set foot there; he had been misinformed by John Gerard's not entirely accurate "Herball.") The cassava never caught on, but the potatoes were so warmly received that the following year the Virginia colonists sent a bark to the Bermudas to bring back a shipload of them.

Potatoes remained largely uncultivated in the more northerly American colonies for nearly another century, however. Then, in 1719, some new settlers, Ulstermen from Londonderry, came to New Hampshire, established a town and named it after their point of departure (it is now called plain Derry), and began to cultivate the crop they knew best. Potatoes got to Cambridge, Massachusetts, even before that, but exactly how is something of a mystery. All that is known is that an eightpenny batch of them was purchased by Harvard College in January, 1708, for a banquet celebrating the inauguration of President John Leverett. (The cost of the entire meal for several dozen dignitaries came to just over ten pounds, more than a third of which was expended for beer, Ma-

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deira, port, and "green wine.") However much the fellows and overseers of Harvard and their guests may have relished this novel fare, potatoes were not appreciated on all levels of society in the early eighteenth century. It was the custom in New England then for apprentices to sign contracts specifying the housing and food their masters were to furnish them. Some young men would not commit themselves unless it was agreed in writing that they were not to be fed potatoes.

In due course, potatoes made their way westward. They reached Mantua, Ohio, which had a loamy soil admirably suited to them, in 1850, and they became pivotal to that community's economy. Not long afterward, a storage depot with a capacity of fifty thousand bushels loomed over the Mantua railroad station. Mantua has an annual Potato Festival, where a Potato Queen is solemnly crowned, and holds, among other competitions, a fifteen-kilometre footrace called a Potato Stomp and a potato-baking contest, a potato-chip-eating contest (potato-peeling-speed races seem to have been exclusive to Australia), and wrestling bouts on a mat of potatoes that have been mashed in a cement mixer. Mantua was generally conceded to have devised the world's best known mess of mashed potatoes until Steven Spielberg had a plate-sized scale model mountain built of them for his "Close Encounters." (Earlier moviemakers had sometimes used dehydrated potato flakes to simulate snow in wintry scenes.) At the beginning of the twentieth century, just as special trains lumbered across the Midwest to urge farmers to grow more and better corn, so in potato-growing regions there were exhortatory potato trains. The Denver & Rio Grande Railroad sent one around Colorado; the Oregon Short Line covered the Northwest out of Salt Lake City. As there were corn clubs for teen-age farmers in the Corn Belt, so there were potato clubs elsewhere. A 1913 bulletin published by the Department of Agriculture, "Potato Growing as Club Work in the North and West," offered guidelines for potato club awards: out of a possible one hundred points, forty were to be given for the greatest yield, thirty for the largest profit, fifteen for the best exhibit of a peck of seed potatoes, and fifteen for the best essay on "How I Made My Crop of Potatoes."

Another Midwestern city on which potatoes had a resounding impact was Battle Creek, Michigan, where in

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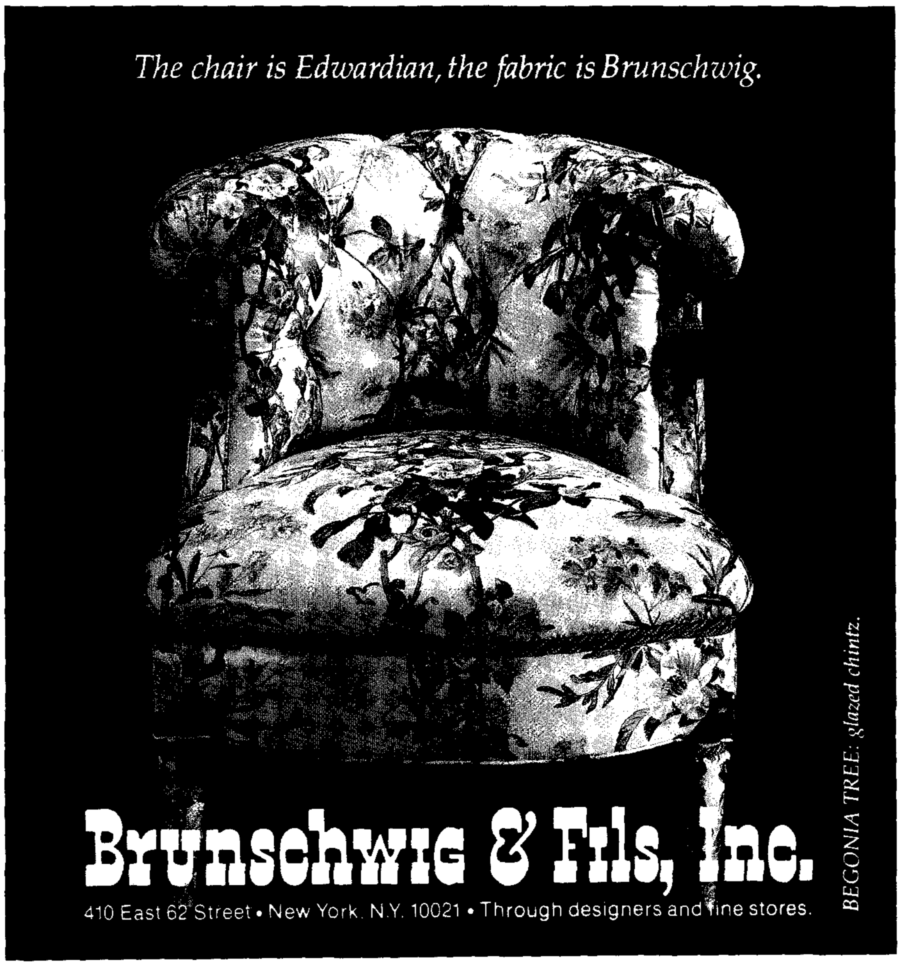
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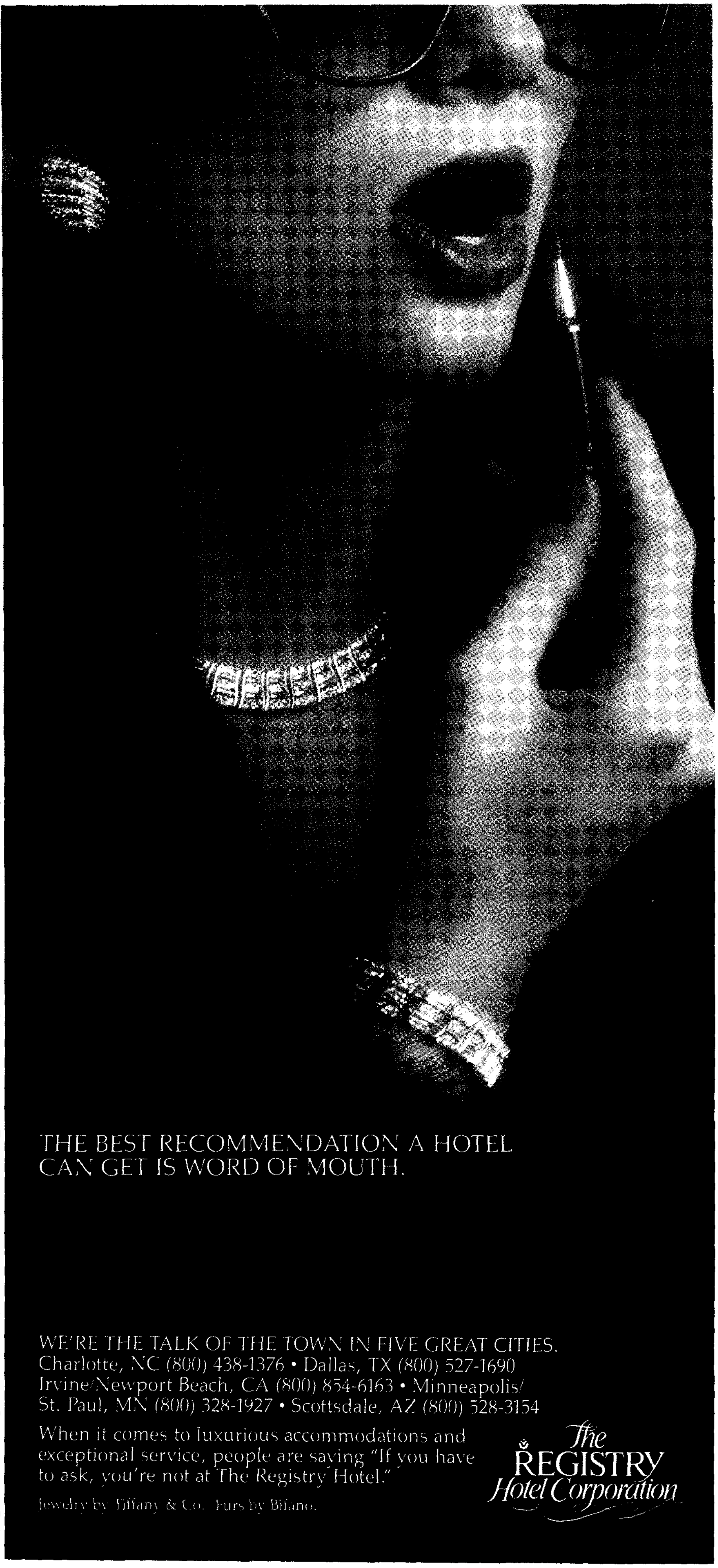
1876 John Harvey Kellogg, a Seventh-Day Adventist vegetarian physician and an older brother of Will Keith Kellogg, the breakfast-food man, became superintendent of a sanatorium, at first called the Western Health Reform Institute. Dr. Kellogg frowned on a number of consumables without which many an American would hardly find life worth living, among them caffeine, meat, and alcohol. He had been on a health-food regimen from way back; at medical school his diet consisted of graham crackers and apples. He believed that "man was intended to eat the plants and fruits and not the animals," and he sometimes proudly described himself as "a grasseater." At Battle Creek, he served his patients meat and butter substitutes made from nuts and grains. In 1894, he and his brother Will Keith accidentally discovered how to flake wheat and other cereals. Ten years later, Battle Creek, though its turn-of-the-century population was under thirty thousand, harbored around thirty wheat-flake companies. Most of them foundered, but meanwhile, in 1906, Will Kellogg started to make cornflakes, which would eventually earn him a fortune. Dr. Kellogg's Battle Creek Sanatorium could accommodate, when it was in full swing, fifteen hundred patients; one of them was C. W. Post, who arrived in a wheelchair in 1891 and soon walked out, feeling much better, to launch Postum ("Makes red blood") and Grape-Nuts. Dr. Kellogg was pleased to be able to disclose that his patients consumed an average of seven bushels of potatoes apiece a year, despite his resigned awareness that, as he put it, "various malicious libels against the good name of this most innocent and wholesome of foodstuffs [its allegedly being the cause of, for instance, leprosy and lust] are still afloat."

Eventually, potatoes were grown, with few reservations, in every state of the Union, including even Alaska, where the natives of the southeastern region were taught by white men how to concoct a distilled potato drink beguilingly called "hoochinoo." Russian fur traders had brought potatoes from Siberia to Kodiak Island in 1783. For a time, the Aleuts there, like so many people in other areas, were wary of the strange new tuber, but in time potatoes became the most important agricultural product of that frigid realm; they could be grown within seventy miles of the Arctic Circle. During the Alaskan Gold Rush, some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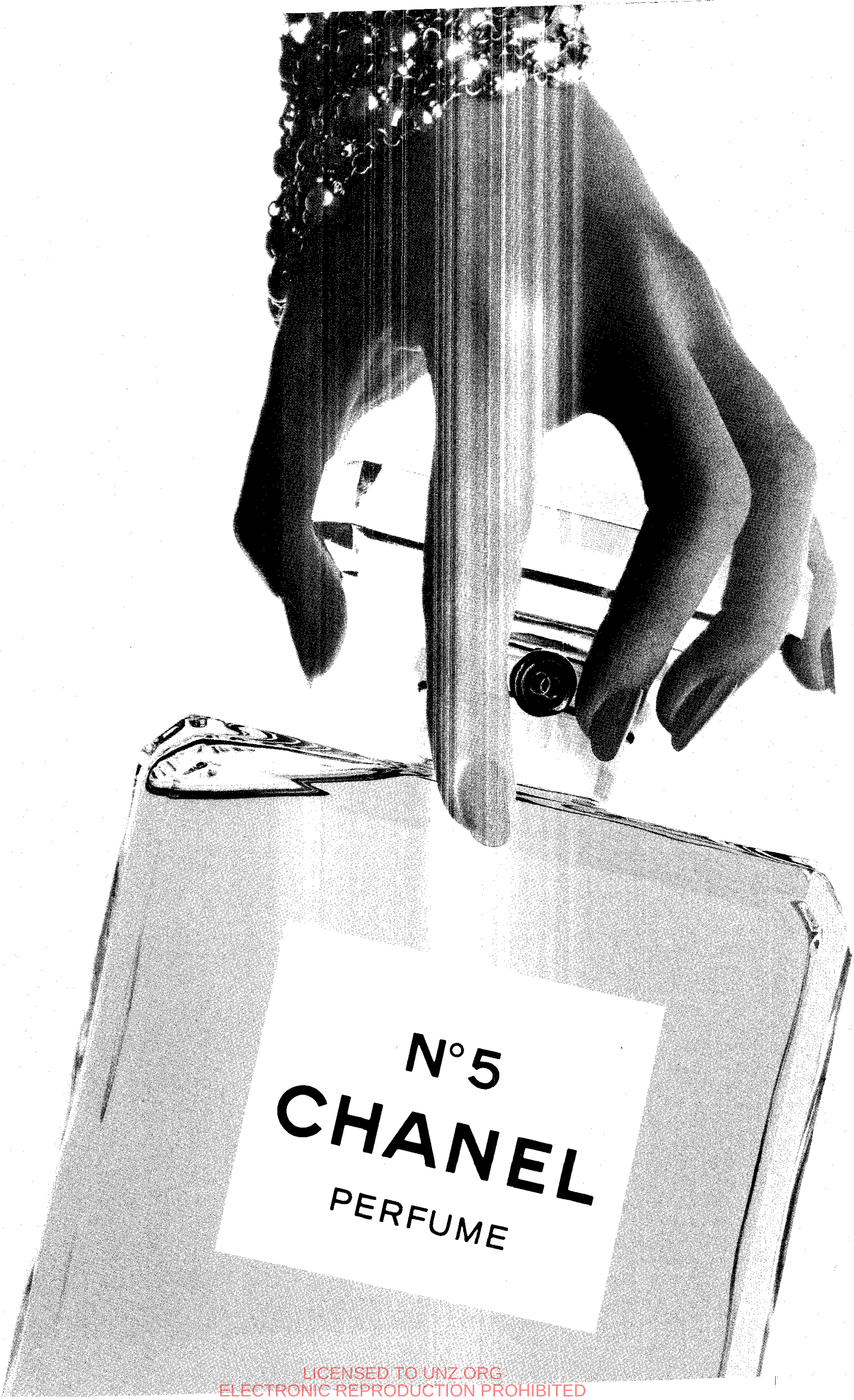
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of the more popular regional varieties were Gold Coin, Extra Early Pioneer, Extra Early Triumph, and Extra Early Eureka. Another northerly region where potatoes flourished was Aroostook County, Maine. It had the kind of climate that potatoes thrive in —short, cool summers and plenty of rain. Its dark-brown, loose, and silty soil, sometimes called caribou loam, was ideal for potatoes. In 1923, for example, when the average United States yield for potatoes was a hundred and eight bushels an acre, Aroostook averaged two hundred and sixty-six. (That splendid seedbed is not quite what it used to be; about a third of an inch of the topsoil of Aroostook's cultivated cropland is lost every year, because of erosion.) The Maine potato industry got under way in the eighteen-sixties and eighteen-seventies, and when the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad was completed in 1890, Maine table potatoes could be shipped directly to markets such as Boston. It was to supplement the monotonous bean diet of laborers in lumber camps that potatoes were planted up there. Eventually, they took over a strip of Maine a hundred and ten miles long and from twenty to forty miles wide. Some individual potato farmers had storage barns that would hold twelve thousand barrels. Between October and May, a railroad car crammed with potatoes would pull out of the county every ten minutes around the clock. At the peak of the fall harvest season, schools would shut down so that the students could pick potatoes. Around Presque Isle, the hub of the potato traffic, it was not uncommon for a man with a hearty appetite to eat seven large potatoes as part of his Sunday dinner. There was an annual Potato Blossom Festival, a high point of which was the enthronement of a young woman who for twelve proud months could call herself the Maine Potato Blossom Queen.

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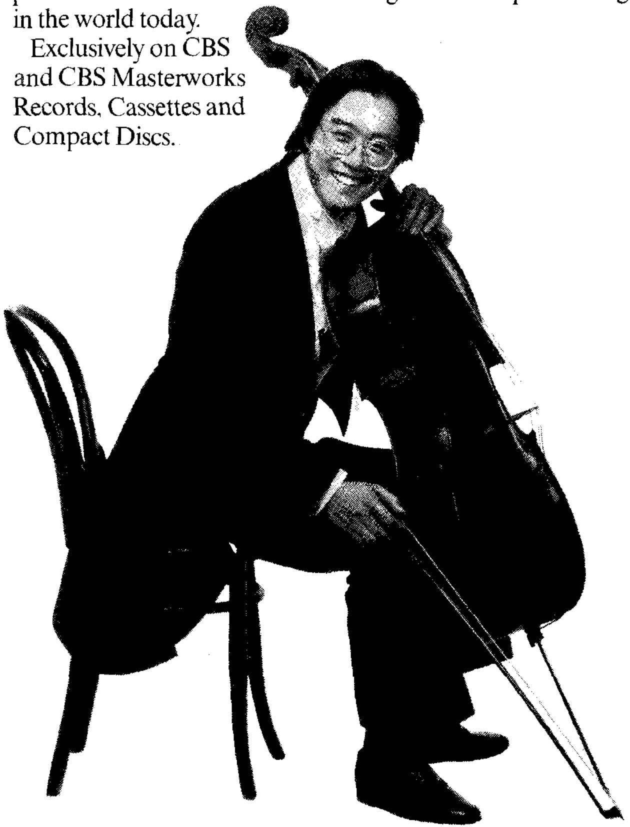

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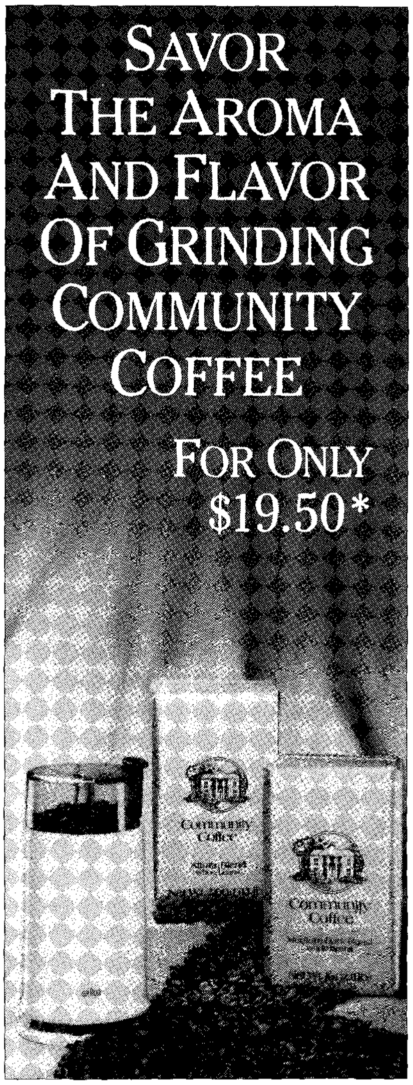
Highest Merit" for distinguished service to the potato industry. (Idaho also raises rainbow trout—enough of them so that, it was revealed in 1981 by the Agricultural Research Service of the Department of Agriculture, if the seven million pounds of feces they excrete every year could be collected for manure the stuff would nicely fertilize a thousand acres of cropland.) In 1976, when Cecil D. Andrus, later Jimmy Carter's Secretary of the Interior, was the governor of Idaho (he considered it a routine part of that job to appear in television commercials touting Idaho potatoes), he told *The New Yorker*, off camera:

> What makes Idaho potatoes unique is our elevation, along with our volcanic soil, our warm days and cold nights, and the purity of our water, which we use for irrigation in almost metered quantities. The result of all this is a fluffy, mealy-quality potato, instead of the soggy, watery kind you might get from other, nameless places, and in a premium fresh-baked potato this difference is crucial. . . . I know what you're going to ask: Aren't potatoes fattening? Well, I'm long and lean, so perhaps I'm not exactly your average person, but I do know that the average Idaho baker is an eight-to-ten-ounce, one-hundred-and-twenty-calorie, practically-full-meal-in-itself item, and not fattening at all. The problem arises from slopping on butter and sour cream. The medical society is somewhat at fault for creating the wrong image of potatoes. Instead of maligning them by saying, "Stay away from them," it should be saying, "Stay away from all that stuff you pile on them." If you're on a diet, potatoes can actually be helpful. They're filling, and they're a source of protein. Why, some of the dehydrated potatoes that have been shipped to underdeveloped countries have sustained life for months when people have been able to get very little else. Spuds are amazing. We like to call potatoes "spuds" in Idaho. We even have an Idaho Spud candy bar, which has nothing to do with potatoes beyond its name and its shape. . . . The key to baked potatoes, as I wish more restaurants would realize, is to serve them immediately after they're cooked. No self-respecting restaurant would serve a steak that's an hour and a half old, but nobody has the proper respect for potatoes. There's absolutely no reason not to treat them as decently as you treat your meat.

Missionaries have often been responsible for the introduction of food plants into places where they were previously unfamiliar—they brought wheat in 1769 to what is now California, and potatoes in 1833 to what is now Lesotho—and it was a Presbyterian, the Reverend Henry H. Spalding, who is credited with having brought the potato, in 1836, to what is now the state of Idaho. Today, nearly twenty per cent of all Idahoans are involved in one way or another with the potato



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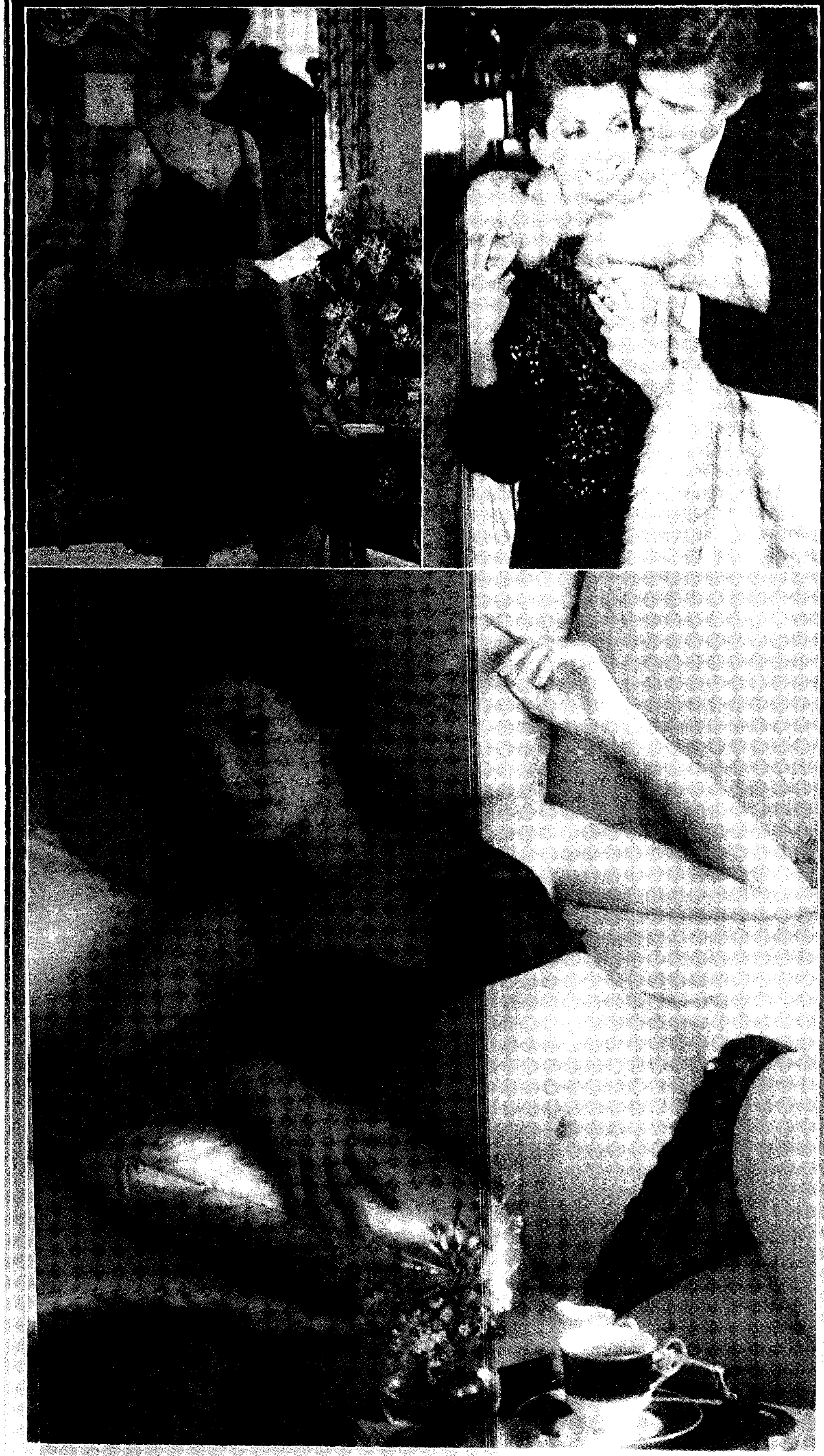

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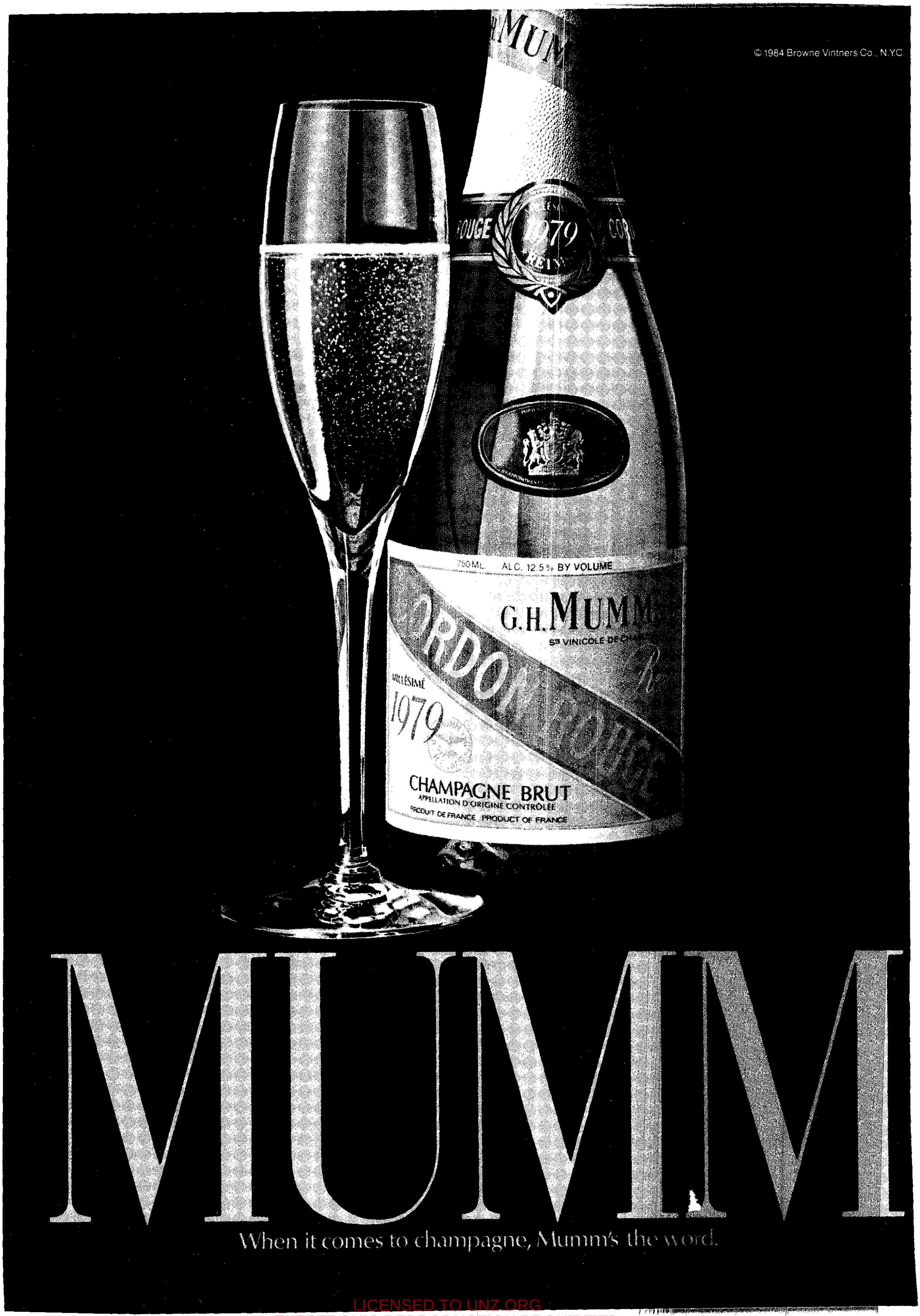
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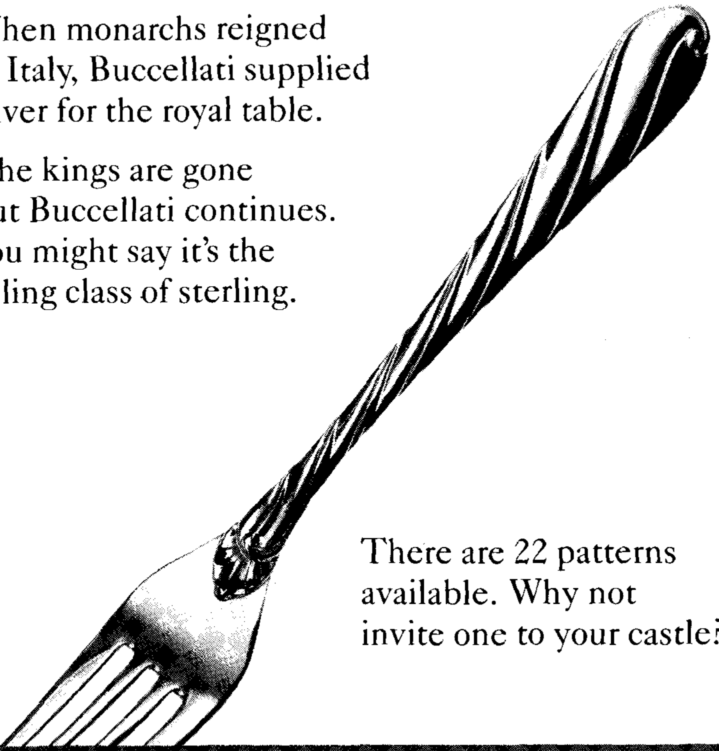
business—a one- to two-billion-dollar one. Idaho is the home base of the J. R. Simplot Company, the biggest private potato enterprise on earth. Just one of its potato-processing plants can handle more than a hundred thousand pounds of spuds an hour. One of the automobiles registered in Idaho to J. R. Simplot, whose wealth from potatoes has put him, according to *Forbes*, in the five-hundred-million-dollar category, bears the vanity plate "MR SPUD." The variety of potato that is principally grown by Simplot is the Russet Burbank, a descendant of a potato developed in Massachusetts in 1873 by Luther Burbank from a seed ball he found as a young man in his early twenties in his mother's garden. The Russet Burbank lends itself admirably to French fries, and Simplot is the major domestic supplier to the McDonald's chain, which, although it does not go in much for fancy language, has called French fries "the *pièce de résistance* of our menu." At least one sociologist has speculated, perhaps partly in jest, that were it not for these particular *pommes de terre* the hamburger might long since have become extinct. Russet Burbanks do not thrive especially well in Europe. To accommodate its outlets there, McDonald's has tried to send harvested ones from America, but the European Economic Community, to protect its own potato farmers, hasn't let them in. McDonald's has had easier going in Asia. Its self-promotional arches are a familiar sight in Hong Kong. In Singapore, the younger set has considered it socially uplifting to be seen sauntering along Orchard Road conspicuously consuming a packet of McDonald's French fries. Potato people are sensitive. They often wish that it could have been some other edible out of which John Dillinger carved the fake pistol that, after he'd dyed it with iodine, facilitated his escape from prison. Potato people speak ruefully of a "cereal mentality"—a tendency to regard roots and tubers as inherently inferior to grains—and it heartens them to hear that in some parts of the world, at least, it is a status symbol to be a potato eater. In Indonesia, for instance, potatoes are reserved for such special occasions as weddings and birthdays. In the Philippines—where Simplot used to have an experimental potato-growing agreement with the goverment—when women go to market they sometimes buy potatoes last and spread them across the top of their shopping baskets to demonstrate how



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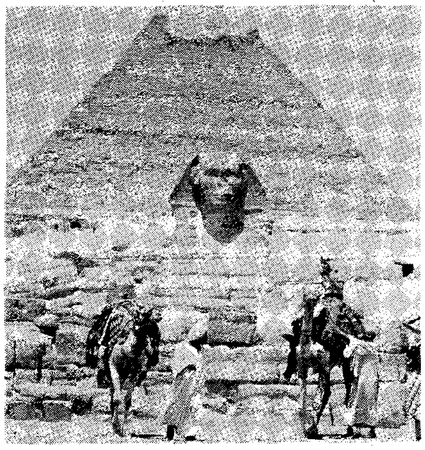

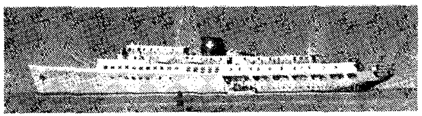

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high-class they are. At some Filipino markets, potatoes are handled like luxury items—they are individually wrapped in plastic. (A Ketchum, Idaho, mail-order entrepreneur, until he quit the business this year, went even further. In 1983, he peddled gift-wrapped "Awesome Potatoes": four of them, in a laminated-mahogany box, for $12.95.) Even so, potatoes have not yet entirely shed the lingering suspicions that have plagued them throughout history. On the island of Luzon, there is a widespread belief that it is harmful to eat them at more than three meals in a row.

In the United States today, more than half of all the potatoes that are consumed have been processed (nearly five billion pounds of them in the form of French fries)—a state of affairs that has prompted the nutrition polemicist Susan George, the author of "Feeding the Few: Corporate Control of Food" and "How the Other Half Dies: The Real Reasons for World Hunger," to write, "Americans are perhaps the only people on earth privileged to buy unbreakable, perfectly calibrated, dehydrated, rehydrated, parabolic potato chips packed in vacuum-sealed tennis ball cans—at dozens of times the cost of the original, long-forgotten potato." Frito-Lay, the snack-food division of PepsiCo, Inc., earned its parent company more than three hundred million dollars in 1982, which was more than Pepsi-Cola did. Potato chips, sales of which in the United States alone totalled nearly three billion dollars in 1983, are popularly supposed, according to one story, to have originated out of spleen, in the eighteen-fifties, at Moon's Lake House, a restaurant near Saratoga Springs, New York. Apparently, a diner there complained that the fried potatoes he ordered were too thick. The chef, a temperamental fellow named George Crum, was miffed; he thereupon sliced a fresh batch of potatoes as thin as he could, dumped them in hot oil, and slammed the result down on the patron's table. It is believed by some potato historians that the finicky diner was none other than Cornelius Vanderbilt, alias the Commodore. Saratoga County historians have disputed that, but Marylou Whitney, the fourth and present wife of the Commodore's great-great-grandson Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, gave it such credence that she once wrote "The Potato Chip Cookbook" and got practically the whole county government of Saratoga em-

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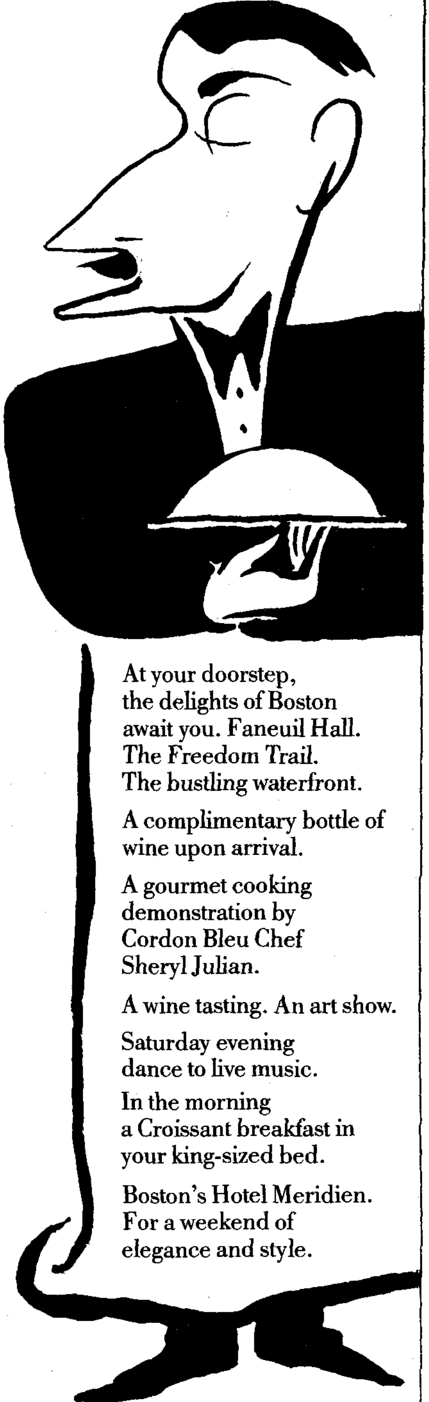

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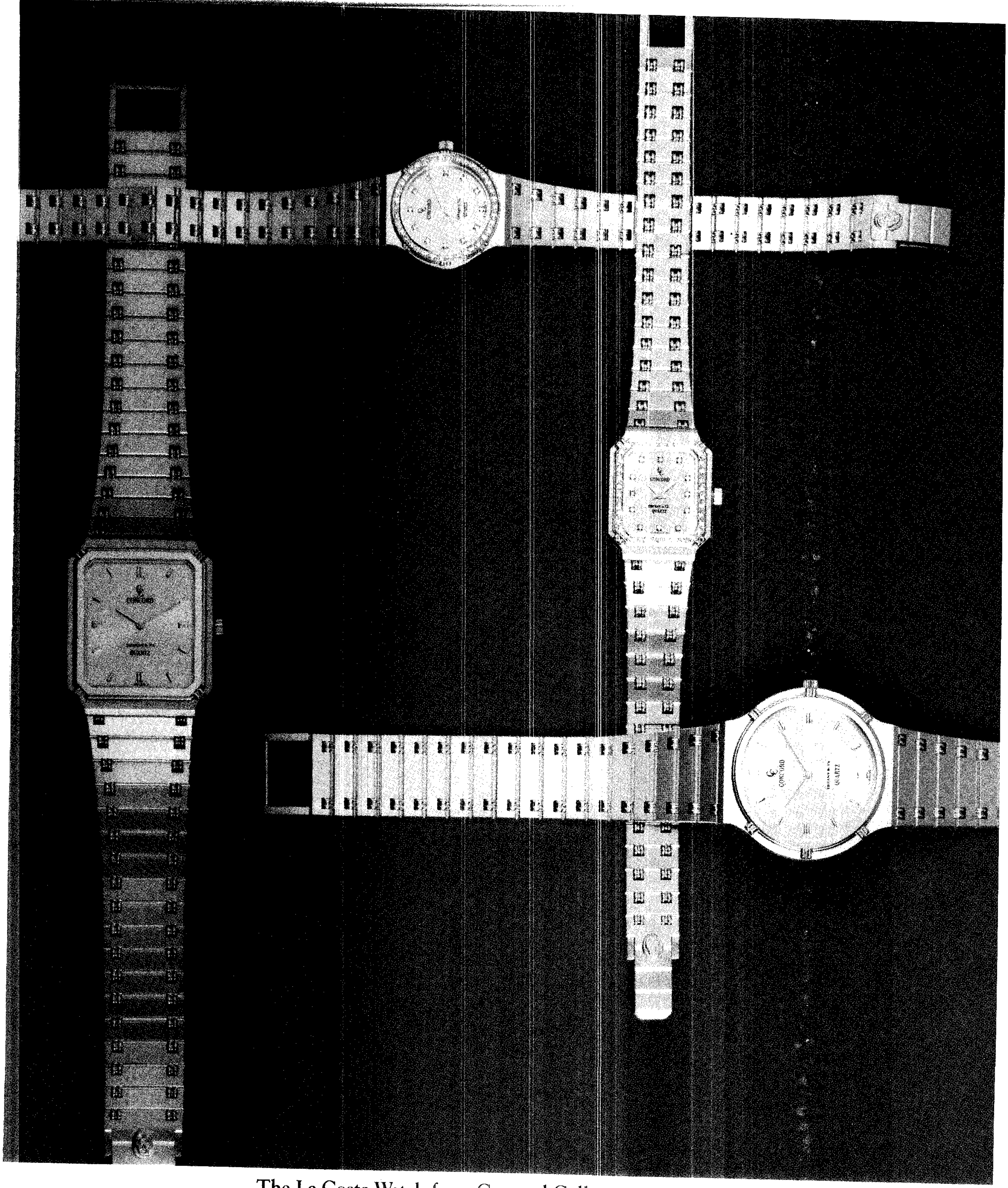

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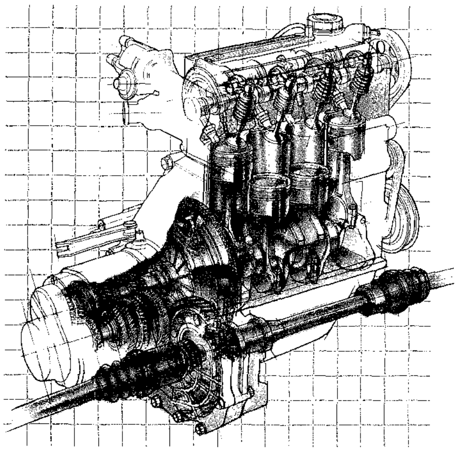
Which means, when you sell a 626, you don't have to pay the usual price there, either.



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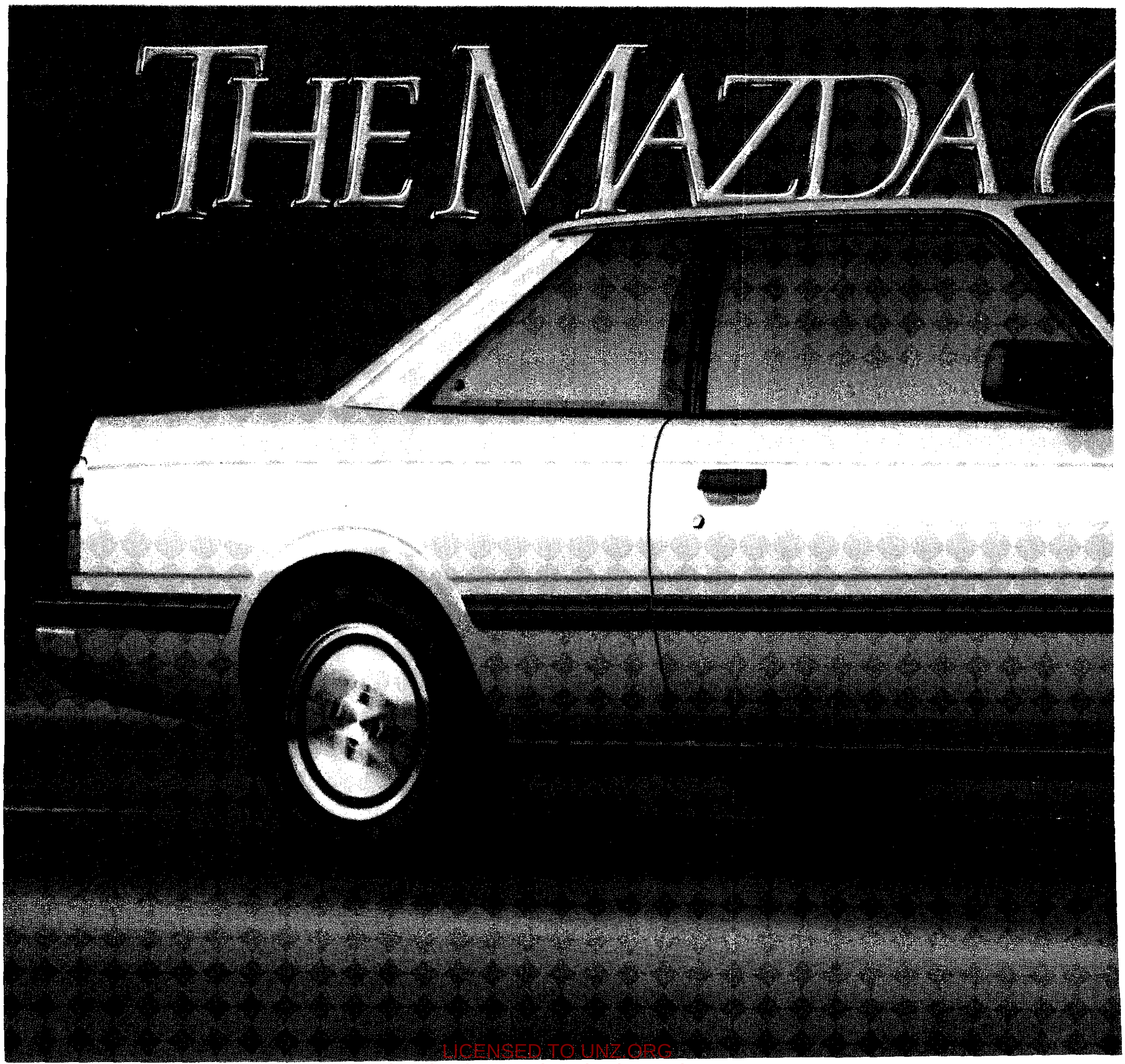

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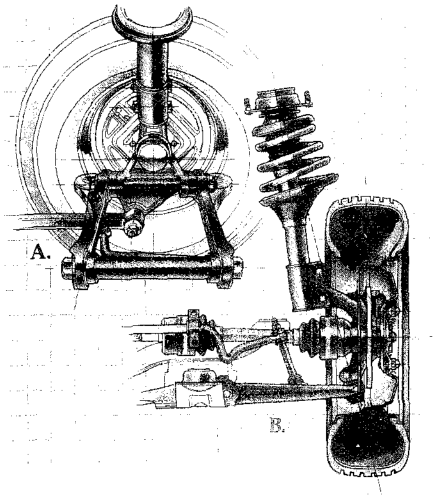

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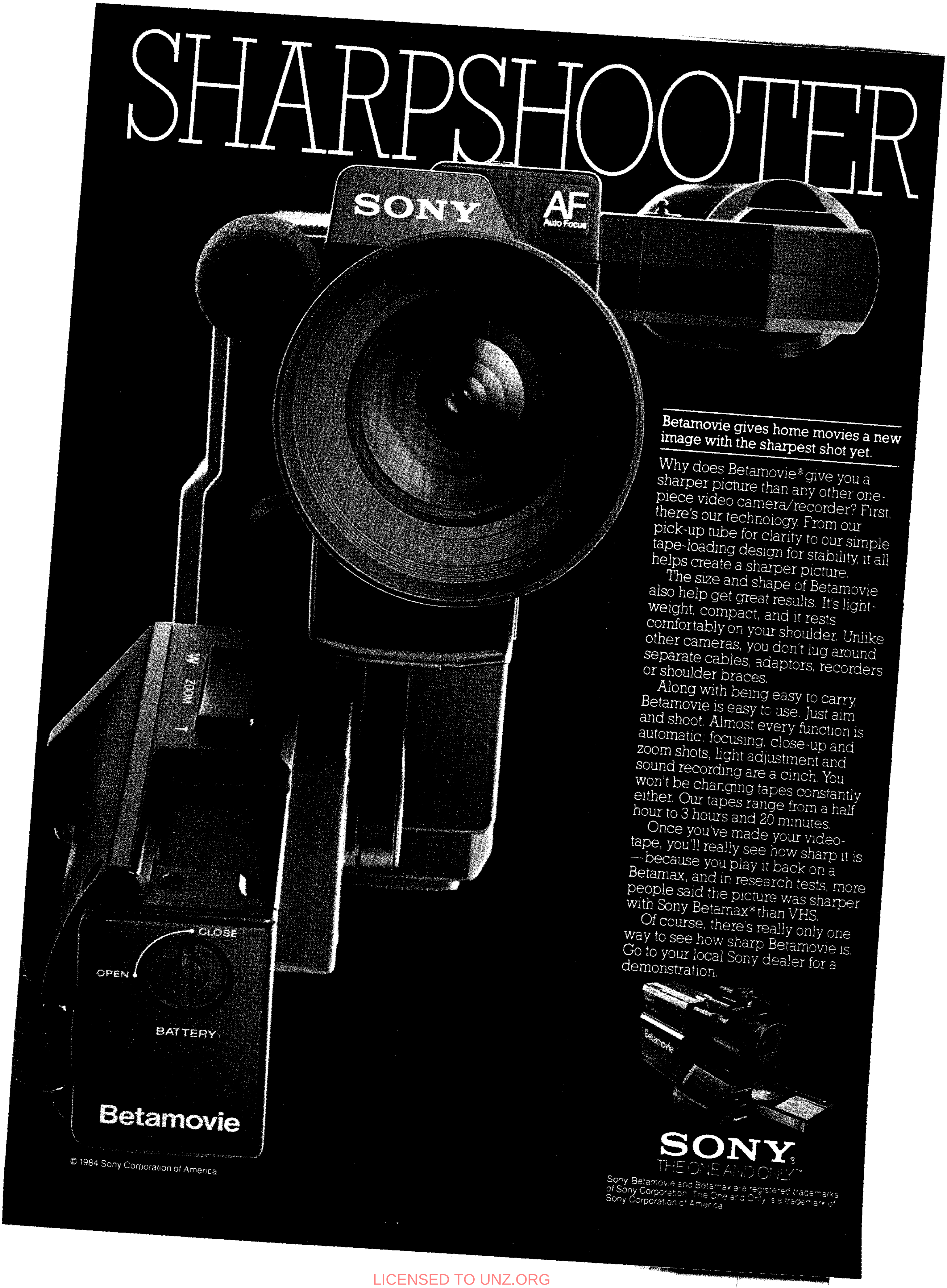

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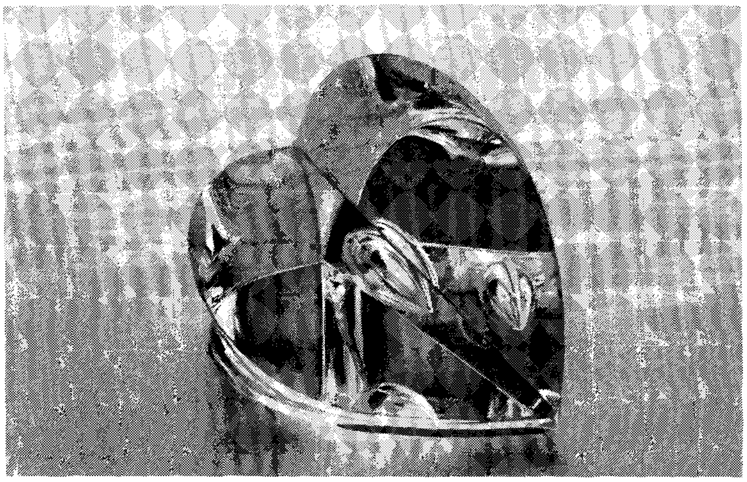
broiled one sweltering August in a much-publicized controversy over whether or not her great-great-grandfather-in-law, who was unarguably associated with the spread of the New York Central Railroad, played a similar role with respect to potato chips.

Saratoga Springs already has a horse-racing museum. Otherwise, it might have proved an admirable location for one of the world's most exotic institutions—The Potato Museum, which has been in existence, though for a good part of the time in cartons and crates, since 1975. That year, E. Thomas Hughes II, a monomaniacal young American who was teaching fifth grade at The International School of Brussels, in Belgium, asked his class, which was made up mainly of children of foreign businessmen, to investigate the potato, to which he had never previously given much sustained thought. What the students came up with—mostly, at first, recipes from their native lands—so fascinated him that he began to collect everything he could find that pertained, however remotely, to the potato. He had soon accumulated enough objects to open an exhibit in a classroom in the school, and then in three classrooms. Hughes moved his trove to a large room in the home he shared with his wife, Meredith, at Maransart, about fifteen miles outside Brussels. Hughes became incurably addicted to potatoes. "Others may find the potato inelegant—why, when Norwegians dislike their political leaders they call them 'potatoheads,' " he says. "But to me potatoes are elegant." Twelve times a year, he gets out a little publication called *Peelings*, which contains such potato esoterica as "in Lithuania it was the custom for people dining together to pull each other's hair before digging into a dish of new potatoes." The sheet, at last count, had only eighty subscribers, but Hughes is confident that it could attain a much wider readership if he ever launched a concerted circulation drive. By 1982, his hoard consisted of more than two thousand items—specimens of potatoes of all sizes, shapes, and colors; jars full of Colorado beetles; jewelry and toys made out of or resembling potatoes; planting and cultivating tools and kitchen implements; van Gogh reproductions; postcards, sometimes humorous, showing soldiers on kitchen-police duty; an 1828 New Hampshire "Wanted" poster describing a scoundrel who had swiped a potato still—but since his return to the United



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States he had never found a suitable home for it until, in mid-1983, he moved to Washington, D.C., and into a commodious old house situated not far from another incomparable repository of rare memorabilia, the Library of Congress. When Hughes was offered a teaching job at the Potomac School, in McLean, Virginia, his joy was boundless. "It sounds almost like the Potato School," he wrote a friend. In 1976, an organization in London called the Potato Marketing Board, which wanted to encourage farmers to send only their best potatoes to market and to make sure they were properly dressed, distributed a poster showing a sexy young woman clad solely in a potato sack, with the name of the variety Désirée imprinted on it. For nearly a decade now, Hughes has been searching for an invaluable trophy he would love to add to his trove—the actual potato sack in which Marilyn Monroe, before she was in a position to shrug at such frivolities, herself posed near-naked for a publicity photograph. (Someone had apparently remarked that she was so attractive she'd look good even in a potato sack, and a hovering press agent had been inspired to act.) If Hughes never gets the sack of his desire, there is always the possibility that some patron of his museum will confer on him the original manuscript of Booker T. Washington's "Up from Slavery," which contains a line that other potato buffs, when they are feeling put upon, cite to comfort one another: "There is as much dignity in tilling a field as in writing a poem." —E. J. KAHN, JR.

(This is the second of a series of articles on the staple food plants. The third will run in a future issue.)

•

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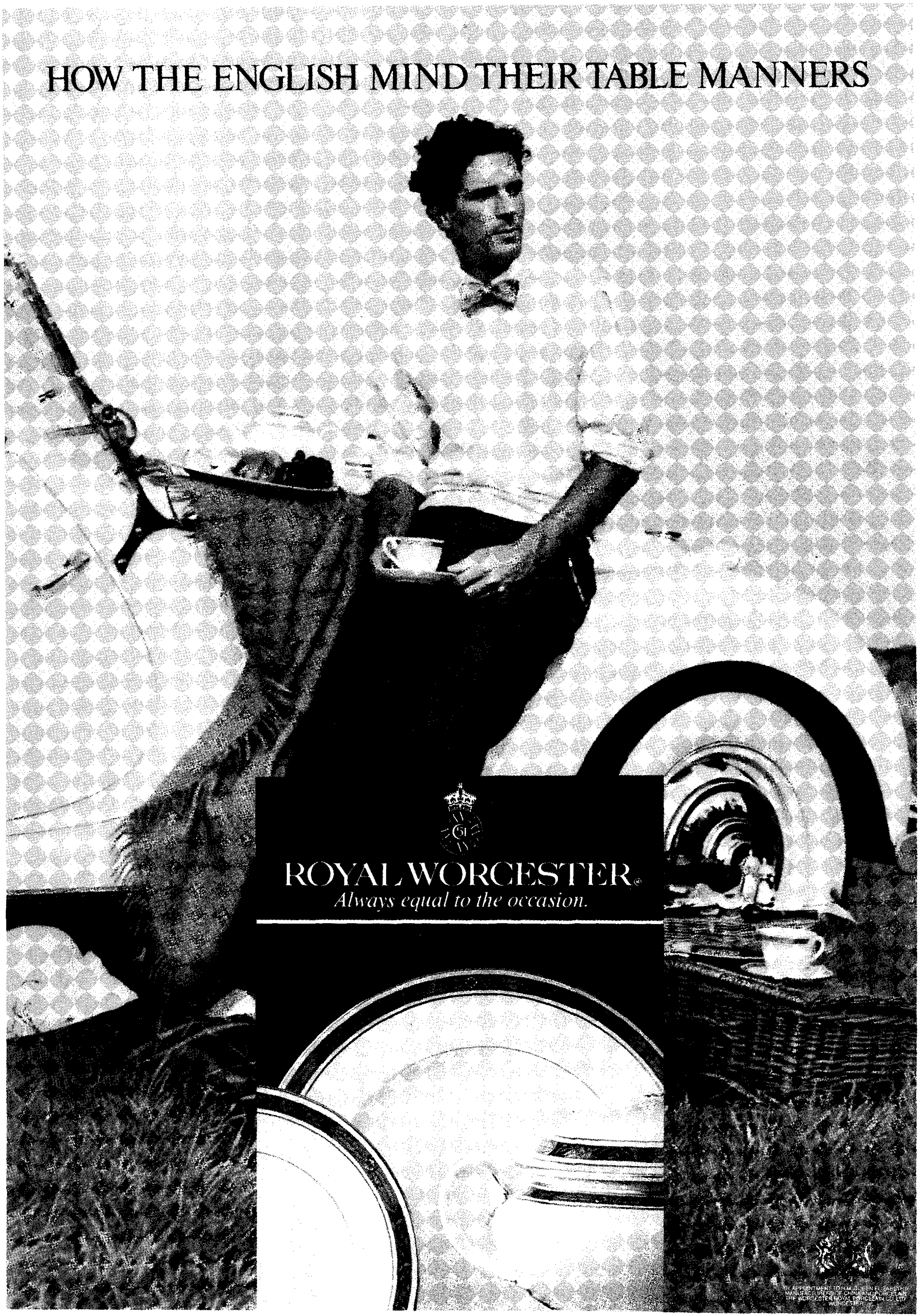

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IN January of 1981, shortly before his inauguration, Ronald Reagan made his first visit to a foreign leader since his election. From his home state of California he travelled to Ciudad Juárez—just across the border from Texas—for a meeting with José Lopez Portillo, the President of Mexico. According to one of Reagan's aides, the purpose of the visit was to "set a good tone for developing friendly relations;" and to help mark his entrance upon the international stage Reagan took along a present for his host—a Remington rifle. The weapon could have been meant to symbolize Reagan's sense of what the style of his Presidency would be, and, since the presentation was photographed for the newspapers back home, it could also have been intended to reassure those voters who had elected him in the hope that he would provide the nation with what they viewed as a tougher and more decisive leadership than Jimmy Carter's. Millions of Americans had come to believe that the United States needed a more "American" President than Carter—one who could better represent not necessarily the trigger-happy but the trigger-ready side of the nation's character. And what better way was there to symbolize the beginning of an aggressive, no-nonsense Presidency than by the token of good relations—a kind of "peacemaker"—which the newly elected Chief Executive took with him to Mexico? Moreover, Reagan was widely admired within the nation's gun-owning community, and if he had not had its enthusiastic support he might not have been elected as overwhelmingly as he was. To its members, he seemed more likely than any President in recent memory to represent and defend what they regard as their constitutional right "to keep and bear arms"—to own as many guns as they want and to use them in whatever legal manner they please. It is plausible to suppose that the wide readership of the nation's gun-and-hunting press voted solidly for him, including the readers of *Pistolero*, a magazine of idiosyncratic outlook that claims to be published "For Americans who believe that God, Guns & Guts Made US Great!" The President is himself, of course, an admirer of guns, and though he's not a hunter, he favors the practice of trophy hunting, or shooting animals for sport. "Trophy hunting," he told *Field & Stream* magazine in 1980—echoing a view that prevails within the hunting community—"is a form of harvesting." He added, "I like to shoot, and I have done my share of varmint shooting on the ranch. I am not much of a hunter, but I believe I would enjoy it more if I were going to use the meat." The powerful and influential National Rifle Association counts him among its members, and takes credit for delivering a large number of the votes that elected him. He is the first candidate for President the N.R.A. has ever endorsed. *Reports from Washington*, an N.R.A. publication, stated in November of 1980: "The political clout of the nation's gun owners and sportsmen was clearly evident in the final outcome of the November general election. In addition to a landslide victory for President-elect Ronald Reagan, the first Presidential contender to receive an N.R.A. endorsement in the organization's history, pro-gun candidates of both political parties were swept into office in Senate and House races."

Reagan is, however, not the first President to be associated with the N.R.A. or to be identified with the use of guns. A number of Presidents were former soldiers. Andrew Jackson has been called "the dean of duellists" and America's "most violent President." Abraham Lincoln was a decent marksman while growing up on the frontier. Theodore Roosevelt, perhaps the greatest gun enthusiast to have lived in the White House (Mark Hanna once referred to him as "that damned cowboy"), was a member of the N.R.A., and so were Taft, Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Nixon. What distinguishes Reagan is that, as the first Presidential candidate to have been endorsed by the N.R.A., he is the first occupant of the White House to be formally linked to the gun lobby's fight against most ef-

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forts to regulate the civilian ownership and use of firearms.

There's an irony of some interest in all this. In almost no other part of the world are civilians as free to own and use guns as they are in America. No major political office anywhere has lost so many of its occupants to civilian gunfire as the Presidency of the United States; nor have other world leaders been shot at as frequently by the citizens of their own nation. In 1835, Richard Lawrence attempted to kill Andrew Jackson in Washington; luckily, his pistols misfired. In 1865, John Wilkes Booth murdered Abraham Lincoln at Ford's Theatre, in Washington. In 1881, Charles Guiteau shot James Garfield at a railroad station in Washington, inflicting wounds from which the President did not recover. In 1901, Leon Czolgosz assassinated William McKinley at an exposition in Buffalo. In 1912, John Schrank shot and wounded Theodore Roosevelt during a campaign visit that the former President and then Bull Moose candidate was making to Milwaukee. In 1933, Giuseppe Zangara fired at President-elect Franklin Roosevelt in Miami, narrowly missing him. Instead, he hit Mayor Anton Cermak, of Chicago, who died from his wounds a few weeks later. In 1950, two Puerto Rican nationalists almost shot their way into Blair House, in Washington, intending to kill Harry Truman, but were themselves gunned down before they reached the President. Thirteen years later, Lee Harvey Oswald shot and killed John Kennedy in Dallas. In September of 1975, Lynette Fromme pointed a gun at Gerald Ford in Sacramento, and later that month Sara Jane Moore fired at him in San Francisco. And, most recently, in March of 1981 John W. Hinckley, Jr., shot and seriously wounded Ronald Reagan in the nation's capital.

If President Reagan's inclusion in that series of events is more ironic than the others'—in view of his popularity with and support of the pro-gun lobby—the fact doesn't seem to have made much of an impression on him. He has found no reason to change or soften his views on the question of gun ownership—to the great admiration of gunmakers and gun users. "Shooters, generally—at least, handgunners—are fortunate that we have the President we have," William Ruger, the president of Sturm, Ruger, one of the nation's larger gun-producing firms, said in a gun publication some months after Hinckley's attack on Reagan. A full-page tribute in *Pistolero* applauded the President for refusing to alter his pro-gun position. "Thank God for President Reagan, a man who, even after being shot, realizes that more gun controls are not the solution to our crime problem," its text read. "Here's a man of guts, common sense and vision. May he live to be 120!"

Americans who came of age during the past two decades or so are probably the first generation in the country's history to have grown up amid such an epidemic of gun attacks on Presidents and other prominent national figures—Robert Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Jr., Malcolm X, George Wallace, Allard Lowenstein, and John Lennon. Shortly after the attempt on President Reagan's life, a reader wrote to *Newsweek*, "If you had told me in 1963 that in the next twenty years I would see one President shot to death, one wounded and one twice threatened by gun-wielding assailants, one senator killed and one wounded and one governor wounded, I would have said, 'You've got to be kidding! That's not the United States, it's a shooting gallery.' " Whether or not the United States can be called a shooting gallery, it unquestionably accommodates the world's largest and freest gun culture—one whose roots are deep in the nation's past.

"The United States is the only modern industrial urban nation that persists in maintaining a gun culture," the historian Richard Hofstadter wrote in 1970. "It is the only industrial nation in which the possession of rifles, shotguns, and handguns is lawfully prevalent among large numbers of its population." It is estimated that there are now nearly two hundred million civilian-owned guns, of every kind, in America, and that figure includes some sixty million handguns. In 1980 alone, about two and a half million handguns were made and sold in the United States, and about a quarter million more were assembled here from imported parts. In the late nineteen-sixties, one new handgun was sold every twenty-four seconds. Today, demand has doubled: two are sold every twenty-four seconds.

John Hinckley was not raised by a gun-owning family, but some of the views he came to hold and the ease with which he was able to acquire his firearms are typical of the nation's gun culture. Hinckley wanted to commit a "historical deed" with his gun in order to win the affection of an actress—a frivolous reason compared with, say, John Wilkes Booth's; but the act he committed places him solidly within the history of American gun assassins. He bought his handgun in a pawnshop, easily and cheaply, just like many others who have killed or tried to kill public figures. And only a gun culture could have inspired his "Guns Are Fun!," a poem, written before his attack on President Reagan, that begins:

> See that living legend over there?
> With one little squeeze of the trigger
> I can put that person at my feet moaning
> and groaning and pleading with God.
> This gun gives me pornographic power.
> If I wish, the President will fall and the
> world will look at me in disbelief
> All because I own an inexpensive gun.

"The U.S. has preserved for its people the liberty to kill almost at will," said the *Straits Times*, of Singapore, which was among the many newspapers around the world that looked at Hinckley in disbelief.

NO firearm has been more damaging to civilian life in America—has been used in more robberies, murders, and other physical assaults—than the handgun. Yet none seems to have been more highly romanticized as a symbol of the nation's bond with gunfire. Devotees of shooting may see nothing strange in that pair of facts. But to Americans who are neither users nor lovers of guns it must seem a dreadful contradiction that a weapon devised chiefly for the purpose of killing human beings—which takes more than ten thousand civilian lives each year—should be the glamorous item of our culture that it is. It must astonish them to hear handguns being praised for their "beauty" and their "tasteful design," or being called by such stylish names as the Pathfinder, the Minx, the Abilene, the Redhawk, the Super Blackhawk, and the Diamondback. In his book "Great American Guns and Frontier Fighters," Will Bryant writes of firearms in America's past as having been "household" and "matter-of-fact" items. And when the guns were very good, Bryant continues, "they began to acquire almost human traits. . . . Men said that a gun was 'noble' or that it was 'vicious' or 'sweet,' or gave it a name like Betsy." By itself, a gun is "a cold machine, a thing of wood and metal," Carroll C. Holloway writes in "Texas Gun Lore," but "clothed with the rich garments of dreams it cannot be cold." We learn from a review of Albert Goldman's "Elvis" that Presley

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"packed three guns in his later years," that he "kept one on the table while he ate," that he "thought nothing of running up an $85,000 gun bill," that he "thought nothing of drawing a gun on people who crossed him, or blasting away at a television set when a program annoyed him."

Makers of the John Wayne commemorative Colt .45 call attention to its lovely ivory grips and its elegant packaging—"a deluxe hand-finished oak presentation case" with a "selectively gold-plated plaque." They invite buyers to wrap their hands around the grips of a Colt and imagine themselves "right back through history" and feel the same "confidence" and "pride of possession" that the pioneers did when the Colt was "man's constant companion on the trail." More recently, holders of the American Express credit card were offered the opportunity to obtain from the Franklin Mint re-created models of the .44-calibre Smith & Wesson revolver that Wyatt Earp used in the shoot-out at the O.K. Corral, in Tombstone, Arizona—"the West's most celebrated gunfight." The offer went on to state that the re-created version of Earp's gun "has an elegance that well bespeaks the style of a professional gambler and gunfighter."

Two years ago, the Bank of Findlay, in central Illinois, mixing the casual and the chic, offered depositors a pair of Colt handguns in lieu of interest. The offer brought in a deluge of new deposits—surpassing, according to a news report in the New York *Times*, one bank executive's "wildest dreams." A reason for the deluge, another executive explained, was that there weren't many liberals in Findlay; people there still believe, along with *Pistolero*, that "God, guns, and guts" are what "made the U.S. what it is today." Believing in these things, the people of Findlay must also know that robberies with guns helped to make the United States what it is. But, given the kind of place that Findlay is, the bank probably had no fear that the guns it was offering could one day be turned against its own tellers. Findlay, residents say, is "a quiet bedroom;" the kids are "excellent;" no one "gets rowdy in Findlay;" and the town "is as dry as you can get, except on New Year's Eve." The Bank of Findlay wasn't the only, or even the first, bank to offer guns as interest on deposits. The Citizens First Bank of Ocala, Florida, did so a few months earlier, and Robert Mock, the bank's executive vice-president, was quoted in newspapers as saying that he got the idea from the Bank of Boulder, Colorado. When the Citizens First Bank began advertising in local newspapers, it got calls mainly from the Ocala area, Mock explained, but when it advertised in a national gun publication "calls started coming in from all over the country."

About the same time that the bank in Findlay was offering its pistols, Southern California introduced what may be the highest form yet of handgun snobbery—"the ultimate status symbol," it has been called. This is the Bijan designer handgun, which is embossed in twenty-four-karat gold, and which can be equipped—on special request—with a set of gold bullets. It was produced by an Iranian-born designer named Bijan Pakzad, whose showrooms, in Beverly Hills, New York, and Florence, have been known to stock ninety-five-thousand-dollar chinchilla bedspreads and other conspicuously expensive consumer merchandise. At the Beverly Hills showroom, one may also purchase the designer pistol, for ten thousand dollars. Pakzad is on record as making some rather proud statements about his handgun. Noting that "Gucci never did gold pistols," he has called his gun "a very chic and elegant form of protection," a thing that everybody "who is rich and loves guns will want." He has said that he designed "something so American" that even people who hated guns would want one, to touch and fondle, "because it's so pretty." He has further expressed the view that "every possession of a discriminating man, including his means of security, ought to be of the highest quality and taste."

WHEN ordinary, or more serious, handgun lovers meet to discuss what they admire in the weapons they use, the names Smith & Wesson, Charter Arms, Ivor Johnson, Browning, Ruger, and Beretta are almost sure to be mentioned—names of some of the major handgun manufacturers in the United States. But, highly prized though these companies' products may be, they aren't nearly as illustrious as the two handguns from which they all descend—the guns of Henry Deringer, Jr., and Samuel Colt. Deringer, a Pennsylvanian, came from a pre-Revolutionary gunmaking family. His father was one of the German immigrant gunsmiths who, around 1775, designed and built the venerable

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Kentucky rifle—the first of the distinctly American long guns. The younger Deringer made his own mark in the eighteen-thirties, when he developed the pistol that bears his name (now spelled "derringer"). Light and palm-size—nothing like its contemporaries, the pepperbox (which had a cluster of revolving barrels) and the longer duelling pistol—it was the tiniest handgun yet made in America. And because it was also accurate, and deadly at short range, it was widely adopted as an indoor gun, though mostly in towns and cities. In San Francisco during the Gold Rush days of the eighteen-fifties, it was the favorite weapon of miners, gamblers, bankers, bartenders, brothel keepers, and prostitutes. Men carried it in waistbands, shirtsleeves, coat pockets, and the tops of high boots. Women wore it stashed under hats, corsets, garter belts, or in muffs or pocketbooks. It came to be known as the assassin's gun—especially after Booth used it to kill Lincoln. In short, the derringer was the Saturday-night special of its time—the first of the easily concealable snub-nosed weapons that have become so prevalent in the towns and cities of America.

But the derringer's early place in the development of civilian handgun violence has long been overshadowed by the Colt revolver, which made its first appearance about the same time. What made it a revolver, of course, was its revolving cylinder, containing chambers for separate bullets; it was one of the first practical pistols that could be fired several times in succession before they had to be reloaded. Unlike the derringer, Sam Colt's gun wasn't ideal for indoor use. It wasn't concealable. It was long and heavy, sturdily built, powerful at long range—good for outdoor shooting. The inaugural model was a .36-calibre five-shooter, which, after undergoing a series of changes, led eventually to the .45 six-shooter of legend. Sam Fields, a prominent advocate of handgun control, has written, in the *St. Louis University Law Journal*, "The modern handgun began its career of death and destruction . . . with the creation of the Colt .45 Peacemaker. . . . Such technology brought convenient ultimate violence within everyone's reach by supplying a dependable, easy-to-carry, ever-ready destructive device." Constructively and destructively—whether fired by the military, the police, or civilians—the Colt played a more dominant role in the affairs of

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nineteenth-century America than any other handgun. Its particular uses on the frontier bequeathed an appeal that has possessed the nation's imagination ever since. "Whatever sins the six-shooter may have to answer for," the historian Walter Prescott Webb wrote in his classic 1931 study "The Great Plains," "it stands as the first mechanical adaptation made by the American people when they emerged from the timber and met a set of new needs in the open country of the Great Plains." Or, as Rick Hacker, an enthusiast of that weapon, has put it, the Colt is "as much a part of our American heritage as the Constitution and Thanksgiving."

Samuel Colt, an inventor from Connecticut, designed his revolver in the mid-eighteen-thirties and built the first models in Paterson, New Jersey. There was no immediate demand for Colt's revolver. The towns and cities of the nation had little or no use for so long and heavy and bulky a handgun. The little derringer suited their needs perfectly. The needs that the Colt revolver was ideally suited to meet existed at that time—in the eighteen-thirties and forties—mostly in the open spaces of the Southwest, and especially in Texas. Not only was the territory then struggling for independence from Mexico but, simultaneously, it was required to defend its settlers against the attacks of hostile Comanches. And the Texas Rangers—the chief military and police force of the territory—had found, much to their surprise, that the Indians were even more formidable adversaries than the Mexican soldiers. The Rangers, astride the finest horses in Texas, and armed with the best long guns then available—Kentucky-type single-shot rifles—were still outfought by the Indian warriors. Those Indians were superb cavalrymen—brilliant archers on horseback—and they had no fear of the white man's firearm. They knew that the Texans, after firing, almost always had to dismount in order to reload—for those single-shot guns had to be reloaded through their muzzles, and it was nearly impossible to re-stuff a muzzle on horseback. Basing their strategy on this fact, the Comanches would ride in only near enough to draw the first round of single-shot fire; then, while the dismounted Texans were reloading, the Indians would pour down en masse, strike quickly and devastatingly with their arrows, and swiftly retreat—before the surviving Texans were ready

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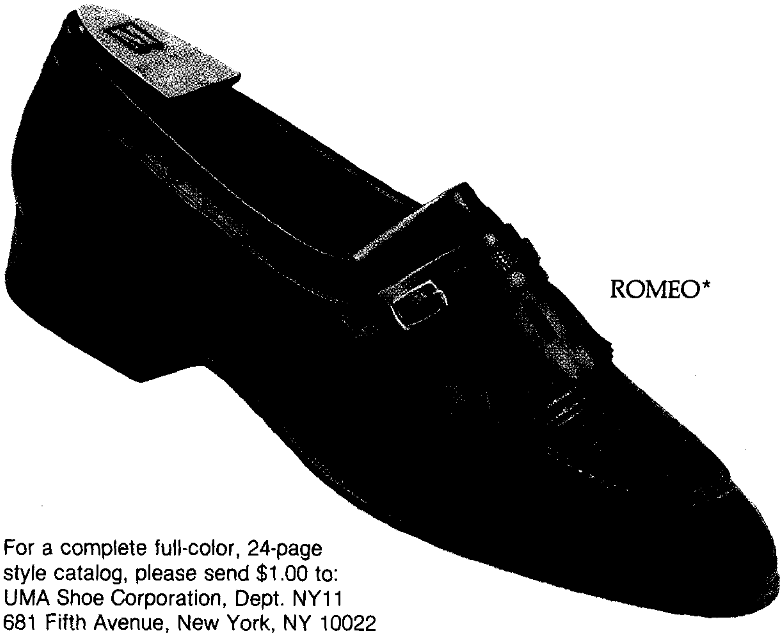

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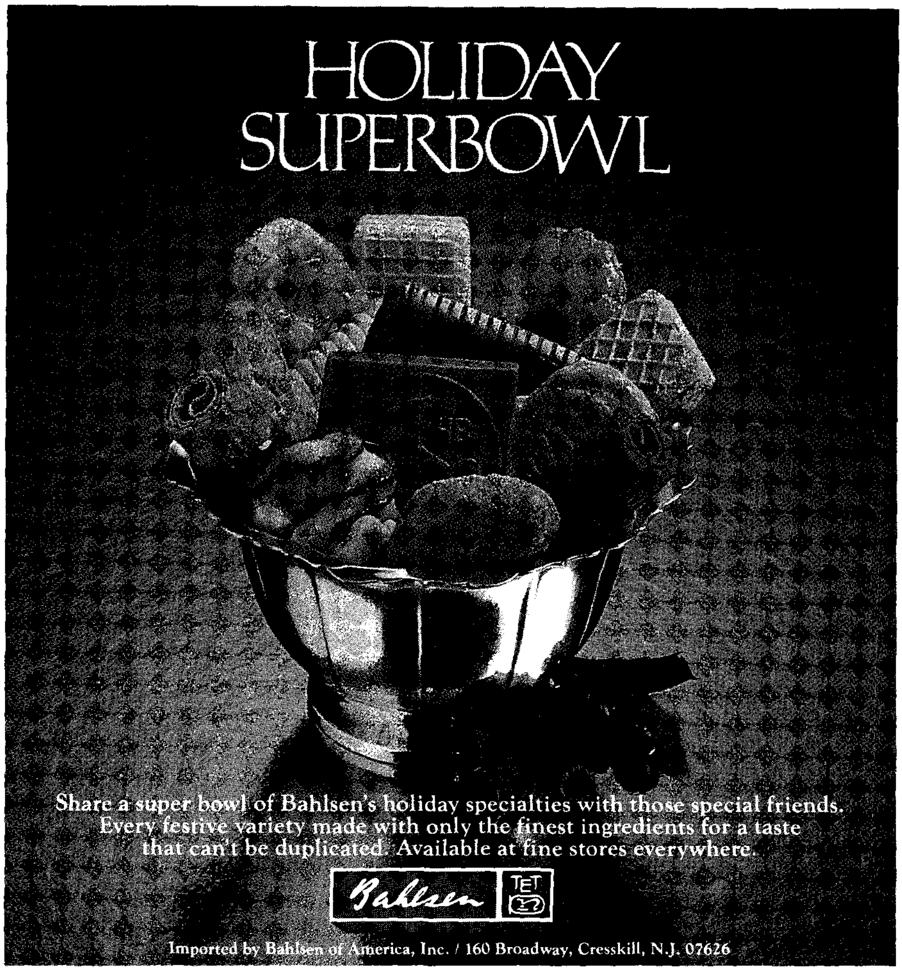
to start firing again. When the Rangers realized how the Indians were fighting them, they devised a counter-strategy. Instead of letting off their single-shot rifles all at once, they began staggering their fire, shooting in platoons. But this method was only slightly more effective, for the Indians now held back their main attacking forces, sending in only a few riders at a time, until it seemed clear that the enemy's ammunition was exhausted. They then bore down on the Rangers and released their fusillades of arrows. "It was a situation which called for great economy and precaution," Walter Prescott Webb wrote. "It gave rise to such admonitions as 'Hold your fire,' 'Take steady aim,' 'Make every shot tell.' The marvellous marksmanship of that early day was due to the fact that the first shot was frequently the only shot."

What the Texans needed was a multi-shot gun that they could fire repeatedly from horseback and easily reload without dismounting. They first got their hands on such a weapon around 1839, when a few of the revolvers that Sam Colt had built in Paterson found their way—by means that have never been explained—into the Rangers' camp. The handguns were a godsend. During one of the first battles in which they were used, the Rangers killed or wounded about half of an eighty-man Comanche force and put the rest to flight. Colt's gun had shifted the odds decisively in favor of the Texas settlers. And the Indians, retreating before such a weapon as they had never confronted in the past, called it a "spirit gun"—magical in its ability to deliver so many bullets in succession. Other tribes later used the same term when, on the Great Plains, they encountered such formidable repeating rifles as the Winchester. But it was the discovery and use by the Texas Rangers of Sam Colt's invention which guaranteed its role in future dramas of American life.

"Without your Pistols," Captain Samuel Walker, of the Rangers, wrote to Colt, "we would not have had the confidence to have undertaken such daring adventures." In appreciation of the territory that had proved the worth of his handgun, and in recognition of the town in New Jersey where he had built it, Colt named one of the first models of his revolver the Texas Paterson. But, as a fighting man, Captain Walker had found limitations in that model which its designer could not have known about, and in his letter of



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praise to Colt he went on to suggest that certain changes would make Colt's revolvers even more effective instruments of warfare. "With improvements," Walker wrote, "I think they can be rendered the most perfect weapon in the World for light mounted troops . . . the only efficient troops that can be placed upon our extensive Frontier to keep the various warlike tribes of Indians & marauding Mexicans in subjection. The people throughout Texas are anxious to procure your pistols & I doubt not you would find sale for a large number at this time." The suggested improvements included the addition of a trigger guard and a loading lever. Colt incorporated them into an advanced design of his gun, and about a thousand of the new weapons were later delivered to the Rangers. They performed as well as Walker had thought they would, helping the Rangers to complete their mastery over the Indians and over those Mexicans who had continued to raid the territory even after its independence.

With such a history of accomplishment, the Colt handgun became the favorite firearm of almost all gun users in Texas, and remained so even after Remington and Smith & Wesson had begun making *their* famous revolvers; for decades it continued to be more popular in Texas than in any other part of the nation. Sam Colt's company continued to develop and improve his revolver through and after the Civil War years, and in 1873 it produced the most famous of all his guns—and probably the most famous handgun ever made. This was the .45-calibre single-action Army six-shooter, otherwise known as the Peacemaker. It was used extensively and with great success by the armed forces of the United States; but it was mainly in the hands of prairie pioneers and fighters that it became an American legend. And it was mainly Texans who introduced it into the life and affairs of the Great Plains. First carried into that territory by cowboys, the Colt revolver soon became the chief weapon of outlaws, gunfighters, and lawmen—though they did, of course, use rifles as well. Mark Twain once said of a Smith & Wesson pocket revolver he took West in 1861 that though it looked like a dangerous weapon, it "had one fault—you could not hit anything with it." Almost no one ever said that about the Colt .45. It was the peerless fighting small arm of its day. Well balanced and easy to

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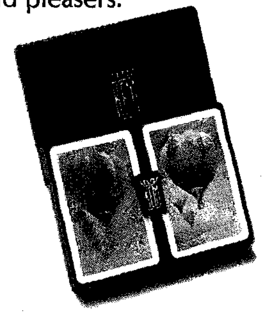

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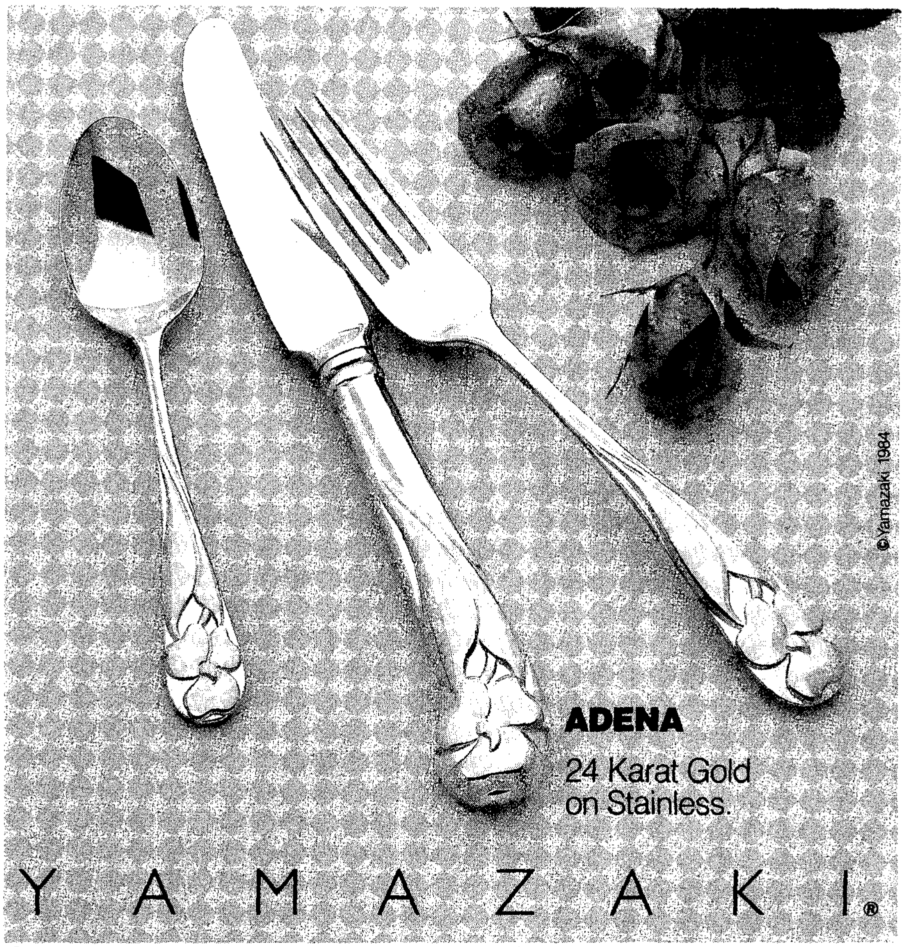

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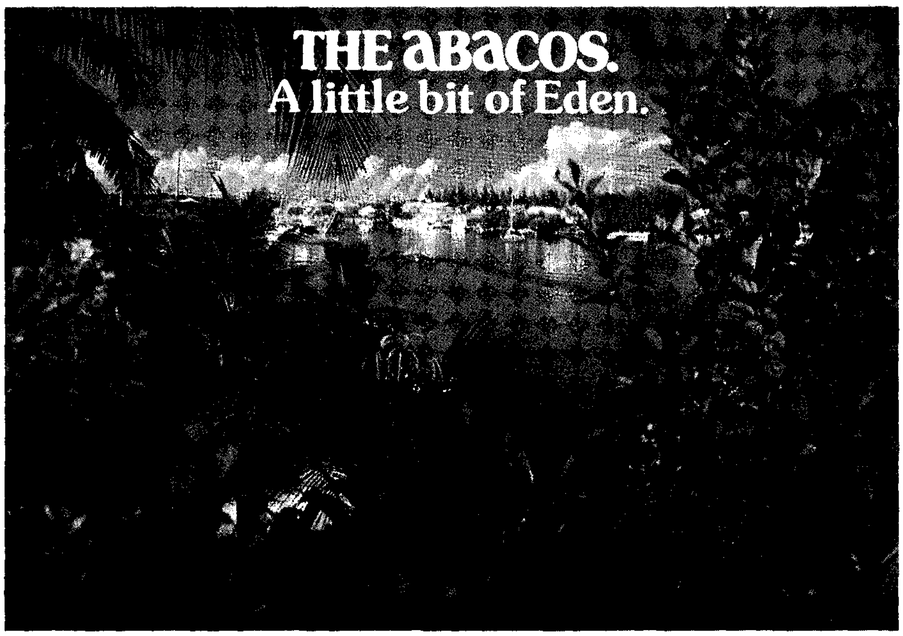

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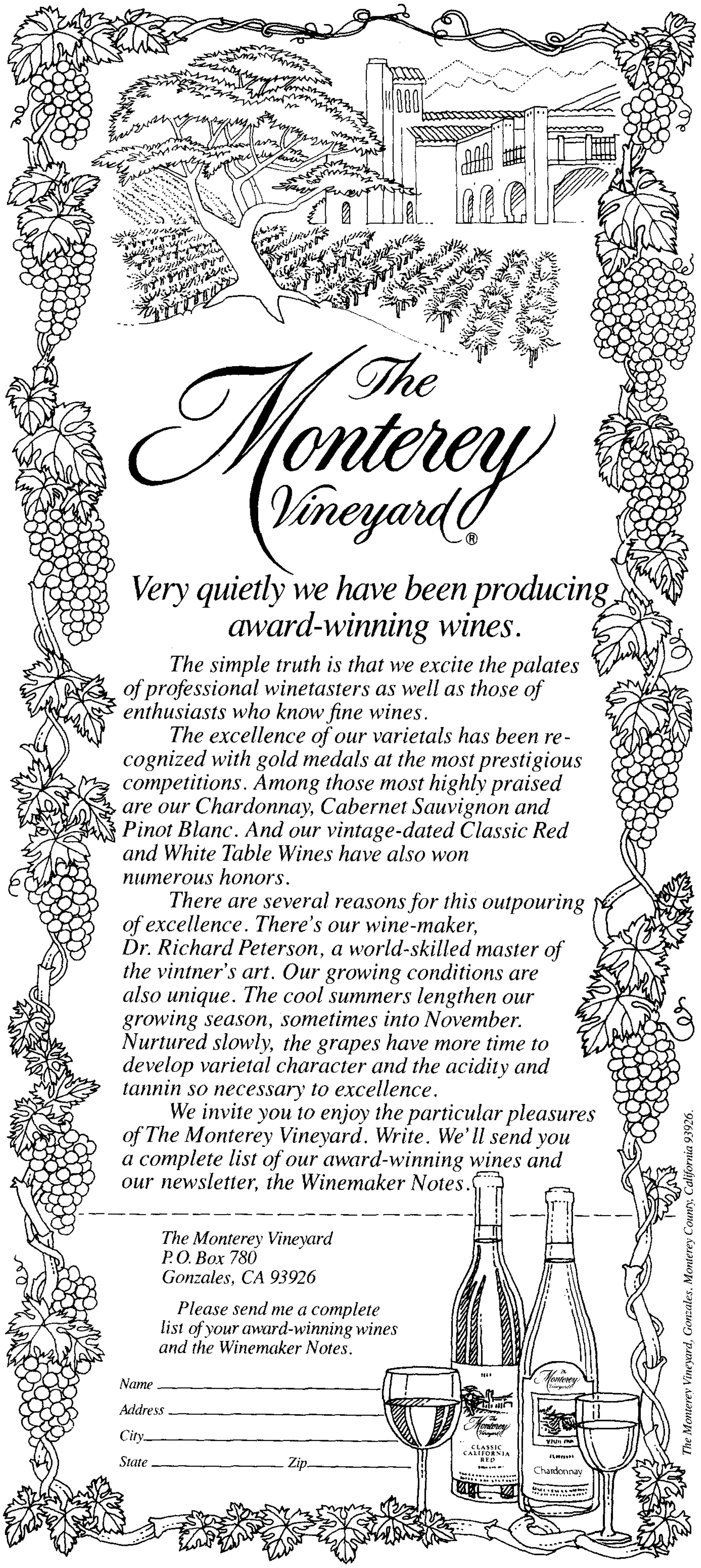
handle, it pointed—someone said—as naturally and as accurately as a forefinger. With a Colt in his holster, no man on the frontier felt himself to be the inferior of a potential adversary. A frontier saying had it that God had created men of varying powers and abilities but Sam Colt had made them equal.

THE Colt's journey from Texas across the plains and into the Western heartland of violence and lawlessness was propelled by the spread of the cattle trade. By the end of the Civil War, there was a great demand for beef in the large cities of the East. Texas was the nation's cattle domain, and the expanding railroads, by which meat could be shipped to those who wanted it, had some of their major Midwestern depots in Kansas. To feed the tables of the East, to enrich the coffers of the Southwestern cattle barons, and to make an arduous, modest living for themselves, cowboys drove great herds of longhorns across the grasslands between Texas and Kansas. The journey often took months. And since it was perilous as well as long, the cowboys needed guns to protect themselves and their herds from Indians, rattlesnakes, and cattle thieves. More often than rifles they carried the Colt revolver—first the five-shooter and later the six-shooting Peacemaker.

The railheads of Kansas where the cowboys delivered their droves of longhorns were rowdy little cowtowns like Wichita, Newton, Hays, Dodge City, Ellsworth, Caldwell, and—perhaps rowdiest of them all—Abilene. The towns were never more disorderly than when the cowboys came in, with their tons of beef-on-the-hoof. But cowboys weren't the only, or even the main, causes of this disorder, which often led to gunfighting and murder. A town like Abilene had its core of God-fearing citizens—legitimate businessmen of all kinds and sedate families from the East who were transplanting themselves to the open and promising frontier. In his book "Small Town America," the writer Richard Lingeman describes these pioneers in the cowtowns of the plains as "the correct Puritanical mix of piety and Yankee business sense." But there also came a horde of gamblers, swindlers, bank and train robbers, horse thieves, cattle thieves, and professional gunfighters. And these elements, many armed with Colt handguns, stirred most dangerously to life when the cattle drives came in: when the banks were loaded with money; when cash was flowing from hand to hand; when the saloons and brothels and gambling joints were most lively; and when the cowboys—having just been paid, after their months on grasslands trails—were out kicking up their heels and letting off steam.

Contrary to legend, few cowboys possessed the temperament of gunfighters. The trouble they caused in the cowtowns was mostly innocent trouble—the result of drunken celebration. Most of them came close to committing acts of violence only when lawmen tried to put an end to their spree. Some of them hated to think that the money they made from herding cattle came chiefly from the East; others had fought with the Confederacy, and still resented the Yankees they had lost to—they weren't about to submit easily to lawmen whom they saw as transplanted citizens of a region that had defeated them in the Civil War. In the rough towns of the frontier the lawmen's real problems were the bandits and gunfighters who terrorized the life of the plains. On the roster of Western outlaws were Clay Allison, "swift as water" with his six-guns; John Wesley Hardin, said to have killed more than forty men in ten years; Billy the Kid, who in a short career disposed of around twenty; Frank and Jesse James, the princes of bank and train robbing; the Dalton gang; the Clanton brothers; the Younger brothers; Belle Starr, "the Bandit Queen of the Indian Territory;" Bill Longley, with about thirty notches on his six-guns; and such other killers and marauders as Doc Holliday, Al Jennings, Butch Cassidy, and the Sundance Kid. These and many like them ruled the frontier underworld from the end of the Civil War to the beginning of the new century—and mostly, though not exclusively, with Colt .45s.

The lawmen whose unenviable duty it was to maintain a degree of order on the frontier—marshals and sheriffs, like Bat Masterson, Bill Tilghman, Tom Smith, Wild Bill Hickok, Ben Thompson, Pat Garrett, and Wyatt Earp—also relied heavily on their mastery of the big handgun. Masterson and Tilghman served, at different times, in Dodge City. Smith preceded Hickok as marshal of Abilene, where both men tried and failed to enforce mild gun-control ordinances. Garrett, a sheriff in New Mexico, ended the career of Billy the Kid. Thompson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once presided in Austin, Texas. Earp served in Dodge City and, later, in Tombstone, Arizona. "Talk about the rule of iron! We had it," the mayor of Abilene said of Hickok's tenure there. Hickok himself was later gunned down during a card game. A number of these lawmen came out of dark and lawless pasts—had been robbers and gamblers and killers before they were hired to wear a badge. In fact, some owed their lawful employment to town mayors who had heard of their exploits and reputations as feared gunmen. So in the frontier towns, as in much of urban America at a later time, the handgun served both sides of the law, worked both sides of the violent streets. In those early days, as in our own, the handgun was the main weapon of civilian murder and assault.

CIVILIAN gun violence did not begin with the invention of the Colt revolver, of course, or with the movement of cattle out of Texas. In Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit"—based partly on the novelist's first visit to America, in 1842—Chuzzlewit and his "fellow-wanderer" Mark Tapley are taken aback by the free and casual use of guns in the United States. In the town of Eden—which was based on Cairo, Illinois—the two Englishmen make the acquaintance of Hannibal Chollop, who, they discover, usually carries "a brace of revolving pistols in his coat pocket," and who utters boasts like "It ain't long since I shot a man down with that, sir. . . . I shot him down, sir, for asserting . . . that the ancient Athenians went ahead of the present Locofoco Ticket." When Tapley later mentions the "murderous little persuaders" that Chollop carries and is always ready to use, one Mr. Pogram comes heatedly to the defense of his fellow-American. How strange and singular, Pogram exclaims, is "the settled opposition to our Institutions which pervades the British mind." Chuzzlewit can scarcely believe what he has heard. "What an extraordinary people you are!" he replies. "Are pistols . . . and such things Institutions on which you pride yourselves? Are bloody duels, brutal combats, savage assaults, shooting down, and stabbing in the streets, your Institutions?"

Since Colt's gun wasn't yet in popular use, the shootings that Dickens heard and read about must have been done with derringers, pepperboxes, and duelling pistols. Still, such shootings weren't then as common in American life as they were later to become. And when one looks at the widespread modern fascination with handguns one can hardly help attributing much of it to the development of the mass-production gun industry (especially in the latter half of the nineteenth century) and what the popular media have done to glamorize the role of guns in the life of the frontier. Popular entertainment, by its heroic portrayals of gunfighters—whether they were respected lawmen or killers and bandits—has made the handgun seem an even more attractive and desirable arbiter of civilian conflict than it already seemed. Of the Americans who have been so influenced—who are still enraptured by the gun legend of the Old West—a writer for the *Wall Street Journal* said some years ago, "For most, it's enough to get the experience vicariously—by watching TV or movie heroes reassuringly gun down the bad guys. But for some, the lure of the legend is great enough to cause them to acquire peacemakers of their own."

Even before the popular media began their work, Easterners who visited the frontier had been returning home with exciting reports of a new style of life and a new kind of heroic American that the rough Western experience was breeding. They misjudged much of what they saw, however. Walter Prescott Webb has written, "The West appeared romantic to those who were not of it—to the Easterner, who saw the outward aspects of a strange life without understanding its meaning and deeper significance." Whatever the Easterner didn't understand, Webb went on, "was strange, romantic, spectacular." He didn't "ride horses," didn't "wear a six-shooter," didn't "herd cattle or wear boots or red handkerchiefs or spurs," and couldn't "quite see that a normal person could do such things." So when the Easterner saw the man of the West he "was at once impressed with the feeling that he had found something new in human beings."

It was Easterners—of whatever breeding or background—who began writing what later became the cheap escapist fiction of Western life and a staple of popular reading. And what some of those stories made of the cowboy—presenting him, for example, as an outlaw and a gunman—bore little resemblance to the truth. Harry Chrisman, an authority on the Old West, has explained that real cowboys were "men who lived with their herds and knew no other life;" they "smelled of cow and horse dung, and seldom bathed;" they "wore beards that easily became nests for lice, fleas, or other vermin;" and "their underclothes were changed periodically, spring and winter, and were washed when occasion permitted." One would find "nothing romantic or glamorous in the appearance of an old-time genuine cowboy," Chrisman adds. The old-time genuine cowboy, one gathers, would be amused beyond words were he to return and see what stories and movies have made of him.

Easterners were also prominent among those who invented the movie Western. "The Great Train Robbery" (1903), one of the earliest of such movies, was shot in the East, in the New Jersey countryside; and Edwin S. Porter, who wrote and directed it, was born and raised in Pennsylvania. This genre of film entertainment was as American as baseball. Its appeal flowed from fast action, swift horses, the landscapes and horizons of the West (real or ersatz), the clash of good and evil, and the constant flare of gunfire. If all the gunmen weren't moral heroes, they were heroes of a different kind—exemplars of a distinctive American style. A bad guy was not exempt from capturing the affection of a movie audience if he had qualities of fast and exciting gunmanship. No man in a Western picture was worth much, was feared or respected, unless he carried a gun and knew how to use it. His mastery of that weapon—and, through it, over his adversary—was a sign of the manliness, the physical heroism, that audiences took to be typically and admirably American. That was probably why unarmed idealists and moralists—teachers, preachers, wandering intellectuals, and other men of Eastern "culture"—sometimes looked faintly ridiculous in a Western movie.

Westerns were not, to be sure, meant to be documentaries. They were an art form—an art form that translated reality, or what was taken to be reality, into entertainment. But even such a form may be expected to mirror shapes of the truth. And the Westerns' view of reality was often so erroneous that they didn't so much translate the past as falsify and romanticize it. Thus, the glint and glamour of movie-style gunfighting came to be

Polly Benedict

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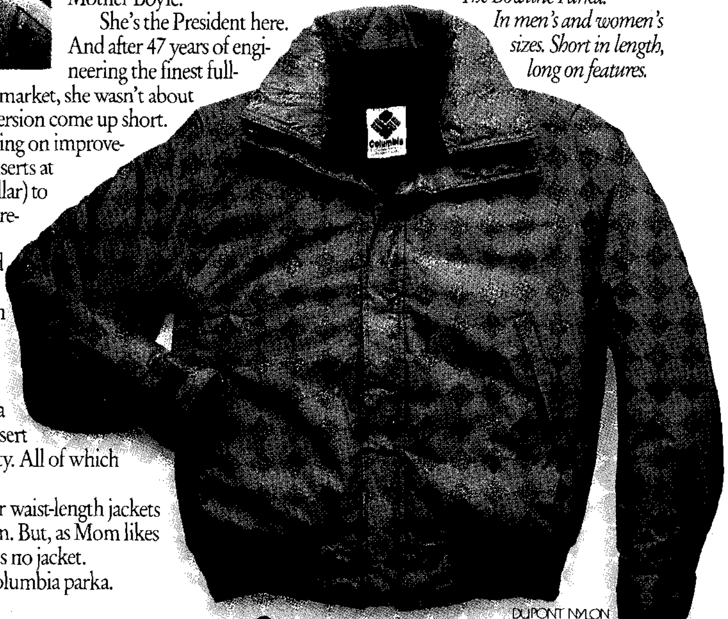

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seen as a representation of what the real thing had been, and a pathological killer like Billy the Kid lives on in the national imagination as, in the words of a modern commentator, "a demigod of the Western myth." To law-abiding Americans of the Old West, there was nothing remotely godlike about Billy; to them, he was one of the more hideous by-products of the arduous pioneer struggle to build and extend the nation westward. The genuinely heroic peace officers, too, took a less romantic view of shoot-outs than the Western movies later did. The peace officers were tough and brave men, but they feared for their lives, and many of them disliked having to kill. They knew better than almost anyone else how necessary but also how terrible a weapon the gun was. In the early years of this century, after Bat Masterson had retired from law enforcement on the frontier and was living in New York, President Theodore Roosevelt offered to assign him to Indian Territory as a marshal. Masterson begged to decline. "It wouldn't do," he told the President. "The man of my peculiar reputation couldn't hold such a place without trouble. . . . I'd have some drunken boy to kill once a year. Some kid who was born after I took my guns off would get drunk and look me over. . . . In the end he'd crawl round to a gun play and I'd have to send him over the jump. . . . My record would prove a never-failing bait to the dime-novel reading youngsters, locoed to distinguish themselves and make a fire-eating reputation, and I'd have to bump 'em off. So, Mr. President, with all thanks to you, I believe I won't take the place. I've got finally out of that zone of fire and I hope never to go back to it."

Not unlike the shooting described in the dime novels, Western-movie gunplay took an intense and, in some cases, a lasting hold on the fancies of the young—even many who didn't grow up to adopt the handgun as an analogue of baseball. At the age of forty-seven, Sherwood Anderson, in an autobiography, described the effect that Wild West movies still had on his imagination:

> Even today I cannot go into a movie theatre and see there some such national hero as, say, Bill Hart, without wishing myself such another. . . . Now he springs lightly off a horse and goes toward the door of a lonely cabin. We, in the theatre, know that within the cabin are some ten desperate men all heavily armed. . . . Bill stops at the door of the cabin and takes a careful look at his guns, and we, in the

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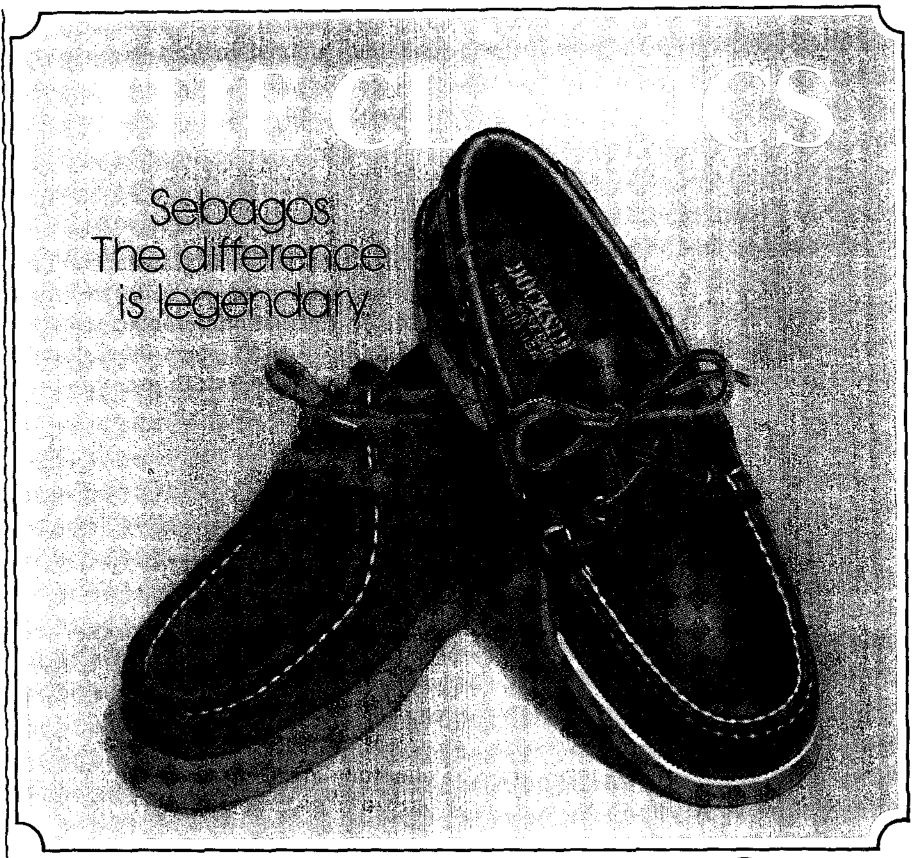
audience, know well enough that in a few minutes now he will go inside and just shoot all of those ten fellows in there to death, fairly make sieves of them. . . .

All these things we know, but we love our Bill and can hardly wait until the shooting begins. As for myself I never see such a performance but that I later go out of the theatre and, when I get off into a quiet street alone, I become just such another. Looking about to see that I am unobserved, I jerk two imaginary guns out of my hip pockets and draw a quick bead on some nearby tree. . . . As I sat in the movie house it was evident that Bill Hart was being loved by all the men, women and children sitting about and I also want to be loved—to be a little dreaded and feared, too, perhaps. "Ah! there goes Sherwood Anderson! Treat him with respect. He is a bad man when he is aroused."

In 1923, when Anderson wrote those recollections, the Western movie was scarcely two decades old. Anderson, who was born in 1876, must have seen not only William S. Hart but also such other early Western stars as G. M. (Broncho Billy) Anderson, Tom Mix, and Hoot Gibson. He couldn't yet have seen Roy Rogers, William (Wild Bill) Elliott, Gene Autry, and William Boyd, who helped make the Western even more popular. Nor could he have seen the modern films that brought the genre to the height of its appeal—movies like "Stagecoach" (1939), "My Darling Clementine" (1946), "Red River" (1948), "The Gunfighter" (1950), "High Noon" (1952), "Shane" (1953), "Gunfight at the O.K. Corral" (1957), "Man of the West" (1958), and "Lonely Are the Brave" (1962). It was probably after the Second World War that the Western truly came of age—at least in the sense that some of the best-made and most memorable Westerns appeared then. *Life* reported in 1956 that American films had gone "gun-happy," that Hollywood had recently turned out eight movies with "gun" in their titles, and that actors were "busy learning to shoot and be shot." The new films were milking the gun craze that the earlier ones had helped to foster, and the gun craze was sustaining itself on the nourishment of the new films.

By then, Westerns were not the only movies featuring guns and violence. "The early thirties," the film historian Carlos Clarens writes, "were closer to the Wild West than to Watergate." He was referring to the spate of crime pictures Hollywood began releasing at that time which took their themes from lurid aspects of the Roaring Twenties. Like the West-



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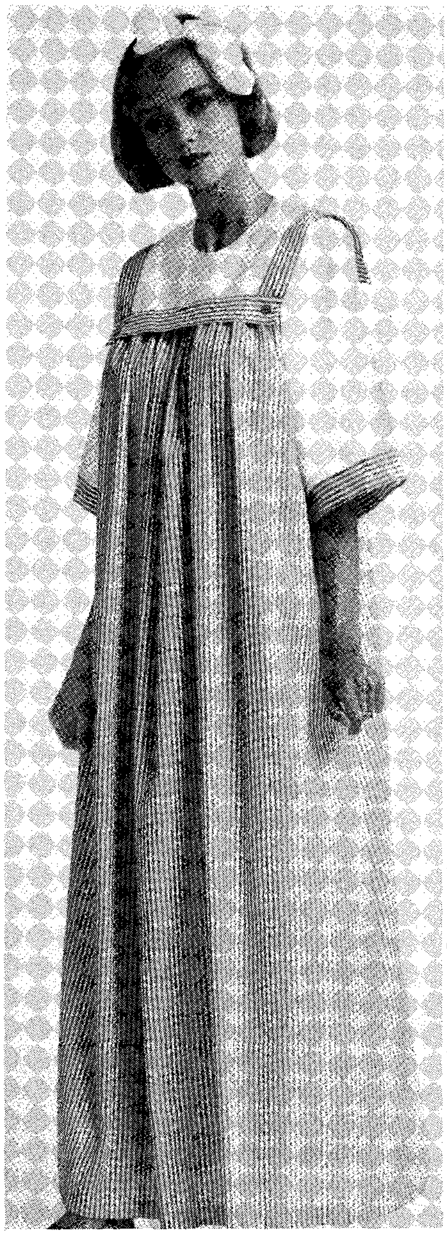

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erns, they memorialized the status of guns and gunmen in the nation's social life—only their weapons included submachine guns, and their gunmen were modelled on the crooks and gangsters of the Prohibition era. In the twenties, the big cities of the East and Midwest became a second "West," a second "frontier"—a transformation that was influenced to a degree, no doubt, by the national romance with gunslinging that Western movies and dime novels had helped to promulgate. "Chicago was afflicted with such an epidemic of killings as no civilized modern city had ever before seen," Frederick Lewis Allen wrote in "Only Yesterday," a portrait of the era. New York could not have been far behind Chicago. And many of the new gangster movies were set in these two glittering towns—the Tombstone and Dodge City, perhaps, of urban America. However heinous the Prohibition hoodlums and gunmen were in reality, there was often something quite engaging about them when their life and deeds were flashed on the screen—especially when they were portrayed by actors like James Cagney, Humphrey Bogart, George Raft, Paul Muni, and Edward G. Robinson. The gangster had become yet another star of the movie houses—another who made gunplay and murder an exciting form of entertainment. When they left the movies, grown men imitated the accents and struck the poses of Bogart and Robinson and Cagney.

It would be foolish to claim that because of the orgies of killing they witnessed on the screen moviegoers found killing itself to be attractive, but not so foolish to say that many did find guns to be an attractive weapon. And killing with guns was often such a commonplace of those movies—so casual, even gratuitous, an incident—that it cannot have been difficult for viewers to become desensitized to the true and awful nature of the act. Unless it was the blowing of a kiss, nothing looked easier on the screen than pulling a trigger that released an invisible and impersonal bullet. No human contact was necessary. There wasn't a neater or purer gesture. There wasn't a more abstract instrument of killing than the gun. It isn't surprising that American speech, borrowing freely from the language of gun movies and the crime culture, has so easily adopted bloodless euphemisms for murder like "rub out," "ice," "off," "blow away," and "terminate."

When television began its own influential career, in the early fifties, it took up not only the new tough-guy crime film but also that beloved old swaggerer the Western. According to the 1982 *Guns & Ammo Annual*, "In the early 1950s, with television gaining a foothold in more than half of the American homes . . . the cowboy once again rode into America's imagination, and in his holster he carried, as did his real life counterpart in the last century, the . . . Colt sixgun. In the hands of new-found heroes, the old Colt was once again proving itself. Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, and John Wayne became as closely identified with the Colt as did Masterson, Earp, and Garrett of another era." And some of the most absorbing series on television were shows like "Gunsmoke," "Have Gun Will Travel," "The Rifleman," and "Wanted: Dead or Alive." "At every nightfall, twenty to thirty million American homes rock with the sound of sudden gunfire," *The Nation* reported in 1959. "The gunmen are merely TV actors acting as if . . . they were living west of the Mississippi in a brief period following the year 1870." Certain consequences were to be expected, and they occurred. According to a *Life* article ("Bang! U.S. Boys Bite the Dust"), American children—"small fry"—were to be seen "crumpling from imaginary bullets, then rising again to whip gun from holster and fill the air with the bark of make-believe shots." Credit for inspiring the children in their dramas of gunfire didn't belong to movies and television alone. It was shared by the nation's toymakers, who estimated in 1956 that their sales of toy guns for that year would exceed thirty million. And by the early sixties—before a temporary sag, caused by uneasiness over the war in Vietnam—toy-gun sales amounted to a hundred million dollars a year.

If gun movies and television shows saturated the imagination of children —as they had saturated the imagination of their elders—it doesn't mean that children always understood the violent meaning of their behavior when they reënacted the shoot-outs they had witnessed on the screen. Pauline Kael has written of "the naïveté of our own childhood, when we had innocently believed in faultless protector-heroes." And Robert Warshow, another judge of the film culture, issued this bit of advice: "Watch a child with his toy guns and you will see: what most interests him is not (as we so much fear) the fantasy of hurting others, but to work out how a man might look when he shoots or is shot. A hero is one who looks like a hero." Warshow added, however, that the man wearing a gun lives in a world of violence, and that his "image" or "style" is one that "expresses itself most clearly in violence." Therefore, the hero that a child would like to resemble must be such a man. And, if so, violence is what clearly defines the heroism that the child wishes to emulate.

A report released in 1982 by the National Institute of Mental Health concludes that "violence on television does lead to aggressive behavior by children and teen-agers who watch the programs." In an article that appeared in a 1969 issue of *Stanford M.D.*, a publication of the Stanford University Medical Alumni Association, the child psychologist Alberta Engvall Siegel cited studies showing that "young children imitate with fidelity the aggressive behavior they observe adults perform," whether the observation is of real life or of something on a screen. Among the studies she cited was a survey conducted in 1968, by the *Christian Science Monitor*, during the six weeks after the murder of Robert Kennedy. The *Monitor* found that the most violent evening hours on television were between 7:30 and 9 P.M., when an estimated 26.7 million children between the ages of two and seventeen were watching. During those hours, the survey found, there was a TV murder or other form of violent death once every thirty-one minutes. In 1981, Representative Ron Mottl, of Ohio, told the House Subcommittee on Telecommunications, which was holding hearings on "The Social/Behavioral Effects of Violence on Television," that "the average high school graduate has been exposed to 18,000 television murders." The subcommittee heard testimony from a number of other witnesses. Professor George Gerbner, dean of the University of Pennsylvania's Annenberg School of Communications, said, "Humans threaten to hurt or kill and actually do so—which is basically our definition of violence—mostly to scare, to terrorize, or otherwise impose their will upon others. Symbolic

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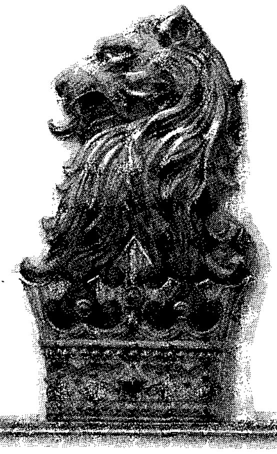

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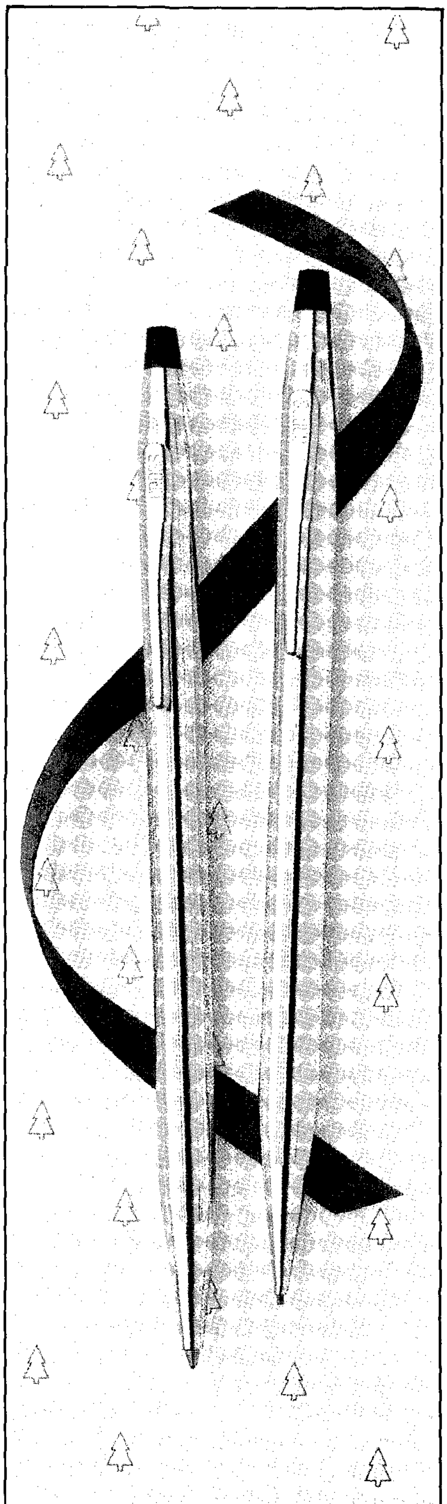

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violence carries the same message. It is a show of force. It is a demonstration of power. It is the quickest and clearest dramatic demonstration of who can get away with what and against whom. Basically our opinion is that those are the lessons it teaches. . . . And indeed our study shows that many of these messages are conveyed to the viewers. . . . Television has brought about the virtual immersion in violence into which our children are born." Dr. Thomas Radecki, a psychiatrist who is chairman of the National Coalition on Television Violence, testified, "I can comfortably estimate that twenty-five to fifty per cent of the violence in our society is coming from the culture of violence being taught by our entertainment media, most strongly by the television and movie industries."

The New York *Times* carried this report in April of 1983:

> "There can no longer be any doubt," said Dr. Leonard D. Eron, of the University of Illinois at Chicago, "that heavy exposure to televised violence is one of the causes of aggressive behavior, crime and violence in society." Television violence, Dr. Eron said, "affects youngsters of all ages, of both genders, at all socio-economic levels and all levels of intelligence. . . ."
>
> According to a study made by Dr. [Linda S.] Lichter and her husband, S. Robert Lichter, 250 criminals turned up in 263 prime-time programs in the 1980-81 season. They committed, she said, 417 crimes, or an average of 1.7 per show. . . .
>
> On the small screen, she said . . . murder is 100 times more prevalent than it is in reality and television crime in general is 12 times more violent than crime in real life. . . .
>
> Though John W. Hinckley, Jr., may have failed to kill President Reagan when he shot him in 1981, Mr. [Daniel] Schorr [the news commentator] said, he successfully manipulated "a medium that celebrates violence" and made himself into "a media celebrity." He cited Mr. Hinckley's first question to his Secret Service interrogator: "Is it on television?"

None of these studies can be called *definitive, of course; there are others* that disagree. In any case, why is it that our film shows are so full of gun violence? Max Lerner's answer, in "America as a Civilization," may be instructive: "The American conquers as a man of action, he puts his faith in action, and he expects action in his movies." It may be, Lerner adds, that "movies reflect the strain of interior violence and tension in the culture." Warshow makes a similar point when he says of Westerns that they "offer a serious orientation to the problem of violence"—an orientation "such as

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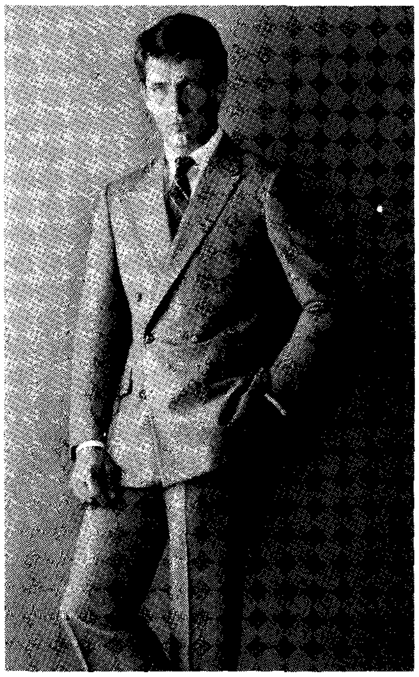

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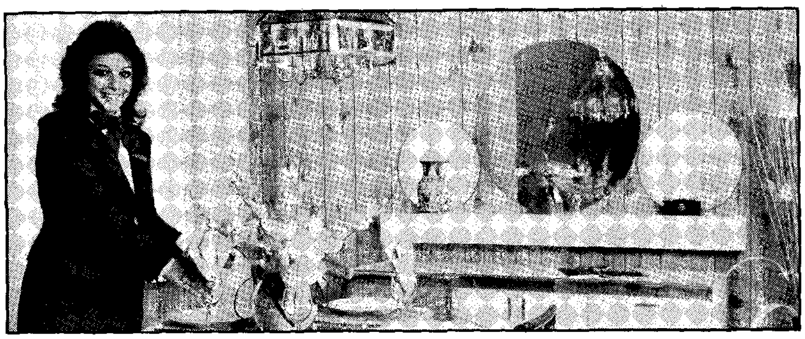
can be found almost nowhere else in our culture."

It has been clear for generations now that Americans are more prone to violent confrontations with one another than are people in any other developed society, and that the issue is too often settled by someone's pulling the trigger of a handgun. Yet the death toll from those confrontations remains alarmingly high. Between November of 1963 (when President Kennedy was assassinated) and November of 1982, nearly four hundred and fifty thousand people were killed with guns—by murder, accident, or suicide—and almost four and a half million more were wounded or were robbed at gunpoint. Between 1963 and 1973, while the war in Vietnam was taking 46,121 American lives, firearms in America were killing 84,644 civilians. Statistics for the first few years of the eighties are just as impressive. It has been estimated that between fifty million and sixty million handguns are owned by civilians, and, according to the United States Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms, two million new ones are being bought every year. The F.B.I.'s annual compilation "Crime in the United States" reveals that in 1983 there was one violent crime in America every twenty-six seconds, one aggravated assault every forty-nine seconds, and one murder every twenty-seven minutes —the majority of such murders being committed with firearms. Of the 18,673 murders committed in 1983 for which the weapon is known, forty-four per cent were committed with handguns, seven per cent with shotguns, and four per cent with rifles; knives and other cutting instruments accounted for twenty-two per cent; other dangerous weapons—blunt instruments, poison, explosives—accounted for thirteen per cent; and "personal" weapons (hands, fists, and feet) for seven per cent. In 1983, a study published in the *New England Journal of Medicine* noted that pistols accounted for eighty-three per cent of all firearms used in suicide. "It is conceivable," the study said, "that the rise in the suicide rate might be controlled by restricting the sale of handguns."

It's unlikely that these figures would be striking to leaders of the nation's pro-gun movement, who maintain that "guns don't kill people—people do." But the statistics suggest that firearms, by their very nature, make it far easier for people to kill than other weapons



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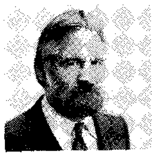

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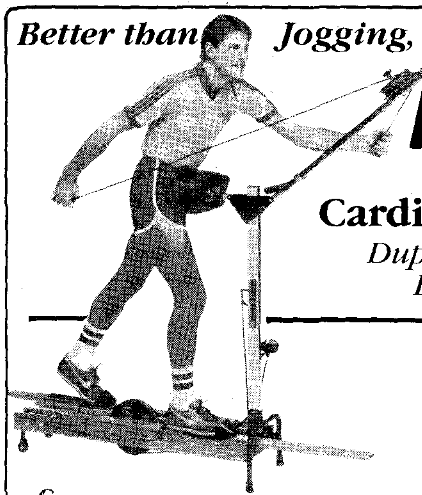

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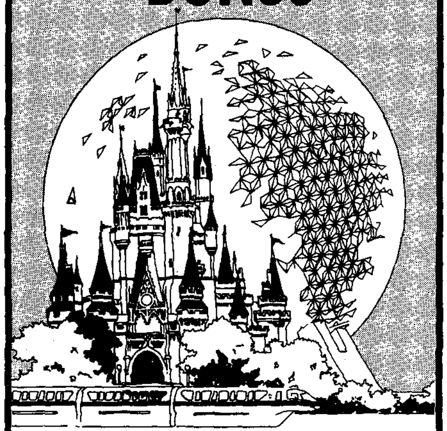

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do. It would appear, then, that if there weren't so many guns around, and if they weren't so easily available, there wouldn't be as many murders as there are. D. H. Lawrence once asserted that "the essential American soul is hard, isolate, stoic, and a killer." As long as the leaders of the pro-gun movement maintain that people are killed by people, and not by guns, then —faced with the fact that the annual murder rate in the United States exceeds that of any other advanced society in the world—they can scarcely disagree with Lawrence's judgment that we are essentially a nation of killers. Other people might prefer to say that there are just too many guns in America, that America is much too fond of guns, and that Americans find it far too easy to acquire and own guns.

Two psychiatrists wrote in 1969, "If the United States had the same gun homicide rate as Japan, our 1966 gun death toll would have been 32 instead of 6,855; if our suicide rate by gun were the same, only 196 persons would have killed themselves with a gun instead of 10,407. Our homicide-by-gun rate is 35 times that of Germany, Denmark, and England, and seven times that of Canada and France." In 1980, a London newspaper called John Lennon's murder a "peculiarly American death." And, according to another London journal, "the freedom to carry guns has brought forth monsters" in the United States. That year, there were eight handgun murders in England and 10,012 in the United States.

Millions of the handguns now in America were acquired for self-protection—which isn't hard to understand, for the crime rate is alarmingly high, and the fear of crime has never been greater than in recent years. "I've worked too hard for what I've got to let anybody take it away from me," a Maryland man told a writer for *Baltimore Magazine* in 1981, soon after going out and buying himself a handgun as protection against thieves who had been burglarizing the neighborhood. "I already went through the normal procedures of barring myself in my own house: I have a dog, I have all the preliminaries. I even thought of tear gas. And there's no point in my moving somewhere else, it's everywhere. And the police can't always be where they're needed. So I bought a gun." And many city dwellers like him have had reason to feel more secure after acquiring guns to protect themselves. Yet a terrible irony of this precaution is that guns bought for protection end up doing far more harm to the owners, their families, and their personal acquaintances than they do to intruders. According to the F.B.I., fifty-seven per cent of the murders committed in 1983 were "by relatives or persons acquainted with the victims." In addition to such killings, a large number of deaths and injuries were caused by gun suicides and gun accidents. As Mark Twain once said, there's no more dangerous weapon in the house than an unloaded gun.

In the Bronx, a four-year-old girl shoots and seriously wounds her two-year-old brother; she had believed the gun to be a toy. In New York's Westchester County, an actress shoots herself in the abdomen while cleaning a handgun that had been acquired for self-protection. When, despondent over the coming divorce of his parents, a thirteen-year-old boy in Georgia puts a gun to his head, his mother begs him to take her life instead; he obliges, putting a bullet through her skull. During an argument that breaks out at a wedding party in Colorado, the mother of the bride fires a rifle at her husband, misses him, and hits and kills her new son-in-law. In Brooklyn, a sleeping three-year-old boy is killed by a bullet his father had aimed at his mother. Those aren't just incidents that *can* happen when there's a gun in the house. They and hundreds of others actually occurred in 1982 and 1983. There was this incident, in 1981, reported by the *Times:*

> Mr. [Lionel] Fredette had just come in from feeding the animals. . . . His middle daughter . . . who did not like guns, was ironing a pair of jeans . . . preparing to go out with her friend, Mary James. . . . Miss James . . . said something to the effect that she didn't like guns. . . . Mr. Fredette stopped directly before her . . . unholstered the gun, unchambered it, emptied a load of shells into his left hand, closed the hand on five—which he apparently thought were six—shells, snapped the chamber shut and pointed the six-inch barrel at the juncture of his nose and forehead. . . . He looked at Miss James with his crisp blue eyes. "Do you think I would do this if it were loaded?" he asked. As the two young women watched, he pulled the trigger twice. The gun made an oiled clicking sound. He pulled it a third time, and the firing pin struck the waiting sixth shell, a soft-nosed bullet. . . . This bullet entered Mr. Fredette's head but did not exit. He died instantly.

Few gun owners seem to be swayed by any such stories, however. After the *Times* said in a 1982 editorial that "a gun in the home is virtually useless as

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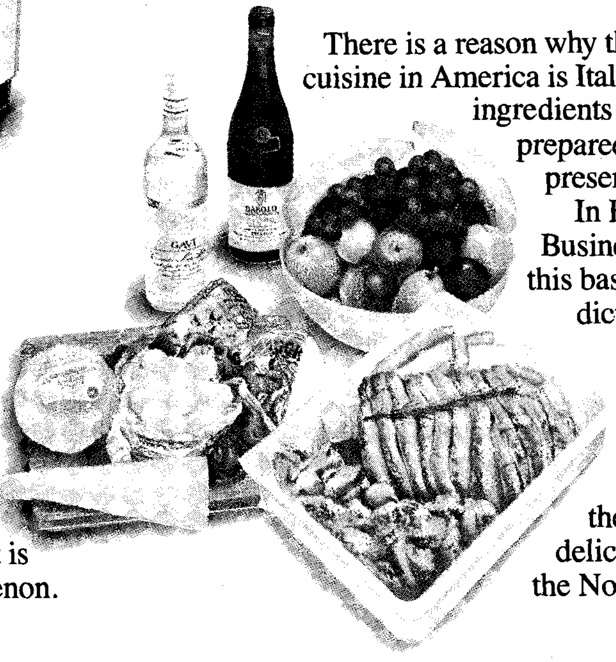

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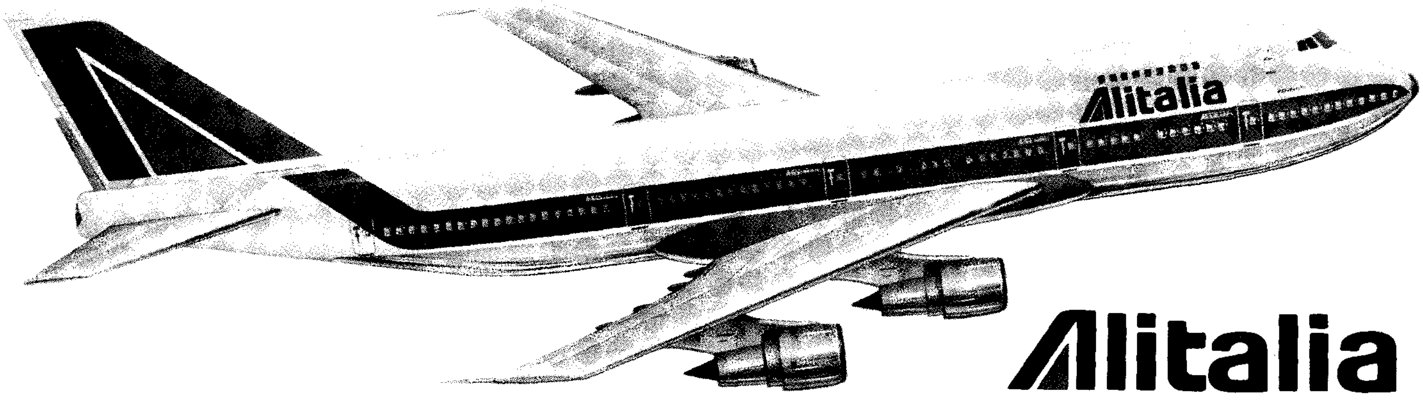

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a deterrent to crime" and that "more than 90 percent of break-ins occur while residents are away from home," a gun-owning reader, in a letter to the editor, denounced the paper's comments as "patronizing and elitist." "People are not that concerned about accidents and attacks by family members," the letter said. "The number one issue, rather, is the terror and fear of vicious criminal attack by unknown, depraved criminals." There's truth on both sides of that exchange, and it indicates why for some time to come there may be an impasse in the gun debate. On the side of the letter writer, there is indeed the terrible rate of crime and the justifiable fear of it. On the side of the *Times*, there are the statistics showing that the presence of guns in the home is counterproductive: that they're far more damaging to family members than to the criminals they're meant to stop; that burglars don't, as a rule, break and enter when they have reason to believe that someone's at home; that when burglars do break into a home the loot, along with cash and jewelry, that they find most attractive is a handgun. It has been estimated that more than two hundred thousand handguns are stolen from private homes every year—swelling the considerable arsenal already in the streets.

THAT arsenal is made up chiefly of snub-nosed handguns—or snubbies, as they're called. The snubbies are more dangerous than bigger handguns for the obvious reason that they are so easily concealable. With their two-inch and three-inch barrels, nicely palm-size, they can be carried in a coat pocket without showing the slightest bulge. One cannot tell when one is in their presence. They're strictly for killing or wounding people. They may look like toys—they're so cute and petite—but, especially at short range, they are devastating. The reporter Joseph Albright says of them, "One flick on the trigger and out barks one-third of an ounce of lead at 735 miles per hour, shaped to plow a mushroom cavity into someone's gut." Most of these weapons are of two kinds. The better and more expensive kind is made here in America and costs from one hundred to four hundred dollars. It's highly prized but hard to come by in the streets, for its price puts it beyond the means of the average criminal. But since even the average criminal knows a fine "piece" when he sees one, he often

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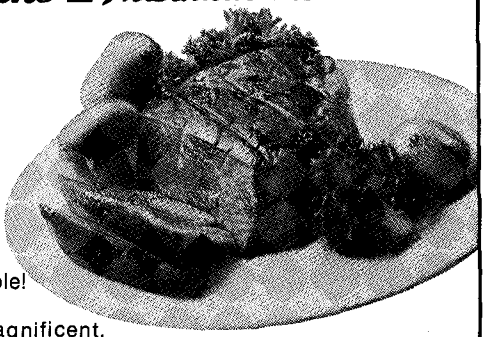

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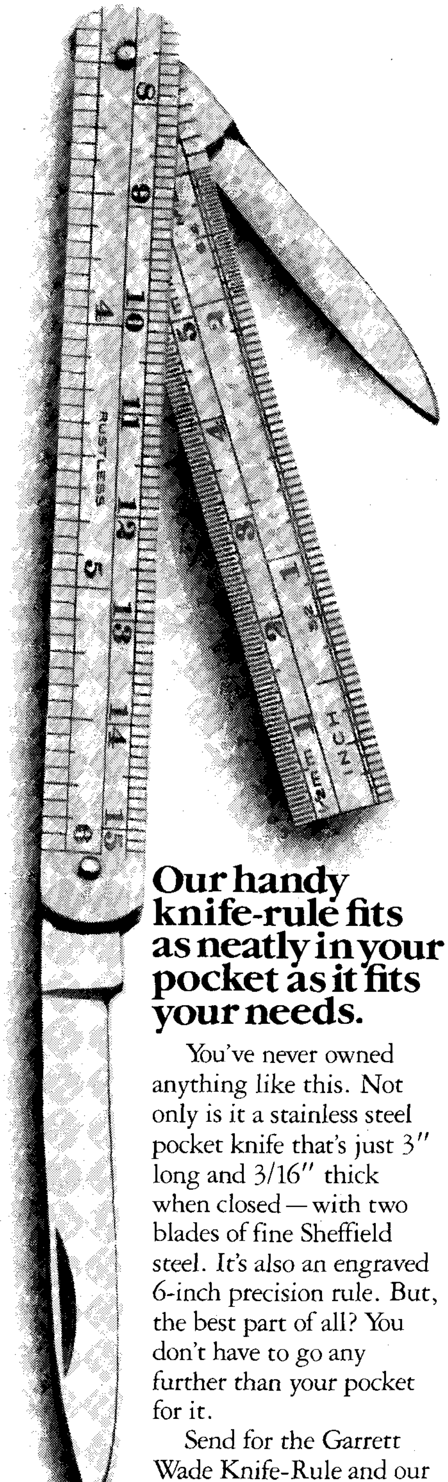

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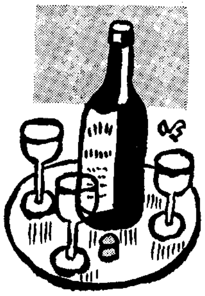
goes directly for it when he breaks into a gun store or a middle-class home—where it probably wasn't called a snubby but a mini-gun, a midget gun, a lady's gun, or a baby pistol. It is mostly when a concealable handgun, expensive or cheap, falls into the hands of hoodlums that it is referred to as a snubby. And it is the cheaper kind—assembled here with parts imported from Germany, and costing fifty dollars or less—that is most prevalent in the streets. Because it costs so little and is widely used in certain urban black neighborhoods—where it has been known to take more lives than illness and auto accidents combined—the cheap snubby is also called a ghetto gun. It is even more commonly described as a Saturday-night special, a term that Robert Sherrill explains in his book of that title: "In the late 1950s and early 1960s, when mischievous residents of Detroit could not get their hands on guns in their hometown, they would simply hop in their cars and tool down to Toledo, Ohio, less than an hour away, where guns were sold in candy stores, flower shops, filling stations, shoeshine stands, anywhere at all. Since a great many of these purchases were made to satisfy the passions of Saturday Night, Detroit lawmen began to refer to the weapons as Saturday Night Specials." By that name, Sherrill goes on to say, "the language of Americana was enriched." So much so that inner-city blacks, once the principal buyers and users of Saturday-night specials, have been joined over the past decade or so by the other races and ethnic groups of America. "We used to find guns primarily in the poor neighborhoods," a New York City policeman told a *Times* reporter in 1975. "Now it's getting into the better neighborhoods." John Hinckley, the son of wealthy white parents, used a Saturday-night special in his attempt on President Reagan's life. Mark Chapman used one to murder John Lennon. And Arthur Bremer used one to cripple George Wallace. In several Western and Southern states, almost anyone may enter a gun store and leave with a snubby. In Texas, where Hinckley got his, buying a handgun takes only a little more time than buying a six-pack of beer, and less time than buying a pair of boots: one has only to prove that one is twenty-one or over, produce a driver's license, and assure the gun dealer that one is not a drug addict or a convicted felon. The pawnbroker who sold Hinckley his snubby later reported that the young man met every requirement for buying a firearm in Texas. "People are going to blame us for selling the gun that shot the President, but we have no way of knowing," he said. "We don't even remember him."



Just as appalling is the number of teen-agers who, in the manner of Hinckley, have been turning to handguns for violence and kicks. In 1981, a CBS television documentary reported from Los Angeles on the handgun culture that has sprung up among members of the teen-age generation. A policeman there spoke, with some trepidation, about "fourteen-year-olds carrying .38 revolvers." A criminal-court judge spoke, with a mixture of astonishment and resignation, about kids who "carry guns to school like we used to carry cigarettes." These youngsters—who steal their weapons from homes and gun stores or buy them in the streets—kill with little or no provocation and with hardly a sign of remorse. "You're afraid to go to work," one woman testified. "You're afraid to go to church. You're afraid to go to school. You're afraid to look at somebody, because occasionally they'll tell you, 'I don't like the way you look at me.' " Ed Bradley, the CBS correspondent, was moved to describe them as "the most violent and disturbing generation that this country has ever spawned."

What made them take so casually and so violently to handguns? "Kids are growing cold," one adult resident of Los Angeles told Bradley. "They're growing older and colder. They have no home raising, they have no love." The criminal-court judge offered the opinion that such kids "have no stake whatsoever in society"—that "they think nothing's here for me." But the teen-agers had explanations of their own. One said, "The person with the gun got the best hand . . . calling the shots. . . . You can just take your finger and pull the trigger, you ain't got to worry about the fellow no more. Bang, bang, bang! I got this fool. . . . You kind of happy." One cited the example of the movies: "So everybody gets a gun to figure, hey, I got the same equal rights as another man. . . . It's like a little Western. Let's go shoot 'em up. . . . Bam, bam,

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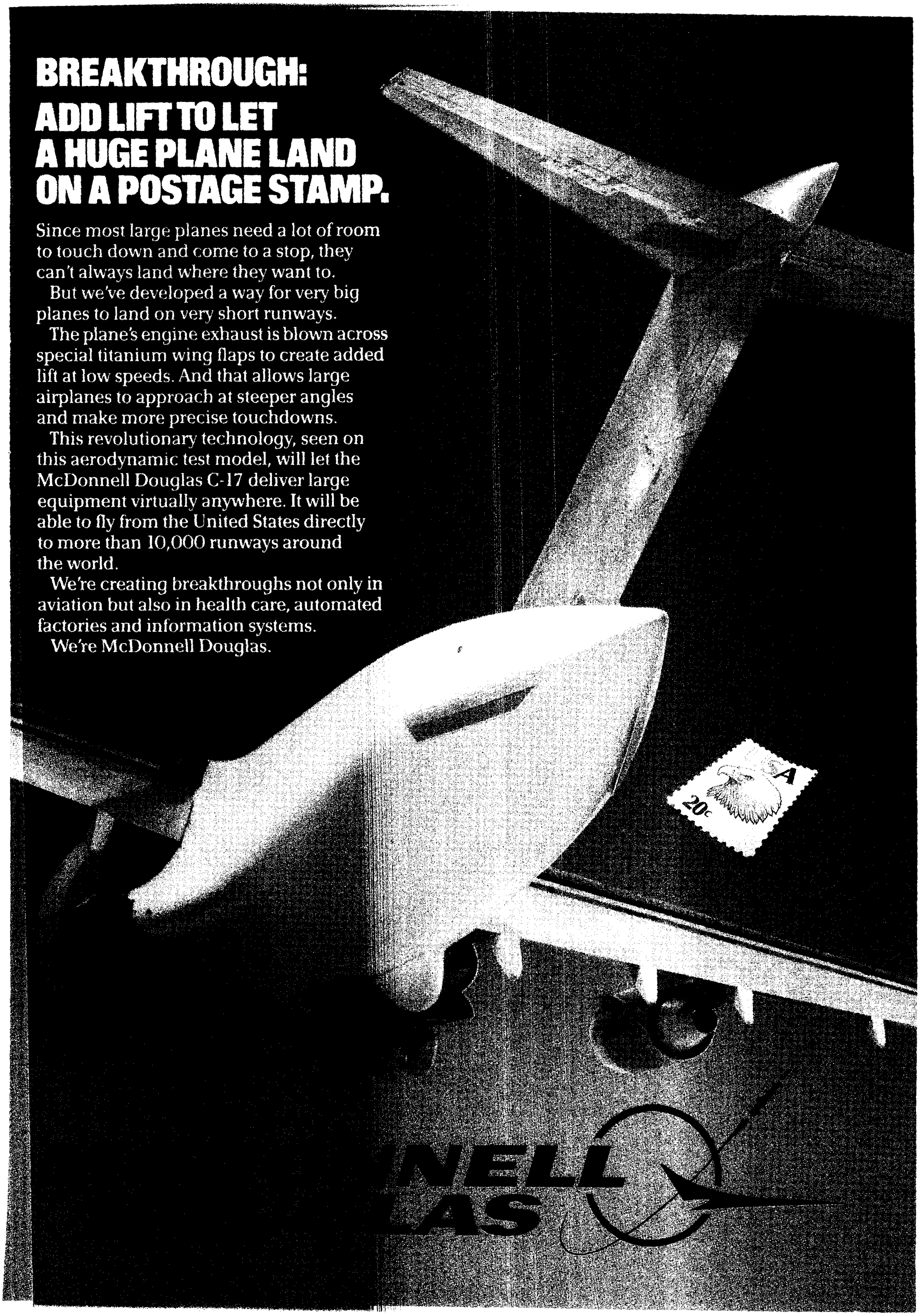

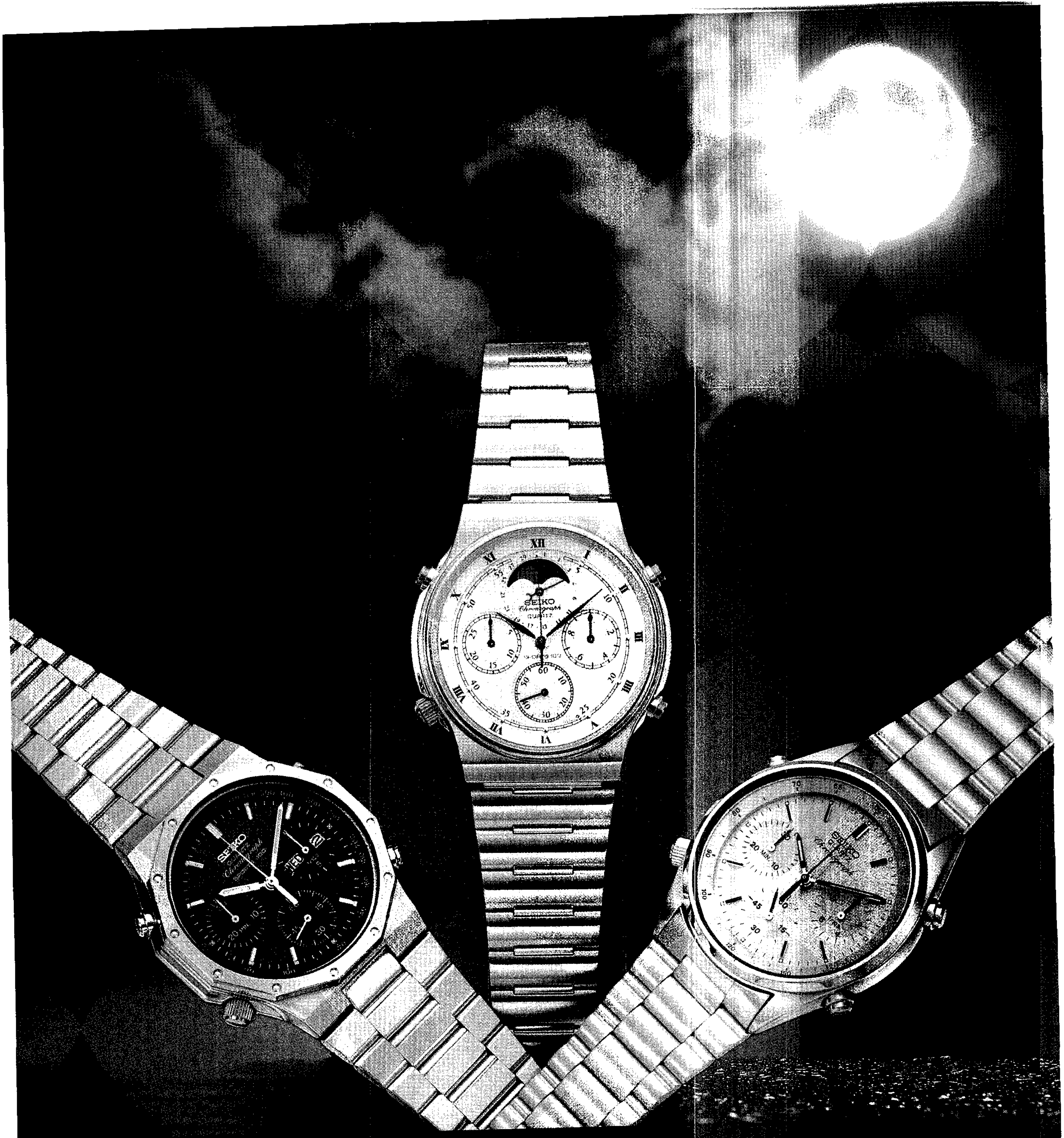

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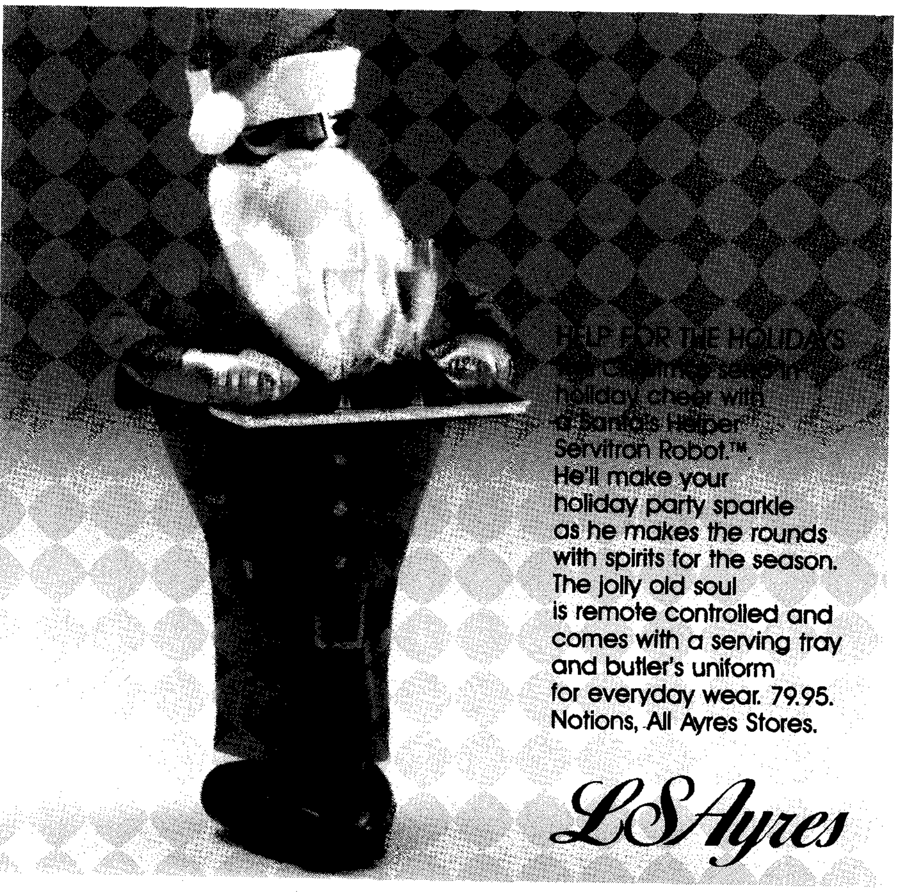
bam, bam! It's over." And another acknowledged the influence of television: "It's not that hard to kill somebody. . . . It takes a little kid to pull the trigger. . . . I like the feel of a gun. . . . And just the idea of pushing the shells in. . . . I guess, you know, a lot of it comes from TV. . . . Just watch them dudes pack their guns, and I'm ready."

It all led a Los Angeles County deputy district attorney to conclude that "firearms are by far and away the most identifiable cause of violence," that "there are too many guns in our community," and that "there are too many people willing to use the guns." Moreover, there's no sign that people will be less trigger-happy any time soon. One of the teen-agers ventured to say, "I don't think it's ever going to stop."

IN 1934, Congress passed the National Firearms Act, aimed at curbing the sale of sawed-off shotguns, sawed-off rifles, and fully automatic weapons, such as machine guns, which were then among the main tools of the gangster underworld. In 1938, it went further, passing the Federal Firearms Act, which prohibited unlicensed gun dealers from selling guns across state lines, and made it illegal for firearms to be sold to felons and fugitives from justice. Thirty years later, when the country was aroused by the rash of political assassinations beginning with that of John F. Kennedy, Congress passed the Gun Control Act of 1968. By then, the pro-gun lobby had become an organized force. Its influence was strong enough that a number of the provisions of the original bill were watered down in the course of debate, when certain congressmen were intimidated by the gun lobby's threats. Even so, the Gun Control Act was the strongest measure that had yet been passed. Its major provisions included a ban on the importation of handguns and on their sale to minors, drug addicts, and convicted felons. But the act would be only as effective as its loopholes—no secret to those legislators who had fought to put the loopholes in. For instance, a number of the pro-gun congressmen had assented to the clause banning the importation of handguns simply because they knew that it could be circumvented. The gun dealers whose interests they represented knew that even better. Those dealers—complying "conscientiously" with the ban on handgun importation—almost immediately began importing handgun



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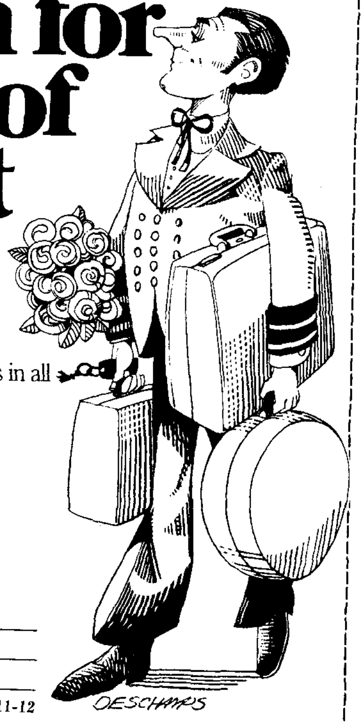

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parts and assembling them in the United States. Most were assembled in Florida, which is now the main center for the production of Saturday-night specials. So, despite the 1968 act, small arms have been as available as they ever were, and civilian gun violence and the death rate by handguns have remained high.

At a Presidential press conference in 1983, a reporter asked, "You are aware, I am sure, that the United States has an utterly disgraceful number of murders. Do you believe that there is any correlation between the wide dissemination of guns in this country and this disgraceful record? And, in short, isn't it time for a truly effective gun-control law?"

President Reagan replied, "We get back to the old argument again, and I have stated many times, you cannot find in the various states that have gun-control laws that there is any proportionate difference in the crimes committed where there are those very strict laws and where they are far looser in their laws. . . . What we should be aiming at all over the country is what we did in California. And that is that never mind whether you're going to try to take guns away from good people, the criminal is going to find a way to have a gun. What we did was say that anyone convicted of a crime, if he had a gun in his possession at the time it was committed, whether he used it or not, add five to fifteen years to the prison sentence and make the prison sentence mandatory. No probation could be given. And I think that is more of an answer. The guns aren't making people criminals. Criminals are using guns."

There's strong and respectable support for the President's views, and it comes not only from within the community that is predictably pro-gun in sentiment but also from disinterested quarters of scholarship. In a study of gun use and availability conducted in the early eighties, the sociologists James Wright and Peter Rossi, of the University of Massachusetts, arrived at this finding: "There appear to be no strong causal connections between private gun ownership and the crime rate. . . . There is no compelling evidence that private weaponry is an important cause of, or a deterrent to, violent criminality."

On the other hand, polls continue to show, as they have shown for decades, that most Americans see a connection between the availability of firearms and the rate of crimes involving guns, and that they want much stricter controls on the circulation and possession of handguns. That constituency is not without *its* support in disinterested quarters of scholarship, for several other social-science studies have indicated that fewer handguns in the society would in all likelihood result in fewer crimes where guns are used. So have statements by many law-enforcement officers across the nation, and so have federal statistics. The President ignored those statistics—if he knew about them—when he spoke of there being no "difference in the crimes committed where there are those very strict laws and where they are far looser in their laws." (Pro-gun statements about the failure of "strict laws" are often based on New York State's Sullivan Law, which is one of the oldest and strictest handgun statutes in the country, and which has been a popular target for those who argue that gun laws don't work. But that argument overlooks the fact that most illegal handguns in New York are purchased in states where there are looser gun laws, or from residents of such states who bring handguns into New York and sell them here.) The President might not have read the F.B.I.'s "Crime in the United States" for 1981, which discloses the following: "When the number of murder victims was related to the regional populations, the most populous Southern States averaged 13 murders per 100,000 people. . . . The Western States [had] a murder rate of 10 per 100,000. . . . The Northeastern States experienced a . . . murder rate [of] 8 per 100,000 population. The North Central States had a rate of 7 victims per 100,000 inhabitants." One point the F.B.I. report failed to make, since crime statistics are its main interest, is that the Northeastern states, with one of the lower murder rates per capita, also have some of the tougher gun laws in the country. Nor can it be concluded, from what the 1981 CBS documentary revealed about teen-age gun violence in Los Angeles, that the tough prison sentences enacted during Reagan's tenure as governor of California are having the deterrent effect they were intended to have.

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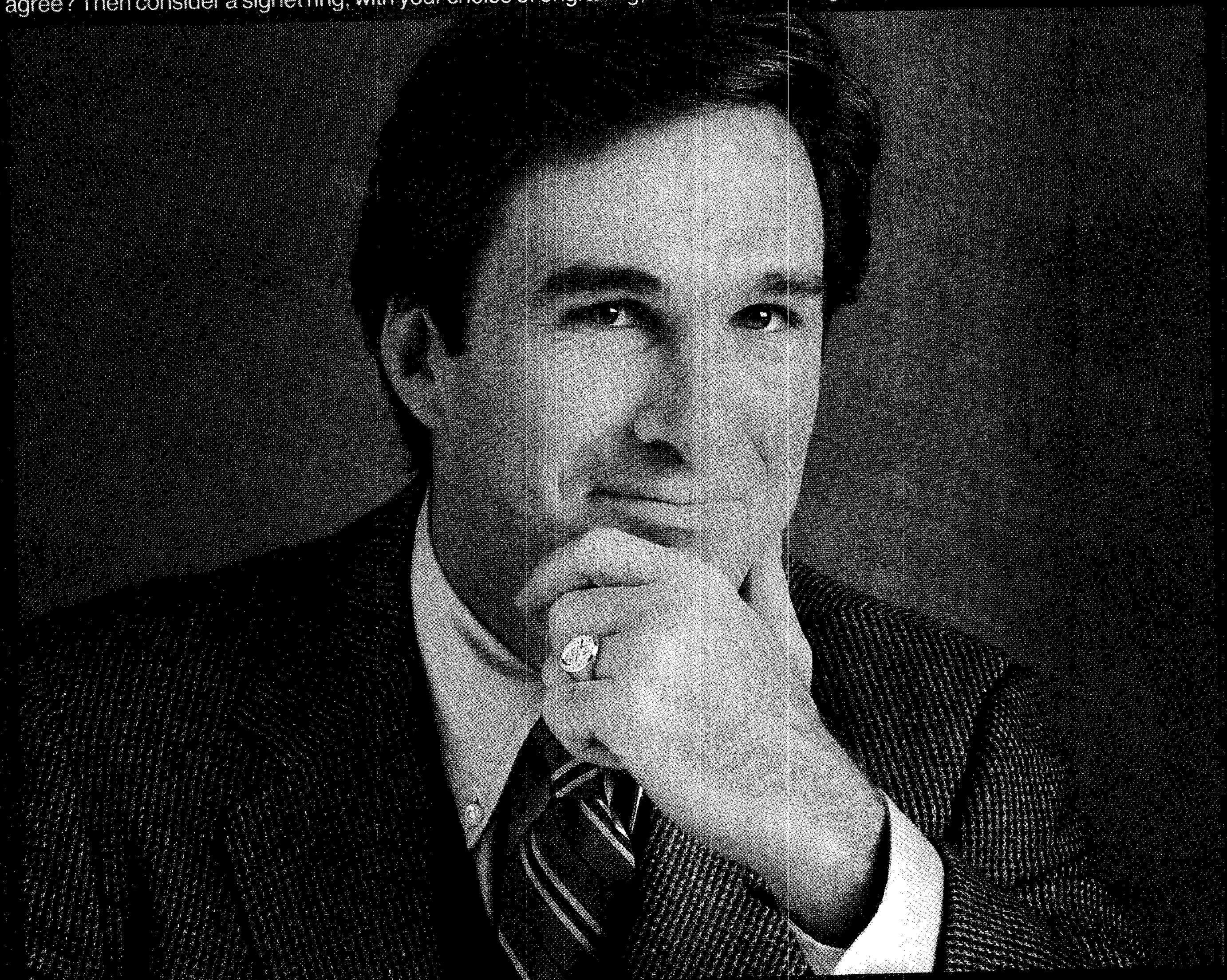

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venting the Gun Control Act of 1968, a number of bills have been introduced in Congress to close the loopholes and stiffen the act. Almost all have died or been snarled in committee. Pro-gun legislators not only helped to stymie those bills but also introduced some of their own. At the moment, there are two major gun proposals, one from each camp. One of them, whose co-authors are Senator Edward Kennedy and Representative Peter Rodino, proposes a ban on the domestic manufacture of cheap handguns and on the importation of parts that are used to assemble Saturday-night specials. The other, whose co-authors are Senator James McClure and Representative Harold Volkmer, and which is known as the Firearms Owners Protection Act, seeks, in effect, to pull whatever teeth are left in the Gun Control Act of 1968. Even in the House, which has been controlled by the Democrats, there is little enthusiasm for Kennedy-Rodino, whereas McClure-Volkmer has been co-sponsored by a majority in the Republican-controlled Senate, and President Reagan has promised to sign it if it comes to his desk. As a 1982 Senate document, "Federal Regulation of Firearms," states, "Thus, on the subject of violent crime, there remains a clear division in Congress between advocates of an interdiction solution—a policy that seeks to lessen the likelihood and danger of crime by curbing access to the more lethal weapons—and those who believe the problem is one of establishing a more effective system of criminal justice. The former see the easy availability of firearms as a principal generator of crime. The latter insist that the proper focal point is the offender and that any workable solution lies in the principles of deterrence and appropriate sentencing." This division in Congress, of course, reflects the division in the nation as a whole—one constituency backing the aims of Kennedy-Rodino, and the other those of McClure-Volkmer.

The constituency supporting the Kennedy-Rodino proposal is represented chiefly by the two leading gun-control organizations in America—the National Coalition to Ban Handguns, and Handgun Control, Inc., both with headquarters in Washington. The National Coalition, the smaller of the two, is headed by Michael Beard, a forty-three-year-old former legislative aide. The coalition embraces over thirty religious, labor, political, and civic groups, and its advisory council has included Eugene

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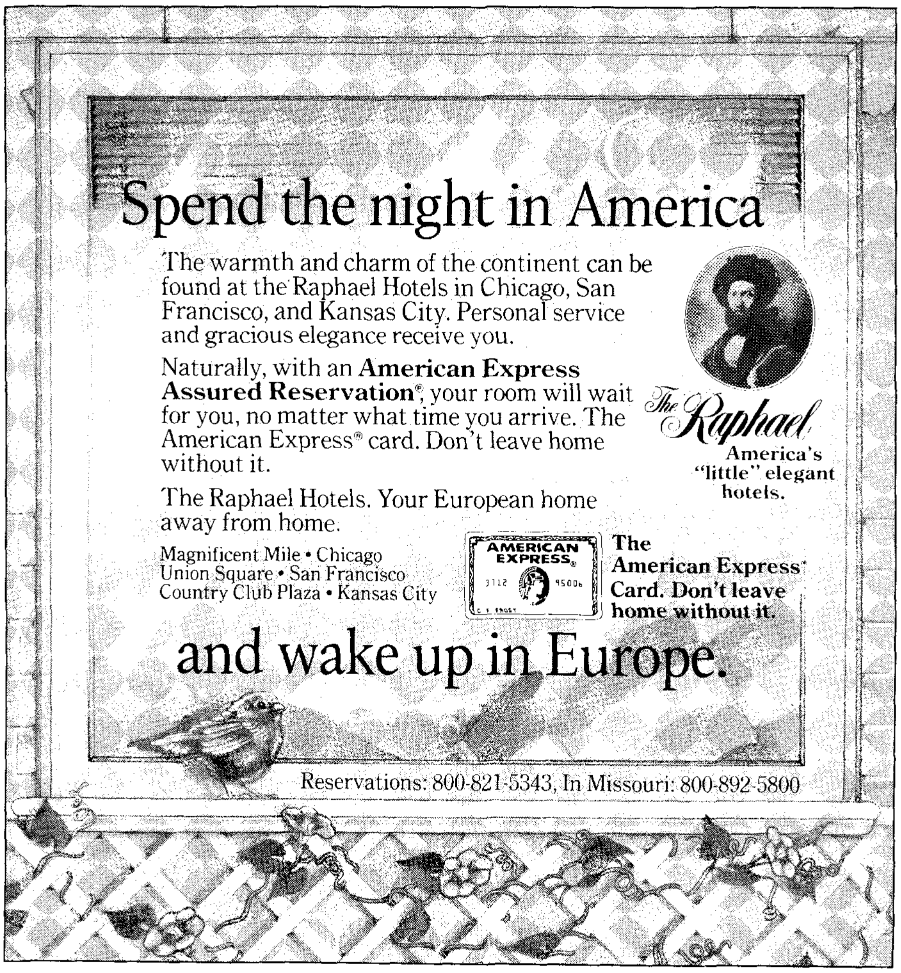

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Carson Blake, John Kenneth Galbraith, Leonard Bernstein, Julian Bond, Robert Drinan, James Farmer, Harvey Cox, Walter Fauntroy, and Norman Lear. Handgun Control, Inc., seeks a limitation on the production and circulation of handguns. The National Coalition goes further, seeking a near-total ban on the production and possession of handguns, whether cheap or expensive, imported or domestically made. Beard told an interviewer in 1981, “We remain convinced that nothing short of an outright ban on civilian possession of handguns will ultimately be effective in reducing handgun crime and saving lives. If you call a total ban extreme, then we're extremist.” Therefore, while the National Coalition lobbies strongly against McClure-Volkmer, it isn't as enthusiastic about Kennedy-Rodino as it would be if that bill were also seeking a ban on the production and possession of all handguns, not just the cheap ones. The cheap handgun remains “an easy target for legislators,” Beard argues, “because the very name conjures up an image of the proverbial poor, inner-city youth or petty criminal buying one for fifty bucks on a street corner.” He maintains that “a larger problem is now posed by the high-*quality $200 to $300 handgun* purchased by the white, blue-collar homeowner in the suburbs and stashed in a dresser drawer for ‘self-protection.’ ”

“Gun control has been a great liberal cause,” a New York City gun buff scoffed some time ago, going on to say that liberals “are not for strict controls, they are just not for any guns at all.” Neither part of his statement is strictly true. Though gun regulation *has* been a liberal cause, it has not been a cause for all liberals: there are liberals who want strict controls, and nothing more; there are liberals who want no guns at all; and there are liberals who want no controls at all. There are also gun-control advocates who have nothing liberal in their personal or political backgrounds. One such anomaly is Nelson (Pete) Shields, who leads Handgun Control, Inc. Shields was an executive at E. I. du Pont de Nemours before he joined the anti-gun movement. He had been a Republican all his life, and a devoted hunter as well. And he still has no objections to shotguns. He hates handguns, however: in 1975, his son Nick was killed, on a street in San Francisco, by a member of a gang of gunmen known by the code name Zebra, who were then terrorizing the city. It was after his son's death that Shields took a leave of absence from his job at du Pont and began helping out a small and underfinanced group in Washington called the National Council to Control Handguns. His son's murder, he has explained, “made me wonder if I could do something to stop this from happening to somebody else's kid.” In 1978, having retired from du Pont, he became the chairman of the organization, which became Handgun Control, Inc., the following year, and has grown to be the largest organization of its kind in the country. Handgun Control, Inc., now has what it calls a “citizen army” of about a million supporters, about a hundred and seventy-five thousand of whom are members and contribute to its operating budget (two million dollars in 1983). Its national-committee members have included William Ruckelshaus, Edmund G. Brown, Sr., Richard Hatcher, Kenneth Gibson, Martin Luther King, Sr., and John Lindsay. Like the pro-gun movement, Handgun Control, Inc., together with its political-action committee, lobbies in Congress, aids sympathetic groups in local communities, and supports poli*ticians who endorse its objectives and* opposes those who oppose them. An example of the last of these activities is a mailing that it sent to New York voters in 1982, which read, in part, “Why . . . is our new Senator, Alfonse D'Amato, co-sponsoring a bill [McClure-Volkmer] to weaken our national law? . . . Why is Senator D'Amato proposing that we begin erasing EVERY federal gun law on the books? . . . Mr. D'Amato has no business sponsoring a bill that endangers the lives of the very people he represents. . . . Why did he do it? Perhaps it's because he received $16,259 from the National Rifle Association's Political Victory Fund in the last election.” This and similar letters about other politicians demonstrate how much Handgun Control, Inc., has learned from its powerful N.R.A.-led opposition, which early perfected the use of direct mass mailing to mobilize formidable support for its cause.

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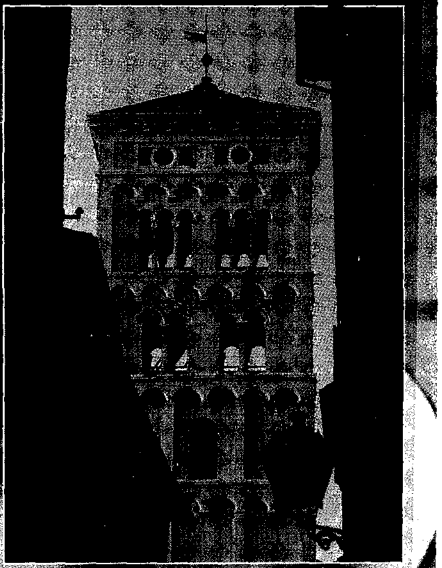

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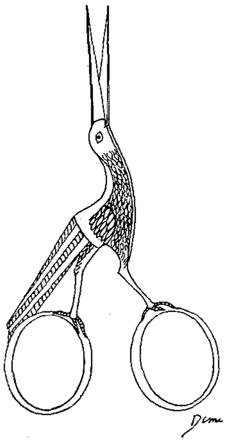
up of organizations on the right—the more prominent ones being the Second Amendment Foundation, the Citizens Committee for the Right to Keep and Bear Arms, and the National Rifle Association—it seeks to preserve for its adherents, and for other Americans as well, the right to own and use firearms. It regards all gun-control advocates as "gun-grabbers"—as people whose true objective is not to regulate the possession of firearms but to confiscate all guns. It spreads that belief among its grass-roots following, and scares members of Congress with its ability to organize that belief and translate it into a mass of pro-gun votes.

Though polls show that the pro-gun groups represent a minority opinion in the United States, their membership far outnumbers that of the anti-gun organizations, and they have managed to exercise something resembling a veto over the desire that most Americans have expressed for stronger gun laws. This may be because the opponents of gun control are better organized—and perhaps more organizable—than the proponents. It may also be that they are seldom critical of their leadership, and do not hesitate at election time to put their votes where their gun convictions are. Many gun-control advocates, on the other hand, even those who are organized, do not, as a rule, vote solely on the issue of guns—they won't work to elect or defeat a candidate just because of his position on firearms. So while they continue to hope for stronger gun laws, they help to frustrate their own hopes by maintaining an admirable civic attitude: by continuing to act on the principle that a candidate's stand on a range of national and international issues provides a fairer test of his credentials for office than whether he's likely to support or oppose gun-control measures.



The Second Amendment Foundation and the Citizens Committee for the Right to Keep and Bear Arms are sister organizations. They share an address (in the state of Washington, though the Citizens Committee also has lobbyists on Capitol Hill) and some of the same officers; for instance, Alan Gottlieb, the founder and chairman of the Citizens Committee, is also the president of the Second Amendment Foundation. (His status at the foundation is now in some dispute. Six staff members who were dismissed by Gottlieb are in turn seeking his removal for alleged financial irregularities.) The Citizens Committee is the larger and more politically active of the two, and its advisory council includes well over a hundred United States senators and representatives—a sign of its influence in Congress. Though the Citizens Committee isn't the major force in the gun lobby, it's a formidable one. Since its founding in 1971, it has grown from nine thousand members to more than five hundred thousand. Each year, it spends more than a million dollars lobbying in Congress and state legislatures, and on numerous "action projects"—all with the stated aim of preserving "our RIGHT to keep and bear arms."

The National Rifle Association, thanks to the size of its membership, the size of its treasury, and the power of its clout in Congress, is the undisputed champion of the pro-gun lobby. It has a membership of about three million, and in 1983 its treasury financed a budget of fifty-two million dollars, compared with two million dollars spent that year by the much smaller Handgun Control, Inc. A 1983 issue of the N.R.A.'s *Reports from Washington* said, "The National Rifle Association spent more money communicating with association members during the 1981-82 election year than did any other organization in America, according to figures released . . . by the Federal Election Commission. The F.E.C. examinations . . . show the N.R.A. spent $803,656 on literature and other types of information designed to acquaint . . . members with the policies of various candidates in the federal election races. . . . One group not listed in the report was Handgun Control, Inc. . . . But H.C.I.'s PAC gave more than $50,000 directly to candidates with pro-gun-control sentiments, according to F.E.C. documents."

Like Pete Shields, of Handgun Control, Inc., Harlon Carter, the head of the N.R.A., has had a life marked by the tragedy of gunfire. Carter took over the N.R.A. leadership decades after he was convicted of shooting and killing a Mexican-American in Tex-

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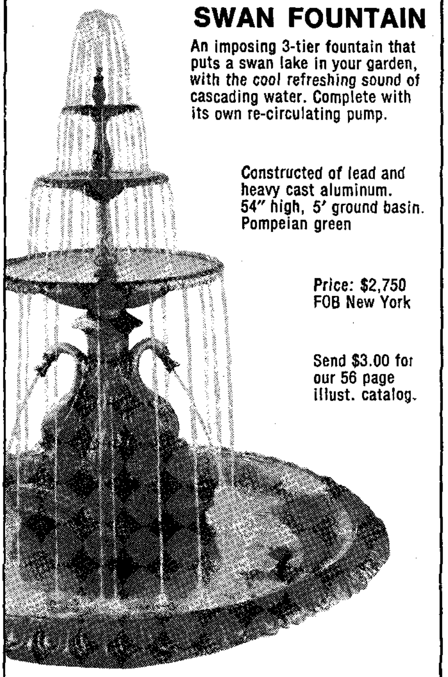
as, his native state. The incident occurred in 1931, when Carter and the victim were teen-agers, and it gained no wide attention until 1981, when—Carter having become a luminary of the pro-gun movement—the Laredo *Times* dug up the story from its files and reprinted it. According to that report, Carter was convicted of murder and sentenced to three years in jail, but his conviction was overturned when the state Court of Appeals ruled that some witnesses were untrustworthy, and the charges against him were later dropped. In 1982, while the N.R.A. was holding its annual meeting in Philadelphia, the Philadelphia *Inquirer* also ran the old story of the shooting incident. But if it was news to the assembly of N.R.A. members it did nothing to alter the high esteem in which they held their leader. Nor did it moderate Carter's militant rhetoric on behalf of the right to own and use guns. "We can reasonably and rightfully . . . aspire to a time when few politicians, mindful of their futures, will oppose us," he told the group. "Don't trust the politician who won't trust you with a gun."

If one of the original members of the N.R.A. had risen to make such statements at a meeting, he might have been asked to take himself and his views to a more appropriate organization. The N.R.A. was anything but a gun lobby when it came into being, in 1871. For decades after its founding—in New York City—its main and almost sole purpose was the teaching of long-range marksmanship to the post-Civil War generation of riflemen. In the early years of this century, having moved its headquarters to Washington, D.C., it became an organization for hunters, farmers, ranchers, sports shooters, and gun collectors, and a sponsor of rifle clubs and target-shooting contests around the nation. This essentially sporting and practical group of gun fanciers became politicized, and radically so, during the sixties, when political assassinations and race riots and the proliferation of crimes involving guns reawoke public anxiety over the destructiveness of firearms in American life. That anxiety was one of the main forces behind the passage of the 1968 Gun Control Act, and the act's passage hastened the transformation of the N.R.A. into a militant advocate and defender of gun-owning rights.

Since then, the N.R.A. has led the fight against almost all attempts to pass stricter gun laws. In the 1980



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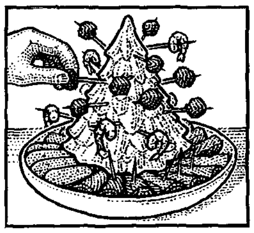

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We have talked enough okay?

Now is the moment of truth. It is winter, and that is good because without winter there would be no writing. You would sit at an outside table in the sun and talk and laugh and feed the little birds.

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We will talk about words again in spring. Now you must write them.

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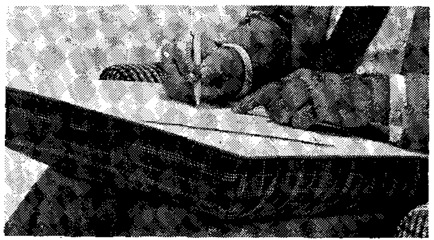

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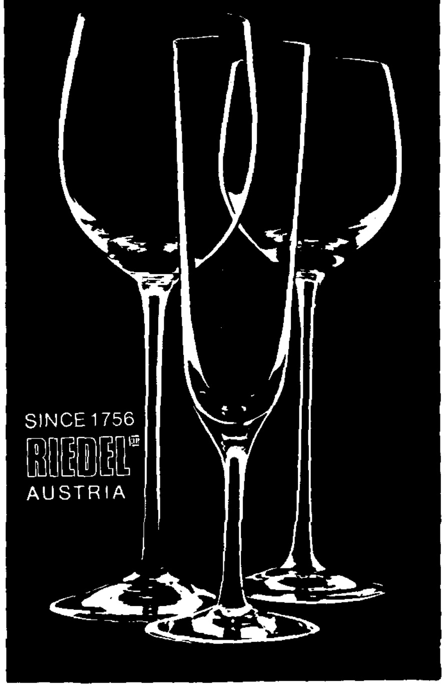

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campaign, it not only took the unprecedented steps of endorsing a candidate for President and claiming credit for many of the votes that put him in the White House but also, through its Political Victory Fund, spent more than a million dollars to help elect other pro-gun candidates. The conservative landslide to which N.R.A. contributed strengthened its position not only in the White House but in Congress as well. Drawing inspiration and justification from the Second Amendment to the Constitution, *it views as sacrosanct* the civilian right to own and use guns. Further, it sees the exercise of that right as a potential defense against any *repressive or authoritarian* government that might one day arise in the United States. That is the point the N.R.A. was making in full-page newspaper ads it ran after Lech Walesa and the Solidarity movement had been crushed. "The actions of the Polish Government in suspending basic rights and liberties of its citizens should cause every American to say a silent thank you for the foresight of the drafters of the U.S. Constitution," the ad proclaimed. "Poland has precisely the firearms laws that the N.R.A. has been opposing in the United States. . . . And so long as the Second Amendment is not infringed what is happening in Poland can never happen in these United States."

"The Right to Keep and Bear Arms" is only one of a number of slogans by which the N.R.A. and its allies make their case against gun-control legislation. Others, proclaimed on bumper stickers across the nation, are "Gun Laws Don't Work," "If Guns Are Outlawed Only Outlaws Will Have Guns," "Registration Is the First Step to Confiscation," and, of course, "Guns Don't Kill, People Do." These slogans are also the basis of pamphlets, letters to the faithful, newspaper ads, speeches, and articles in the gun press, and of Alan Gottlieb's book "The Rights of Gun Owners"—a manifesto of the pro-gun movement. Gottlieb has told an interviewer, "For over a decade, law-abiding Americans who own and use guns *for legitimate purposes* have been blamed by political hacks and extreme leftist media ideologues for the rising rates of crime in our country when the *real cause* for these rates is the permissive, mealy-mouthed, mollycoddling attitude of these same hacks and ideologues." In "Anti-Gunners Are a Threat to America!," an article published in a 1982 issue of *Guns &*

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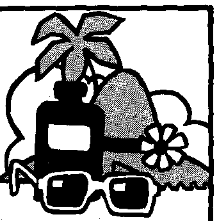

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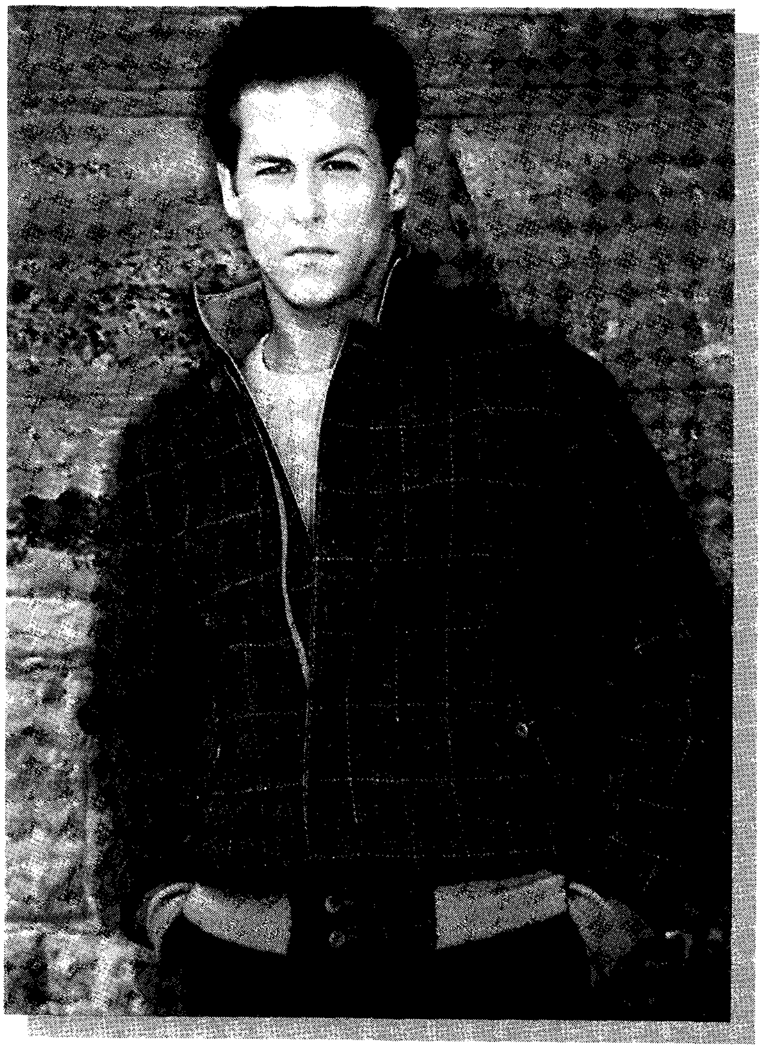

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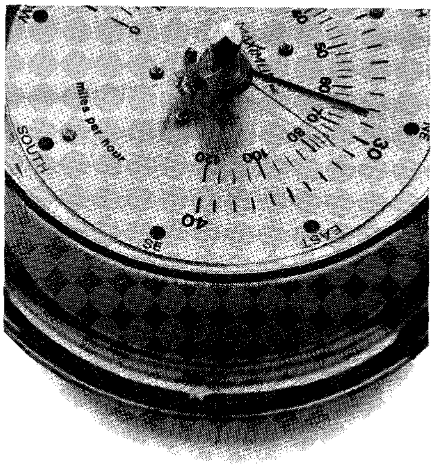
Ammo, the writer Bill Clede maintains, "Pro-gunners are in favor of gun control. They want mandatory sentences for those using firearms in crime. They want to eliminate plea bargaining of gun charges against criminals. They do *not* favor proposed laws that harass the honest citizen while having no effect on crime. . . . So, if the anti-gunners win, we 'the people' have no right to peaceably assemble, maintain personal security, retain rights not delegated [to] the federal government, or to keep and bear arms. . . . As far as I am concerned, the greatest threat of all this furor over 'gun control' has nothing to do with guns. It is a threat to my country and the democratic principles I believe in."

Gun-control advocates, for their part, wonder why the pro-gun lobbyists resist so strenuously almost every attempt to regulate the manufacture, circulation, possession, and use of handguns. Why, since nobody is trying to regulate long guns, does the pro-gun lobby oppose the slightest restriction on the production and use of snubbies—the weapons that account for so many of the murders and other crimes involving guns in the United States? In 1981, the Most Reverend James Hickey, the Archbishop of Washington, D.C., was denounced by the Citizens Committee for the Right to Keep and Bear Arms as a member of the "gun-grabbing" clergy, for having said that he dearly wished to see "the elimination of handguns from society." What could have been so reprehensible about the Archbishop's wish? One answer may be found in something that Alan Gottlieb has said against the movement to ban cheap handguns: "One compelling argument against such a ban has been brought forward by Ernest van den Haag. He reasons that both the poor and the elderly are the chief victims of crime and cannot necessarily afford expensive handguns for self-defense, and since inner-city police protection is so poor, many citizens must rely on self-protection."

ANOTHER question is raised by the stand that the pro-gun lobby has taken on the subject of armor-piercing bullets. They are also known as "cop-killer bullets," since they can penetrate bullet-resistant vests, which are worn mainly by the police. Eight types of armor-piercing bullets have been identified—five imported and three manufactured in this coun-



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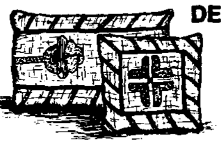

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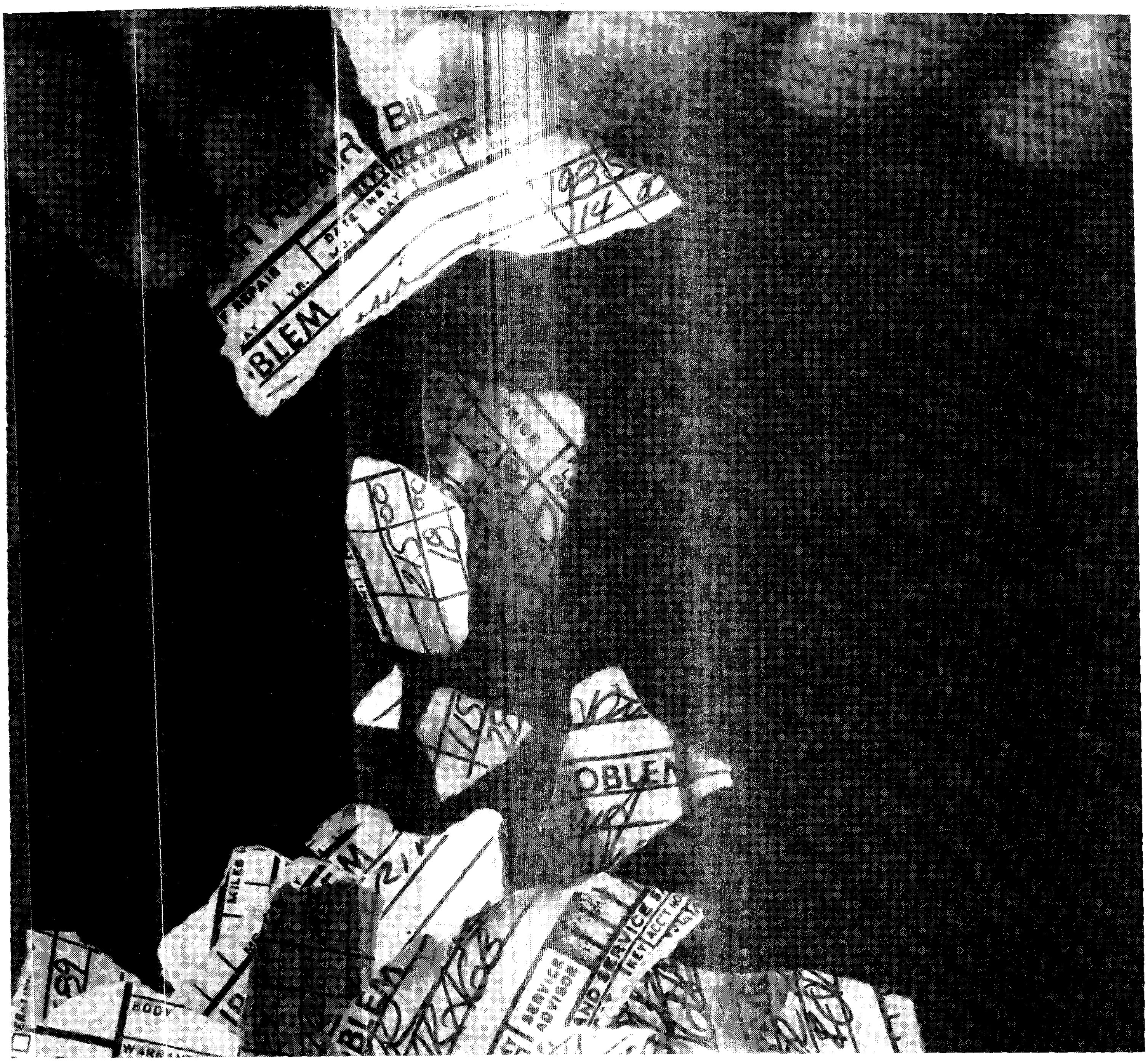

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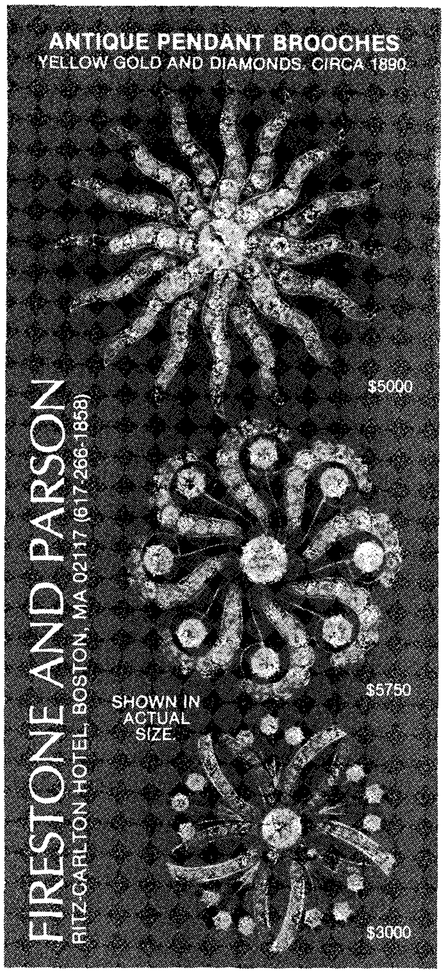
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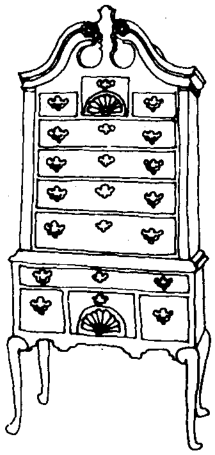
try. The most powerful and devastating is the type that is coated with Teflon: it is capable of penetrating the equivalent of four vests lined with seventy-two layers of bullet-resistant Kevlar. Why has the N.R.A. fought efforts to restrict the sale of such bullets? In a letter to the *Times* in June, 1982, the head of the New York City Police Foundation, Gerald W. Lynch, protested the N.R.A. stand:

> Why are these bullets being manufactured? In my judgment, and in the judgment of the police community, they are purchased mainly to penetrate bulletproof vests worn by police officers.
>
> Two bills to study the matter of penetration of bulletproof vests and to prohibit the manufacture of these bullets have been introduced in the House of Representatives. . . . At present, they appear to have little chance of passage because both the National Rifle Association and the Reagan Administration refuse to place any restriction on ammunition.
>
> I *can think of no single issue in criminal* justice that should compel more unequivocal public support than restricting these bullets. . . .
>
> The criminals using them are the most desperate and most odious. . . . With the killer bullet, they have a guarantee they can mortally wound anyone they wish, vest or not.
>
> The slogan of the N.R.A. people flies in their face on this issue. Their argument that "if you outlaw guns, only the outlaws will have them" cannot be true for killer bullets, because if they were outlawed only certain law enforcement officers would *have them. I believe the police would* give them up completely if this would eliminate unauthorized use. . . .
>
> There is one happy note: DuPont . . . has taken the courageous stand that it will not sell Teflon to bullet manufacturers who intend to make "killer" bullets. The company is to be congratulated for the highest level of corporate responsibility in resisting the pressure of the manufacturers and the N.R.A.

It is not only in Congress and in the big cities that the N.R.A. has fought to keep armor-piercing bullets in circulation. As Stephan Burke, a councilman for the town of Brookhaven, in Suffolk County, New York, can testify, the N.R.A. has fought in small communities as well. Burke, the father of a policeman in New York City, had occasion, in 1982, to reflect on the problem of armor-piercing bullets, his son having said that it worried him to think he could still be shot dead despite the "safety blanket," or bulletproof vest, that he wore. After considering the matter for some time, the older Burke—though he was powerless to protect his son in New York City—began thinking of what he could do to protect policemen in Brookhaven. He decided to propose a law that would

GETAWAY TO YESTERDAY



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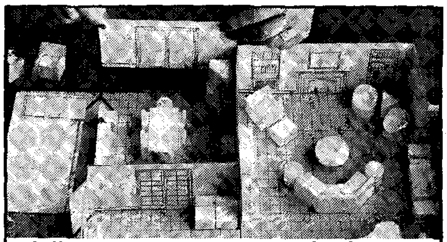

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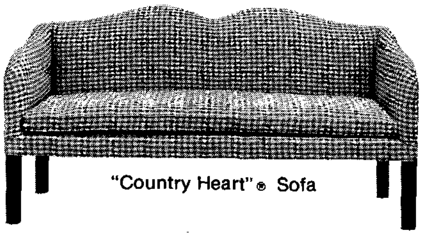

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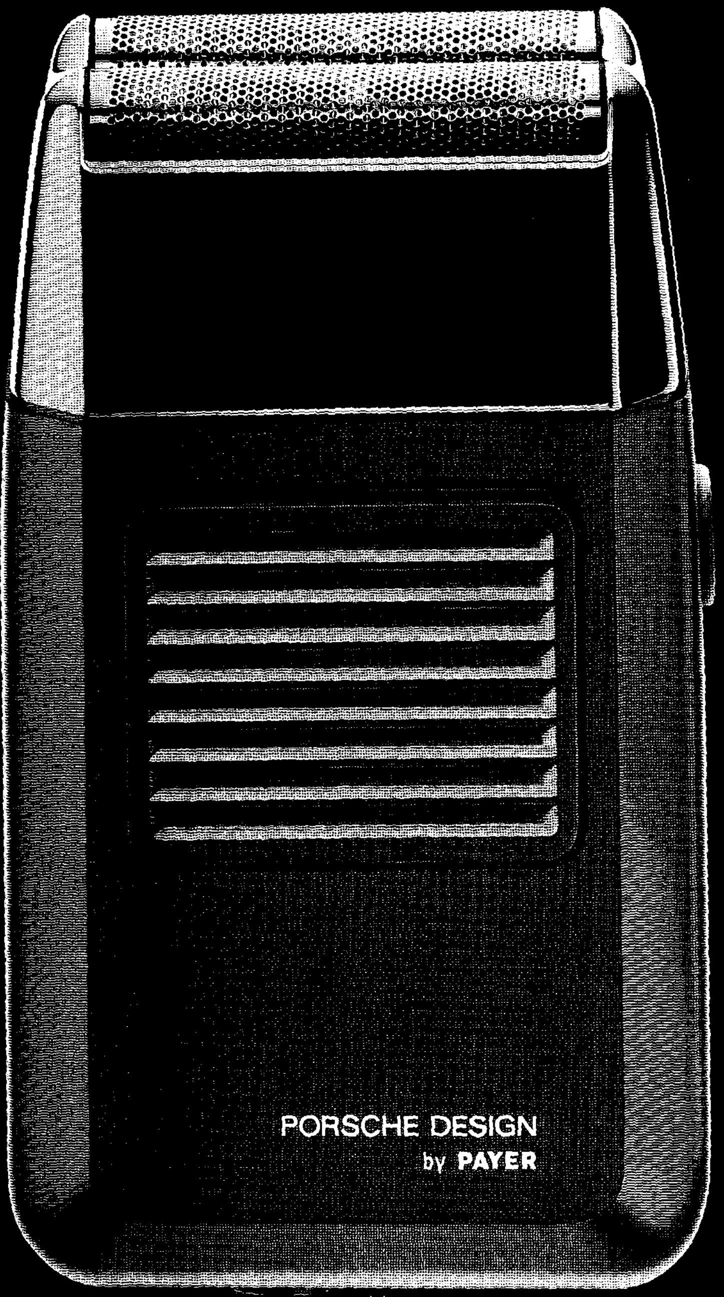

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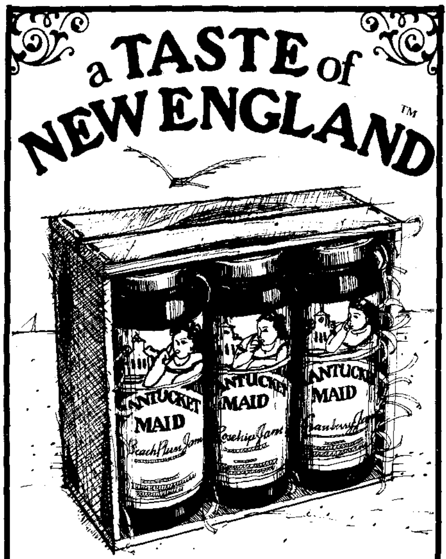
ban the possession and sale of armor-piercing bullets, and in a talk with the town supervisor he suggested that his proposed law was unlikely to provoke much opposition. The supervisor agreed, saying that she could imagine no one objecting to such a law. "Who would be for bullets that can pierce armor and kill cops?" she asked. "Well, nobody that I know of," Councilman Burke said. But there were people in the community he hadn't thought of. The day before public hearings began, he received a letter from the N.R.A. objecting to the proposed law and asserting that the N.R.A. would fight it to the bitter end. It wasn't an empty threat. A flood of letters and telephone calls began coming in, and N.R.A. adherents turned out in large and vociferous numbers when the public hearings opened. One of them got up and shouted at the town legislators, "You call yourselves Americans, voting for this? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, whoever brought this damn law up. It's a real shame, Americans! You want to restrict our rights!" When a local policeman gained the floor, he said, "Our police officers in Suffolk County and indeed throughout the country must be assured that our law-abiding citizens are in their corner. We are human beings. We are not machines. We cry when we're hurt. We bleed when we're cut. And we die when we're shot." Burke's bill was eventually enacted, over the not-quite-dead body of the N.R.A. Fighting to the bitter end, as it had promised, the N.R.A. opposition then took its case to the Suffolk County Legislature, which passed a less restrictive law. This law permitted the continued sale of armor-piercing bullets in the county and provided that possession of such bullets would be punishable only if they were used in the commission of a crime—that is, only if they were used to injure or to kill. The reasoning was characteristic of the gun lobby's interpretation of the right to keep and use firearms: the penalty for using those bullets was what mattered—not whether they were available, or whether lives could be saved by proscribing their sale. Of a similar case in Virginia, in 1982, where N.R.A. pressure had kept armor-piercing bullets from being outlawed, the Arlington *Journal* said, "Frankly, we're tired of the N.R.A.'s knee-jerk opposition to reasonable proposals. We can't help but believe that the organization's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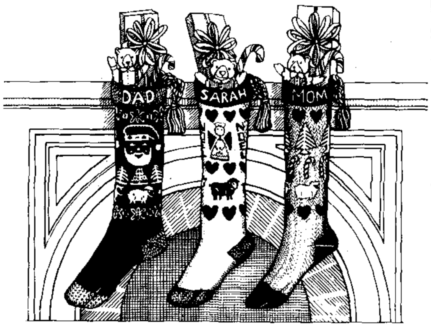

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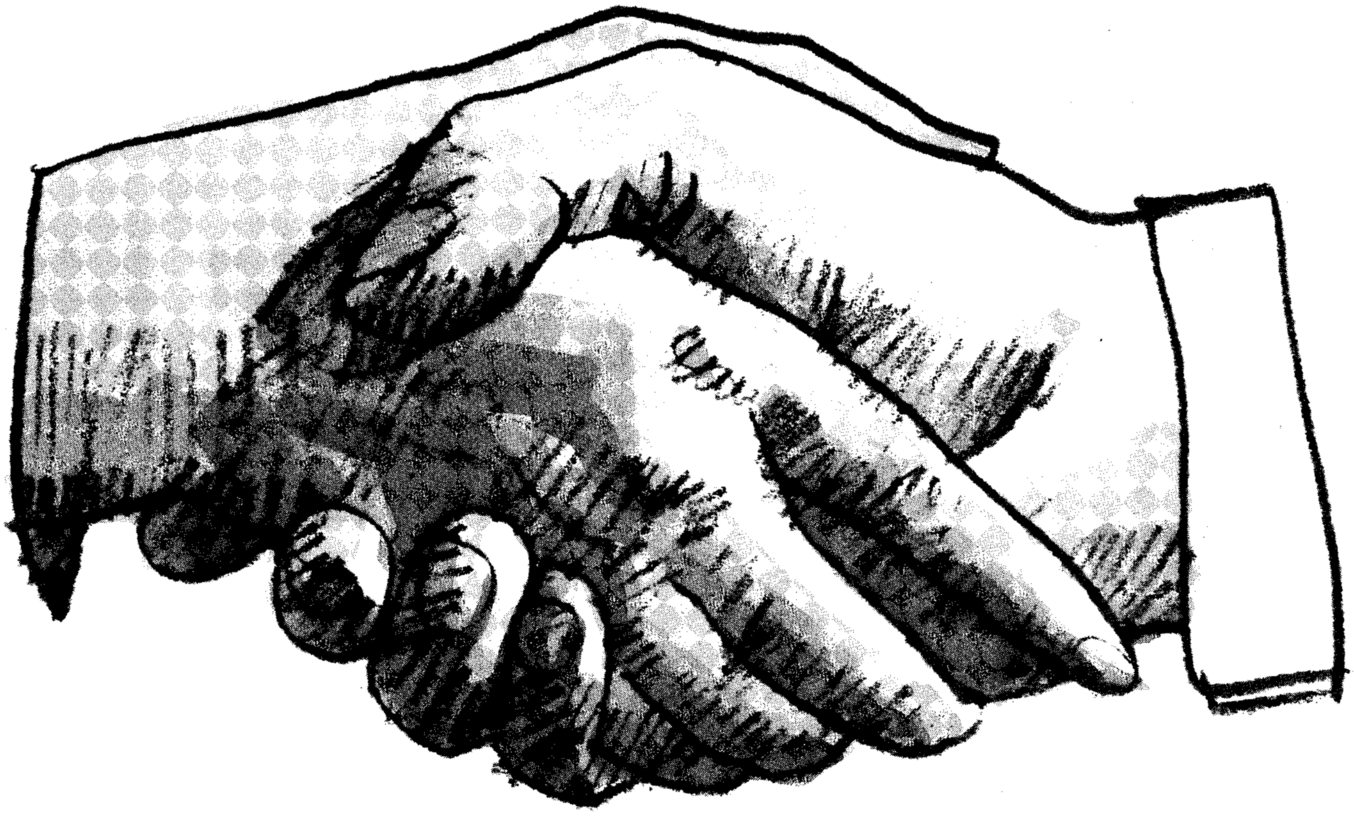

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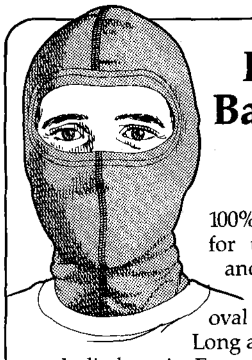

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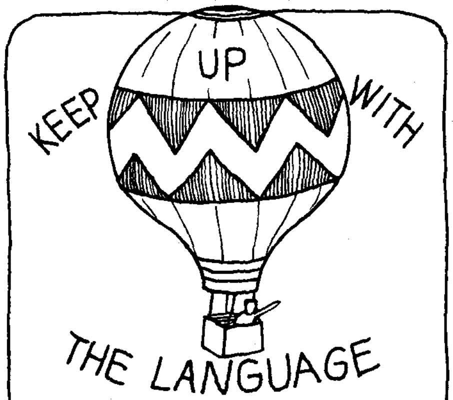

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opposition to outlawing a weapon whose sole purpose is to kill police officers reveals the morally bankrupt nature of the group."

In 1983, Governor Charles Robb, of Virginia, signed a bill providing strong legal penalties for anyone convicted of possessing or using armor-piercing bullets in the commission of a crime. The bill had passed the state legislature with the support of the N.R.A., and, according to Warren Cassidy, the executive director of the N.R.A.'s Institute for Legislative Action, Robb's signature reëmphasized "the concept that law-abiding gun owners have rights and responsibilities and that criminals should be held fully accountable for their actions." While the N.R.A. continued to oppose any limitation on the freedom to acquire the bullets, at least twenty-one states and the District of Columbia passed legislation, in one form or another, against them. At the national level, however, attempts to curb armor-piercing bullets have had no success. Two years ago, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Representative Mario Biaggi proposed legislation that would have banned the manufacture, importation, sale, and criminal use of such ammunition; but —partly because of strong lobbying efforts by the N.R.A.—their bill (the Law Enforcement Officers Protection Act) has still not reached the House floor. According to an article by Representative Biaggi in *Law Enforcement News*, a journal for police officers, there are two major reasons that his proposed legislation has yet to be enacted: "First, the National Rifle Association strongly opposes a ban on armor-piercing handgun ammunition. Second, the Reagan Administration, while not opposed to the idea, has offered very little meaningful support for such a ban." Jerry Kenney, a pro-gun writer for the New York *Daily News*, had this to say in one of his columns in March of 1984:

> The image of the sportsman, the average law-abiding hunter and target shooter, is going to suffer greatly from a puzzling decision by the National Rifle Association. This august (until now) organization, which claims to be the "voice" of law-abiding gun owners in the U.S., is opposing a bill by Rep. Mario Biaggi and Sen. Daniel Patrick Moynihan that would ban the production, import, sale and private use of armor-piercing bullets.
>
> Hunters and target shooters have traditionally been known as sportsmen and most of them are members of the N.R.A. They stand by the organization in most of

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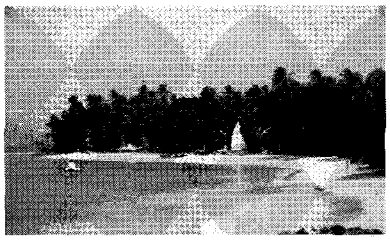

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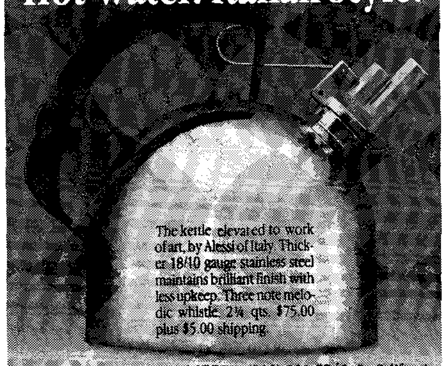

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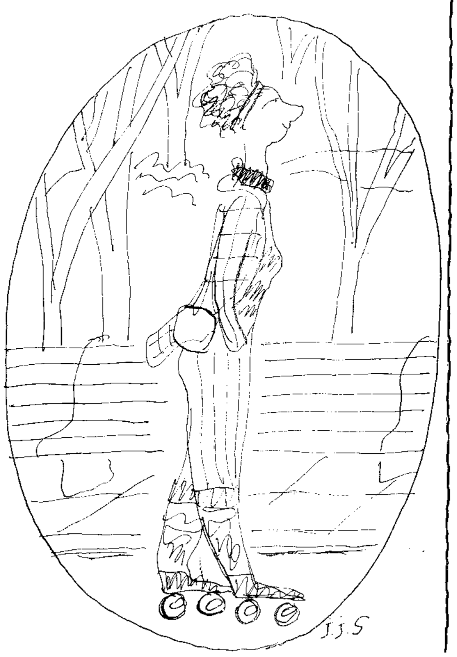
its decisions, particularly in the campaign against gun control. But the stand the N.R.A. is taking in the name of its many millions of members to allow the production and sale of ammunition that has no logical use except to penetrate armor and bulletproof vests is an outrage. . . .

It seems to me if the N.R.A. doesn't support a ban of the bullets, it will share the responsibility for the damage. That responsibility will trickle down to all its members, anyone who displays an N.R.A. sticker on his car windshield or wears an N.R.A. hat or carries an N.R.A. card. And I don't think N.R.A. members want it on their consciences. I know I don't.

To the N.R.A., there was no such thing as a good bullet or a bad bullet. Hence the organization viewed the Biaggi-Moynihan bill as a kind of Trojan horse, waiting to subvert the rights of all gun owners and deprive them of all ammunition. That was not, of course, the intent of the proposed legislation. Its main intent was to ban the circulation of armor-piercing bullets used in handguns. Biaggi, a former New York City policeman, who had been wounded several times in the line of duty, had more than just a casual interest in the legislation he proposed. And Moynihan reëmphasized to a Senate subcommittee in April of 1984, "Time and again, Congressman Biaggi and I have stressed that only bullets capable of penetrating body armor and designed to be fired from a handgun would be banned; rifle ammunition would not be covered." The N.R.A. was not persuaded by that statement. Therefore, recognizing the N.R.A.'s fears, and deciding that softer legislation was better than no legislation at all, Biaggi introduced a revised bill that



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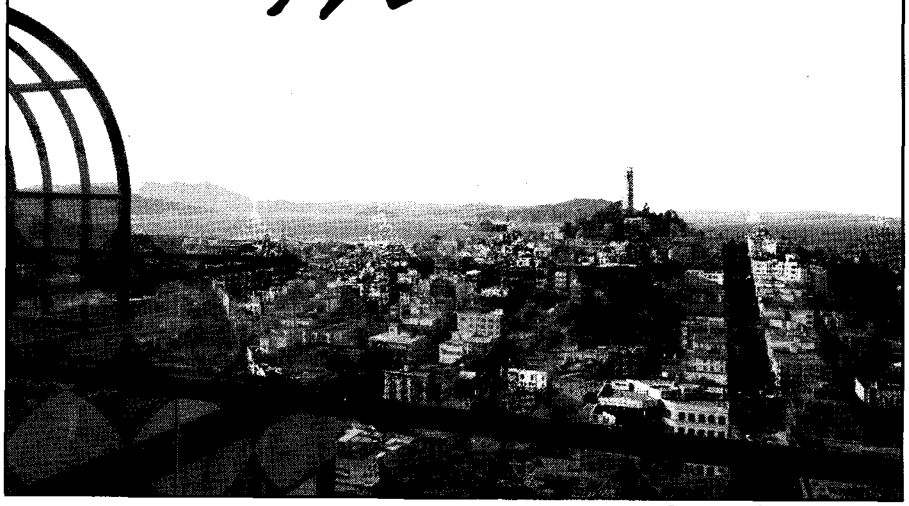

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banned the manufacture, importation, and criminal use—but not the sale—of armor-piercing bullets. He was then able, in June of 1984, to write reassuringly to his congressional colleagues that the revised bill would not infringe upon "the rights of sportsmen and other legitimate gun users;" that it had been developed jointly by the Treasury and Justice Departments; that it was supported by the law-enforcement community; and that "even the N.R.A. has informed the Administration they will not oppose it." However, when the ban of the sale of the bullets was subsequently restored, the N.R.A. withdrew its support. So unless one side or the other alters its position, the prospect for passage remains uncertain.

THE pro-gun convictions of the N.R.A. are anchored in rights that it claims Americans have been granted by the Constitution. During the hearings in Brookhaven, an N.R.A. member said, "When you open a loophole with a law like this, you're just . . . unplugging a dike; you take your finger out of the hole and it's an approach, and eventually it erodes away everything, and we all go down the tubes." He was clearly referring to the Second Amendment, which states, "A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed." It is the principal clause of the Second Amendment that the pro-gun lobby lives by. Its words adorn the letterhead of the Citizens Committee for the Right to Keep and Bear Arms and are inscribed in stone on the building that the N.R.A. owns and occupies in Washington. The gun-control movement, disagreeing with the pro-gun lobby's interpretation of that clause, has preferred to look at the full wording of the amendment. So has the Supreme Court, which ruled in 1939 (and has since declined to reconsider the matter) that the Second Amendment applies to the maintenance of a well-regulated militia, and not to any individual's right to keep and bear arms. Federal courts have abided by that ruling, and the American Bar Association has stated that the Second Amendment and similar provisions in state constitutions "have never prevented regulation of firearms."

Such opinions have failed to impress or influence the pro-gun leadership. It has continued to ignore or play down the Second Amendment's reference to

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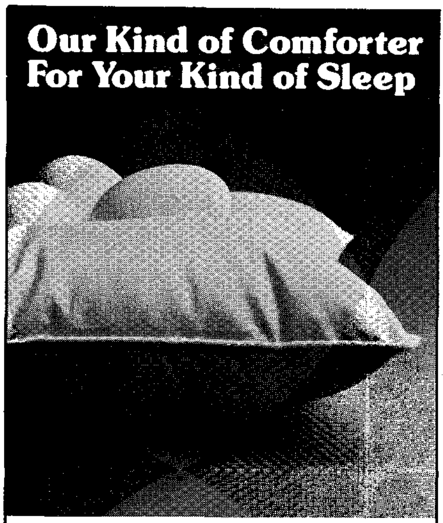

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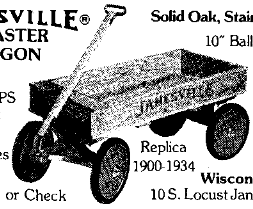

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a militia, or, by niceties of historical interpretation, has sought to undermine it. In 1982, the Senate Subcommittee on the Constitution—chaired by Orrin G. Hatch, who is on the advisory council of the Citizens Committee for the Right to Keep and Bear Arms—claimed to have found enough evidence in Colonial writings, in the debates over the ratification of the Constitution and the adoption of the Bill of Rights, as well as in modern testimony to justify an "individual" rather than a strictly "militia" reading of the Second Amendment. "What the Subcommittee . . . uncovered," Senator Hatch said, in a preface to his subcommittee's report, "was clear—and long-lost—proof that the second amendment to our Constitution was intended as an individual right of the American citizen to keep and carry arms in a peaceful manner, for protection of himself, his family, and his freedoms." Naturally, such a finding was profoundly reassuring to leaders of the pro-gun lobby. It quickened their hope that the Supreme Court might one day —perhaps soon—reverse itself on the Second Amendment, as it has done on a number of other constitutional questions.

AFTER the conservative landslide of 1980 had boosted the gun advocates' power on Capitol Hill and in the White House, prospects for new gun-control legislation seemed bleaker than ever. If most Americans still wanted stricter gun laws, it looked as though they would have to pass those laws themselves, at the state and local levels. It probably looked that way to the people of Morton Grove, a small town in Illinois, for in June of 1981 Morton Grove banned the sale and private possession of handguns within the town limits.

That initiative—probably the toughest and most uncompromising gun prohibition that had yet been passed in America—couldn't have come from a less likely community. Though Morton Grove is only sixteen miles from downtown Chicago, it is a quiet residential suburb. Its population is twenty-four thousand, and it has just a few commercial streets, the rest being lined mostly with single-family houses. Gun crimes were not unknown in the community, but they were never much of a problem, and certainly were never prevalent among its citizens. Neil Cashman was the senior trustee of Morton Grove, and, with white hair and a sober, avuncular manner, he

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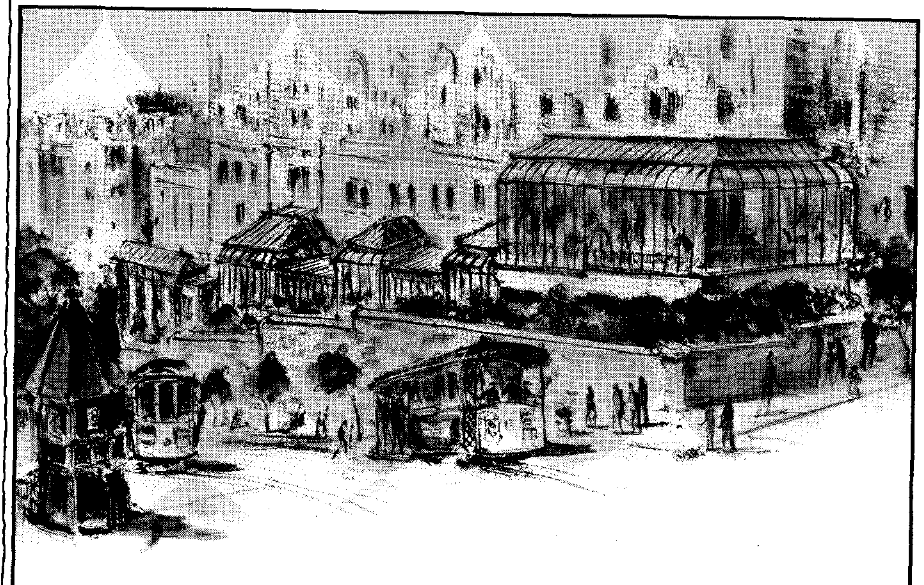

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looked the part. A ban like Morton Grove's "had to start somewhere," Cashman later told a *Life* reporter. "Why not here?" But it wasn't to set an example for the rest of the country that he introduced the proposal that became law. He was simply trying to prevent Morton Grove—and especially its younger citizens—from developing too great a feeling for handguns. One resident had applied for permission to open a gun store, on a site not far from the town's junior high school. "We didn't want the kids looking in the window, dreaming of guns," Cashman said. "We wanted to stop that store." Since there were no legal grounds on which permission could be denied—no federal or state law, no local zoning statute—the trustees could stop the store only by outlawing the sale of handguns in their town; and on June 8, 1981, they passed two ordinances: one prohibiting the sale of handguns and the other banning private possession of handguns within the town limits. The trustees—realizing, perhaps, the national import of their action—then took two further steps. They voted to make copies of their ordinances available to any governmental body in the nation that requested them, and also passed this resolution: "That all other municipalities, counties and states in the United States and the U.S. Congress legislate against the manufacture, importation, sale and private possession of handguns, except for use by law enforcement and security personnel, military and sportsmen's clubs."

Morton Grove's ordinances, reported prominently in the press and on television, stirred a national response —not all of it, of course, favorable. Among the letters that poured into the offices of the trustees from across America were some addressed to "Moron Grove" or "Morton Grave"—and what their writers thought of the town's anti-gun law was couched in terms like "Nazi," "Communistic," "vile," and "filthy." The letters commending Morton Grove for its action included some from towns and localities that wished to use the ordinances as a model for gun-control legislation of their own. And within months stricter gun measures—some adhering to the letter of Morton Grove's, others merely reflecting its spirit—were proposed in Chicago, San Francisco, Detroit, and East St. Louis, Illinois, and in several other municipalities.

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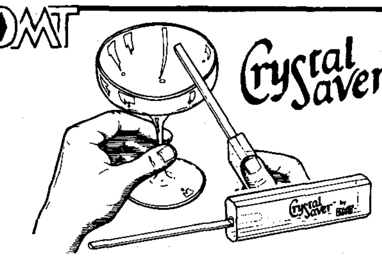

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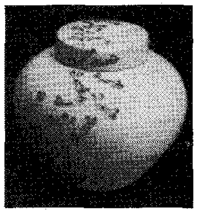

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Cashman's proposal, a few weeks before it was debated and passed, the organization swung into action, initiating its usual avalanche of letters and phone calls. It was too late. Minds in Morton Grove—the majority, anyway—were already made up. Defeated by this fait accompli, an experience to which they were unaccustomed, the national pro-gun leaders sought to overturn the Morton Grove ordinance banning the possession of handguns by challenging its constitutionality in the federal and state courts. But judicial opinion was firmly against them. In December of 1981, the United States District Court for the Northern District of Illinois ruled that the Morton Grove ordinance did not violate either the federal Constitution or the constitution of the State of Illinois. In January of 1982, the circuit court of Cook County held that Morton Grove's ordinance infringed upon no guarantees of the Illinois constitution. In December of that year, the United States Court of Appeals in Chicago upheld the ruling made by the district court in 1981. And in March of 1983 the Court of Appeals again ruled in favor of the ordinance. This last ruling was a severe blow to the pro-gun lobby, because it had now exhausted its appeals at the federal level below the Supreme Court. But the pro-gun movement vowed to take its fight all the way—for, according to one of its spokesmen, the movement regarded the Morton Grove law as "the most dangerous attack ever staged against the right to keep and bear arms." Obviously, that right hadn't appealed very strongly to the trustees and citizens of Morton Grove. They seem to

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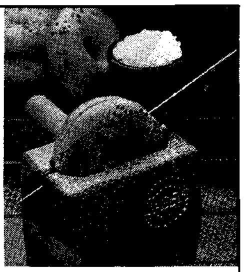

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have felt more strongly about their right to fear arms and their right to inscribe that fear in the democratic arrangements by which they govern themselves. Part of their motivation may be inferred from an article that one of the trustees later wrote for a Chicago newspaper. "What happened in Morton Grove was not extraordinary," he said. "It was, in fact, a textbook civics-class exercise in American government at its best."

Morton Grove provided the national gun-control movement with an impressive victory. Michael Beard, of the National Coalition to Ban Handguns, called it "a symbolic message that is being sent to public officials that they can do something about handgun problems." And, in view of the number of communities that followed Morton Grove's lead, it was clear that public officials had not ignored the message. An even more striking development occurred in February of 1982, when a jury in Washington, D.C., awarded more than two million dollars to the family of a man who had been shot and killed with a pistol stolen from the N.R.A.'s headquarters. (The award was later set aside, when a United States district-court judge ruled that the N.R.A. could not be held legally responsible for the murder.) Several months later, James Brady, the White House press secretary who was critically wounded in the assassination attempt on President Reagan, filed a hundred-million-dollar damage claim against the manufacturer and assembler of Hinckley's Saturday-night special. And by the summer of 1983 a Dallas lawyer named Windle Turley, who had helped initiate the new product-liability strategy, had filed more than twenty suits seeking to hold handgun-makers and suppliers liable not only for murders and felonious injuries but also for accidents and suicides committed with their weapons.

But Michael Beard also asserted that Morton Grove "clearly marks a turning point" in the national struggle for handgun-control laws, and this assertion was overoptimistic. The evidence since then (except for court rulings on the Morton Grove ordinance) has failed to support his judgment. There has been no sign yet that the message from Morton Grove was heard in Congress. Morton Grove hasn't noticeably improved the chances of the Kennedy-Rodino handgun-control bill, and it hasn't diminished support for McClure-Volkmer, the bill

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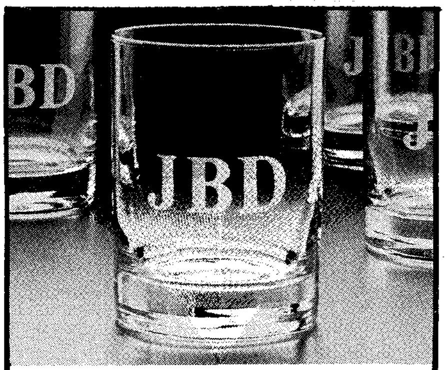

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seeking to weaken the Gun Control Act of 1968. San Francisco's ban on the possession of handguns, which followed Morton Grove's (and the murder of Mayor George Moscone and Harvey Milk, a city supervisor), was overturned by California's Court of Appeal. And, in direct rebuttal to Morton Grove and the towns that have followed it, several communities have flaunted their Second Amendment "rights" by passing laws to compel their citizens to own firearms.

The first and most widely publicized of these cases was in Kennesaw, Georgia, which, with a population of five thousand, was a much smaller town than Morton Grove. In 1982, Kennesaw enacted an ordinance requiring the head of every household to own a gun and ammunition. That went beyond the most extreme of previous pro-gun demands, and looked to many outsiders like a copycat law in reverse—or a mere publicity stunt. Whatever the motivation, Kennesaw and its mayor, Darvin Purdy, attracted almost as much national attention as Morton Grove had. Even the New York *Times* devoted an editorial to Kennesaw. Mayor Purdy appeared on national television and also released the text of a letter he had mailed to Mayor Dianne Feinstein, of San Francisco, requesting that "you allow us to have your surrendered and confiscated weapons, so that we may issue them to our indigent citizens." But in Kennesaw itself there were serious questions about the law. Could it be enforced? Would the head of a family be fined or imprisoned for refusing to keep a gun in the house? Apparently not; drafters of the law had been careful to omit any penalty. "It's gonna be a tough one to enforce," the town's police chief said soon after the ordinance was passed. "You can't walk into people's homes and ask to see their gun." He added, however, that Kennesaw stood ready to "supply just about any sort of firearm" to residents who lacked the funds to purchase their own. To some residents of Kennesaw, the law seemed downright silly. "What are they going to do next?" a local educator asked. "Order everybody to buy a pickup truck to escape in case of a nuclear holocaust? . . . Here we were, trying to live down a redneck image, and they do this. It's kind of crazy." A businessman added, "This just makes us the laughingstock of the whole country."

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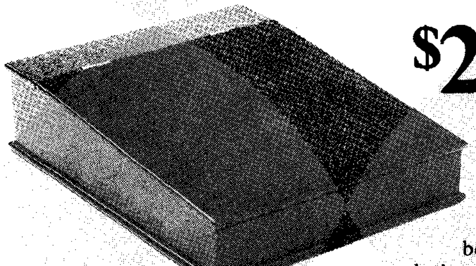

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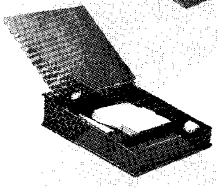

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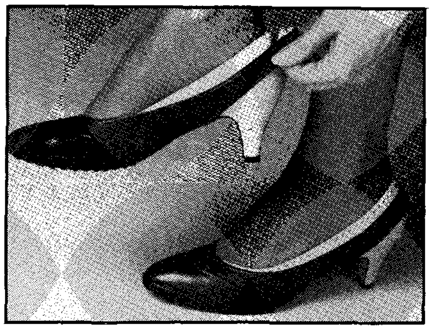
Point Blank, the newsletter of the Citizens Committee for the Right to Keep and Bear Arms, praised the Kennesaw ordinance, calling it "a solid counter to the Morton Grove handgun ban," and added, "The fight goes on around the country." And so it did. "KENNESAW-TYPE GUN LAW SPREADING LIKE WILDFIRE," declared a headline in the newspaper *Gun Week* in July of 1982. "Such laws have now been passed in Kennesaw, Franklintown, Pa., Hollister, Mo., Chiloquin, Ore., and Palmer, Ill.," the accompanying story pointed out. "They are being considered in a number of towns, including Oroville, Calif., Bliss, Idaho, and Taylorville, Ill." And a number of other localities have since proposed or adopted gun codes similar to Kennesaw's. The news was a clear sign that the N.R.A. and its allies had recovered from the shock of Morton Grove.

In September of 1983, Michael Korda, a novelist and publishing-house editor in New York, wrote an article for the N.R.A.'s *Reports from Washington* in which he agreed with some of the N.R.A.'s positions on gun control. The association also ran Korda's article, under the heading "Guns Are Not the Problem," as an advertisement in a number of magazines, including *The New Republic*—presumably because Korda's credentials are those of an urban intellectual, because urban intellectuals are generally seen to be liberal, and because liberals are generally deemed to be in favor of gun control. As it happens, Korda is a gun collector, a target shooter, and a life member of the N.R.A., but most readers, unaware of all this, were surprised to see his pro-gun statement.

Some time before the article appeared, Korda, in a conversation at his office, spelled out his views. "When people talk about guns, what are they really talking about?" he asked. "They're talking about a certain American penchant for violence. They're talking about the conflict between the old, rural view of American life and the modern, urban view of American life. They're talking about liberal and conservative attitudes toward self-defense and crime. They're talking about crime and about standing up for their rights to the extreme. They're talking about all sorts of issues that are very intense in American life—including, I need hardly say, racism—and all of which boil down to guns and gun control. The guns themselves have never struck me as being very interesting or, in real American terms, very controversial. The truth of the matter is that when people talk about gun control they're really talking about other things. Conservatives are talking about constitutional rights. Rural people are talking about looking after themselves. Big-city people are talking about what are seen as person-to-person crimes—seen by white people as being inflicted on them largely by blacks, and seen by black people as being inflicted largely on blacks by blacks. And city people, if they're liberal, are also thinking about a certain turning away from old American values, which are basically and predominantly rural."

Korda went on to say, "What applies to a city like New York does not, it seems to me, apply as easily to a state like Montana. What applies to Montana does not apply as easily to a state like Texas or Mississippi. And local custom, local tradition, local law enforcement vary so much that it is really very hard to talk about a national gun policy—which I think everybody in the federal government does more or less badly. There is no reason to suppose that a national gun policy would be better administered than a national anything-else policy—energy policy, civil-rights policy, or whatever. So I'm not so sure that the system we have—which is that gun laws are left largely to local communities—doesn't in some ways make the most sense. And while I'm not in favor of the decision of the Morton Grove people it seems to me that within whatever the constitutional limits turn out to be—it may well be that the Constitution does not give a community the right to mandate or to demand that it give up its guns entirely—if Morton Grove is silly, Kennesaw is sillier. The decision as to whether a person wants to arm himself or herself seems to me a very personal one, like a lot of other things. I don't think it should be managed by the state. I don't think it should be pre-



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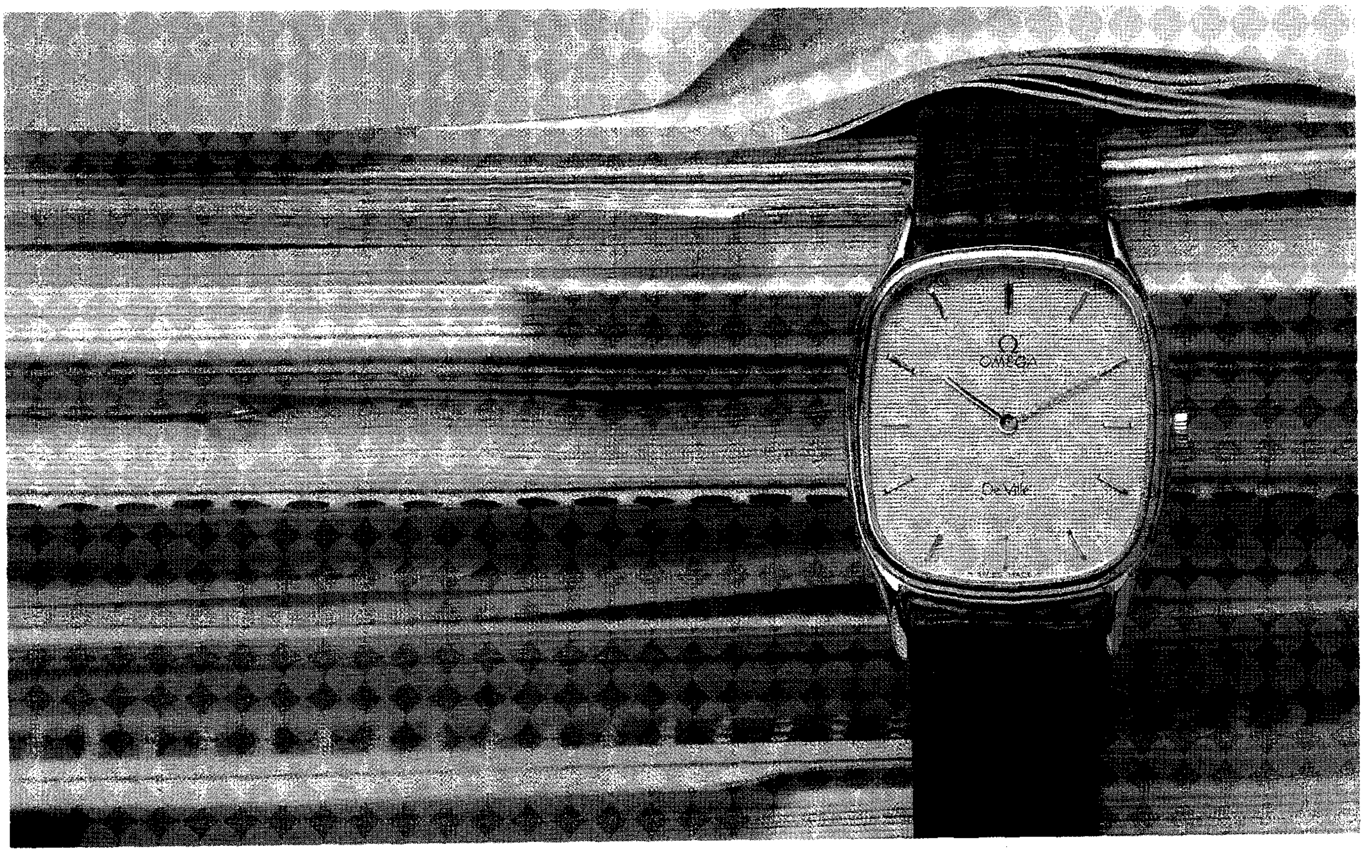

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MEMBERS OF THE HENRY BIRKS AND SONS COMPANY OF FINE JEWELERS vented by the state. I think there's a case to be made that, given the type of environment, the political traditions, and so forth, of various areas, it can be regulated by the state, just as the state regulates cars.”

After a pause, Korda continued, “One of the problems I have, as a logical person, is that gun-control laws as such don't seem to do what gun-control advocates think they will do. They don't diminish homicides, reduce crime, or cut down the number of deaths. The reason for that is that those deaths and crimes have absolutely nothing to do with gun-control laws. They have to do with poverty, urban environment, density of population, address, and so forth. . . . We don't have a gun problem in the United States. We have a problem of violence, a problem of law enforcement, and a problem that we are absolutely unwilling to address or solve—and that problem is not guns but youth unemployment, poverty, and so forth. . . . I feel very strongly that the crux of the problem lies in the fact that we have come to accept the criminal use of guns as natural and normal. I think it is outrageous that a guy who uses a gun in a crime should be able to plea-bargain that down to a misdemeanor. I think if you commit a crime with a gun you ought to go up for ten years. And if you shoot or kill somebody with a gun you should get at least a life sentence. And while I myself am not convinced that capital punishment is a good idea or a moral idea—or, indeed, that it works—it may well be that it's worth a try, if only to see whether it might work under some conditions. The thing is that liberals—and I'm not a totally illiberal person, and I should make it reasonably clear that I'm not a right-wing conservative—tend to come down in favor of gun control because, I think, gun control avoids certain very uncomfortable issues. One is the ethnic issue, which is that the fear of crime is of black crime against white people, whereas the reality of crime, though nobody wants to admit it, is, if you look at the statistics, that it's mostly black crime against black people. And this is for the very good reason that black people cannot get jobs, they cannot get an education, they have no future, and under the present Administration they can see that things are going to get even worse. To address the real social issues is to see that we are not educating black children fast enough, and that even if we did educate them we are not providing jobs or incentives for them, and that we are not rebuilding their neighborhoods and that we have allowed the drug thing to become so rooted in their lives that it is an ineradicable part of urban life.”

IN November of 1982, a referendum called Proposition 15, which was meant to limit the number of privately held handguns, was put before the voters of California. It required all owners to register their weapons, and sought a jail term of six months for anyone found carrying an unregistered and concealable handgun. California, with more than four million privately held handguns, was a fitting stage for what—after Morton Grove and Kennesaw—was billed as a decisive showdown in the national gun-control war. And, with so much at stake, both the pro-gun lobby and the anti-gun movement threw themselves energetically into the Proposition 15 campaign. An N.R.A. spokesman called Proposition 15 “the most serious threat to firearms that has ever come down the road.” And Pete Shields, of Handgun Control, Inc., said of the proposition, “If it succeeds in California, I predict it will . . . sweep across the country. If it fails, the invincibility of the gun lobby will be touted again.”

Leading the fight for the proposition was a group called Californians Against Street Crime, which had obtained more than six hundred thousand signatures to place the proposition on the state ballot; and playing supportive roles were Handgun Control, Inc., the National Coalition to Ban Handguns, and hundreds of prominent Californians, a number of them from Hollywood. Though these organizations and individuals contributed about two million dollars to the proposition's campaign chest, the sum was considerably smaller than the more than seven and a half million that the opposition raised and spent. Organized as a coalition called Citizens Against the Gun Initiative, the opposition included Gun Owners of California, the California Rifle and Pistol Association, the Second Amendment Foundation, the Citizens Com-

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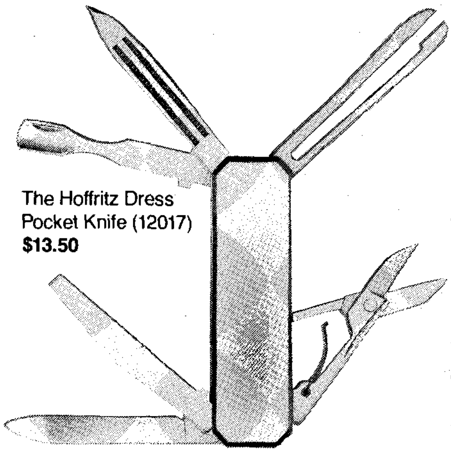

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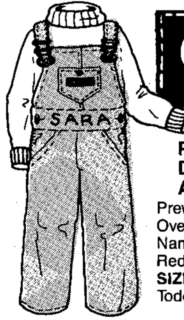

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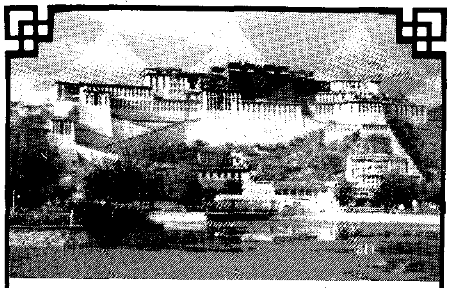
mittee for the Right to Keep and Bear Arms, and the National Rifle Association. That aggregation also drew its share of support from Hollywood celebrities, one of whom, Roy Rogers, declared in the course of the campaign, "They'll have to shoot me first to take my gun."

In that shoot-out, it was Proposition 15 that was killed: Californians rejected it on November 2nd by nearly two to one. Having crushed its opponents, the pro-gun lobby naturally declared that the vote in California was a vote for and about America, a vindication of the lobby's crusade to preserve for all Americans the right to own and use whatever guns they chose. On the same day that Californians went to the polls, residents of New Hampshire and Nevada voted overwhelmingly to add to their state constitutions explicit provisions recognizing their right to keep and bear arms. "In crucial votes in three states," Alan Gottlieb said of the day's events, "Americans made it very plain that they will brook no interference with their right to keep and bear arms." He went on, "These votes clearly show that the anti-gun forces have been misrepresenting their polls and statistics for years. Where is their much-proclaimed majority of Americans in favor of gun control? If they're out there, they certainly don't vote. . . . Why don't they listen to the will of the majority and just leave everybody alone?" According to the *Times*, John M. Snyder, the chief lobbyist for the Citizens Committee for the Right to Keep and Bear Arms, was sending out a Christmas card for 1982 that "showed Santa Claus with a sack full of pistols marked 'Morton Grove;' " the *Times* explained, "Santa was announcing his departure for California, a state that had just defeated a gun-control proposition."

The gun-control forces had been humiliated by their defeat in California. Victor Palmieri, a San Francisco executive, who had chaired the campaign for Proposition 15, confessed to a feeling of embarrassment, and described the failure as a sort of Bay of Pigs. John Phillips, a Los Angeles lawyer, who had drafted the proposition and directed the campaign to obtain its passage, said, "The N.R.A. is going to make a lot of noise about this over the next few years. I'm sad about that." Alan Gottlieb appeared to be right about at least one thing: if it was true that, as the polls had been saying for years, a majority of Americans favored gun control, then "they cer-



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tainly don't vote." And, considering the recent mood and makeup of Congress, that is a dismal omen for the future of federal gun-control legislation in the United States. In assessing the cause of his movement's defeat in California, Pete Shields didn't attribute it to the voting habits of people who express themselves in favor of gun control but do not act upon their wishes in the polling booths; apparently, he either overlooked that factor or was tacitly acknowledging a displeasing circumstance. Instead, he suggested that the gun-control forces had been overpowered by the superior financial muscle of the opposition. Whether the four-to-one disparity in resources will be narrowed in the near future seems doubtful. Shields did not surrender his optimism, however. When he was asked if his movement would fight another day, he replied, "You're damn right we will, but not before we have the money in hand." (Till that day arrives, the movement for gun control might take grim notice of what John Hinckley has been quoted as saying from his place of incarceration: "If somebody like me can buy six Saturday-night specials with ease, there is something drastically wrong. I'm considering giving my support to the National Coalition to Ban Handguns.")

The gun-control movement might draw a measure of comfort from what the Supreme Court eventually decided about the case of Morton Grove. "March 7, 1983, will live in infamy," the N.R.A.'s Warren Cassidy had said when he learned of the second ruling of the United States Court of Appeals in Chicago. "It was a day of darkness for the people of Morton Grove, for they have been robbed of a precious right enjoyed by all citizens of this country since the adoption of the Bill of Rights and the abolition of slavery. It was a day of darkness for the courts of this country. . . . And, perhaps most of all, it was a day of darkness for our United States Constitution as well. . . . No nation which fancies itself as having a government of laws, and not of men, can endure such deliberate suppression of the rights of the majority in order to satisfy the orchestrated clamor of a minority of political extremists. After agonizing deliberation, it now appears that the National Rifle Association, as the organization which has always championed the right of law-abiding citizens to own and use firearms, must seek to have this outrageous decision overturned by the

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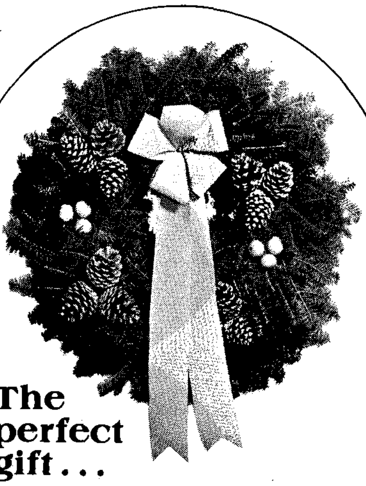

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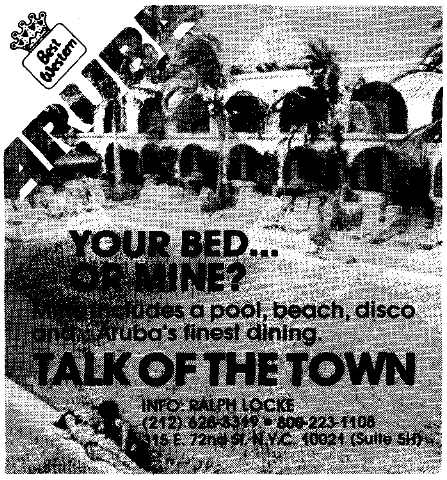

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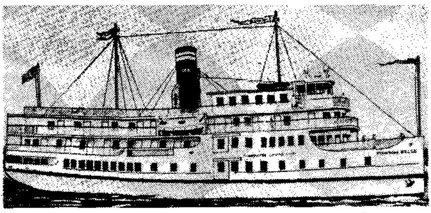

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United States Supreme Court." At the end of May, the N.R.A. filed a petition before the Supreme Court asking the Court—according to *Reports from Washington*—to consider "whether the lower federal courts should have abstained from ruling on the Morton Grove case . . . and whether the Second and Fourteenth Amendments to the U.S. Constitution effectively prohibit state and local governments from enacting gun bans." The Supreme Court remained silent on the matter, however. In October of 1983, it in effect dismissed the N.R.A. petition, by declining to rule on the Court of Appeals opinion. This was one of the few serious setbacks the gun lobby had suffered in recent years. From one of the most conservative courts in decades the lobby had hoped for a historic opinion, upholding once and for all its own interpretation of the Second Amendment. *Point Blank* complained that the Supreme Court, by its refusal to hear the case, was "ducking the issue of gun control." And the magazine continued, "Its action underscores the fact that the people no longer can rely on the courts to protect them in the maintenance of their rights. The people have to do that themselves, hopefully through their elected representatives in Congress. That is why pro-gun legislation now pending before Congress is so important, indeed, necessary."

THE most important piece of pro-gun legislation was, of course, the McClure-Volkmer bill, which the President had promised to sign if it should be passed. But as the pro-gun lobby regrouped to continue its struggle against handgun control it could take encouragement not only from the President's promise to sign the McClure-Volkmer bill but also from the memory of an address he had delivered to the hundred-and-twelfth annual meeting of the N.R.A., in May, 1983. To a gathering of some four thousand members and supporters, in Phoenix, Arizona, President Reagan said, "It does my spirit good to be with people who never lose faith in America, who never stop believing in her future, and who never back down one inch from defending the constitutional freedoms that are every American's birthright." He went on to say, "Being a part of this group, you know that good organizations don't just happen. They take root in a body of shared beliefs. They grow from strong leadership with vision,

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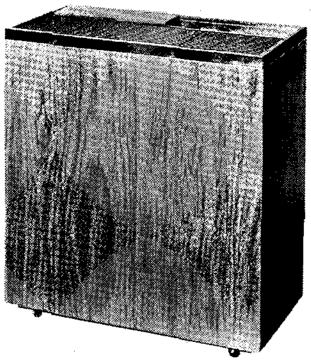

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initiative, and determination to reach great goals. And what you've accomplished speaks for itself—more than two and a half million members, and the N.R.A.'s getting stronger every day." The President cited the defeat of Proposition 15 as proof of the N.R.A.'s growing strength. Then he said, "It is a nasty truth, but those who seek to inflict harm are not fazed by gun-control laws. I happen to know this from personal experience." He went on, "By the way, the Constitution does not say that government shall decree the right to keep and bear arms. The Constitution says '. . . the right of the people to keep and bear Arms shall not be infringed.' " The President added that "no group does more" than the N.R.A. "to promote gun safety and respect for the laws of this land," and he thanked the organization. "Still," he said, "we've both heard the charge that supporting gun owners' rights encourages a violent, shoot-'em-up society. But just a minute. Don't they understand that most violent crimes are not committed by decent, law-abiding citizens? They're committed by career criminals. Guns don't make criminals. Hard-core criminals use guns. And locking them up, the hard-core criminals up, and throwing away the key is the best gun-control law we could ever have."

Before the President spoke, people entering the hall had been closely monitored by metal detectors. A sign posted near the entrance said, "Due to Presidential security reasons: No guns, knives, or tear gas will be allowed in the assembly hall." Perhaps it was odd that an organization of legal gun owners—and one so fond of President Reagan—should have found it necessary to issue such instructions to its membership. A resident of Suffield, Connecticut, put it this way, in a letter to the *Times*: "I note that metal detectors were used to screen the President's audience in Phoenix and that, naturally, no weapons of any type were allowed. Here we see at work essential hypocrisy: Gun control is utilized when the President makes a speech stating that he does not believe in gun control." —JERVIS ANDERSON

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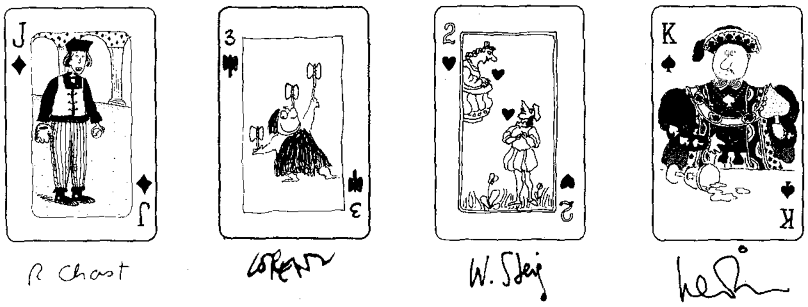

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MUSICAL EVENTS

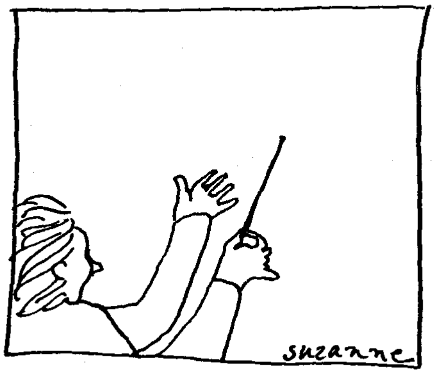
Line and Color

MILTON BABBITT'S "The Head of the Bed" (1981), composed for the Chamber Music Society of Baltimore and the soprano Phyllis Bryn-Julson, had its New York première last week at the first Parnassus concert of the season, in Merkin Hall. It is a setting for soprano and four instruments (flute, clarinet, violin, and cello) of John Hollander's long, dense, difficult poem with the same title—two hundred and twenty-five decasyllables, fifteen stanzas of fifteen lines each. The soprano sings throughout, across a range firmly defined by frequent B-flats below the staff and A's above it, and with many wide leaps; there are no instrumental interludes, and the work lasted about twenty-five minutes. Judith Bettina's performance at the Parnassus concert was a tour de force. She sounded unstrained, confident, clear of tone, and fresh to the end. One's only complaint might be that she narrowed the dynamic range and the extreme dynamic contrasts called for in the score—called for, however, with such profusion that literal adherence to the jostling *fff* and *ppp* markings would probably break the line. And line—a flexible, fascinating vocal line quick to the rhythms, the imagery, and the sounds of Hollander's words—is at the heart of the composition. Each of the stanzas has a different instrumental accompaniment—the fifteen possibilities offered by four instruments playing solo, *a due*, *a tre*, or all together. The textures are flickering, alert. The Parnassus players—Keith Underwood, Charles Neidich, Carol Zeavin, Chris Finckel, unobtrusively conducted by Anthony Korf, the ensemble's director—seemed at once assured and delighted by their parts. This "dream-journey" (Hollander's description of his poem) is one of Babbitt's most lyrical compositions.

The concert began with the late Charles Whittenberg's arresting, rhetorical Three Pieces for Clarinet Alone (1963), which were given a dazzling performance by Mr. Neidich. Then several generations of Princeton composers with master-pupil links were represented: Paul Lansky (born in 1944), David Rakowski (born in 1958), Roger Sessions (born in 1896), and Babbitt (born in 1916). Lansky's Serenade (1978), for violin, viola, and piano, was composed (the composer said in a program note) after "a long and difficult bout with a computer." It's unstringent—especially in the third and fourth of its five brief movements—to the point of self-indulgence, but the writing has Lansky's wonted elegance. Rakowski's "Slange," written for Parnassus, had its first performance. The composer calls it a "mini-concertino in five sections." It's a short stretch (about six minutes) of finely worked, agreeable, but unmemorable music, for eight players, with the sound of clarinet and bass clarinet together, as the composer heard them in Parnassus' recent performance of the Schoenberg Serenade, one of its sonic inspirations. Sessions' Six Pieces for Violoncello (1966) were eloquently played by Mr. Finckel, who showed himself to be an artist able to cast a spell, to make an audience hang on each turn of the music's progress. A good concert.

SESSIONS' twenty-minute or so Piano Concerto does not have the place in the repertory one would expect a work so exhilarating and, in the slow movement, so beautiful to have won for itself. The program note for a New York performance last month suggested that since the première, in 1956, it had been revived only three or four times. The concerto was commissioned by the Juilliard Musical Foundation and was first played by Beveridge Webster and the Juilliard Orchestra, conducted by Jean Morel. *Musical America* hailed it as "a major addition to the repertory." There were BBC studio performances in 1966 and 1971-72. Last year, Monique Duphil and the Cleveland Orchestra, conducted by Yoel Levi, did it in an all-Sessions concert that was later broadcast in New York, by WQXR. It was a performance slightly too strenuous at times, poetic at others, and distinguished by limpid playing of the many woodwind solos. I'd not heard the work live before last month's performance, which was given by Rebecca La Brecque and the American Composers Orchestra, conducted by Larry Newland, in Alice Tully Hall. Coming at the end of a program that otherwise consisted of three murky world premières (two other piano concertos and an orchestra piece), it made a powerful impression: after muddle, mastery; after confusion, clarity. Wilfrid Mellers, in an essay at the time of the BBC's 1966 performance, wrote of Sessions' liaison of "New England Puritanism with the nature mysticism of Debussy and the elegiac sensuality of Mahler," and of his fusion of "Berg-like European sensuousness with a religious austerity more typical of his New England heritage." The concerto is dedicated to the memory of Artur Schnabel; the soloist's part includes passages of the rapt, softly ecstatic figuration and also the "speaking" melodic lines for which Schnabel's playing was famous. Composed for a large orchestra (triple woodwinds), the work is brilliantly and lucidly scored—some tambourine strokes are peculiarly telling—and the soloist is never overpowered. Sessions' reputation for seriousness is well established; perhaps it's time for commentators—and performers—to make more of his music's sensual charm. There is one busy episode in the finale of the concerto which seems a shade dry, less than inspired; but no doubt when one gets to know the work better it falls into place.

Miss La Brecque is a dedicated and energetic champion of contemporary American piano music in general and Sessions' in particular. She has recorded an album of his three piano sonatas (Opus One records). This concert was an ambitious affair. But it hardly seemed to have had the long, careful rehearsals that such a program needs. In the two other piano concertos—the more interesting, by Daniel Brewbaker, completed a month before the concert; the other, entitled "Metanoia," by Joseph Gabriel Maneri, written in 1962—there were torrents of notes but little balanced or coherent discourse to be heard. The playing of the Composers Orchestra seemed to be more efficient than loving.



THE English National Opera opened the 1984-85 season with a revival of "The Flying Dutchman," and the Metropolitan Opera with one of "Lohengrin." Covent Garden's second new production of the season was of "Tannhäuser." All three shows missed the straightforward theatricality that makes old-fashioned faithful stagings of these early Wagner operas surefire, allowing picturesque scenery and dramatic confrontations to be at once enjoyable in their own right and potent metaphors for Wagner's inner themes. The E.N.O. "Dutchman" was a black-and-gray affair directed by David Pountney. It was not especially outré, just drab, and simple, exciting effects Wagner prescribed, such as Senta's "starting up from her seat, carried away by sudden inspiration," to sing the *allegro con fuoco* episode that ends her ballad, were ignored. (Senta was already standing.) The opera was played without intermissions, on a turntable, and ended with comedy as Senta, struggling to reach the Dutchman, ran anticlockwise while the turntable moved clockwise at the same speed. Josephine Barstow, the Senta, seemed ill at ease. Neil Howlett, the Dutchman, sang soundly but acted stolidly. Walter Weller, once concertmaster of the Vienna Philharmonic and now principal conductor of the Royal Philharmonic, gave a plain, coarse reading of the score.

"How do you want that businessman's lunch—small, mid-sized, or big?"

• •

"Tannhäuser" was a disaster. Its director, Elijah Moshinsky, in a naïve preliminary essay in *Opera*, dismissed the Met's noble, sensitive, inspiring production of the work as "a mere historical pageant . . . a performance of the stage directions, not of the inner spirit of the opera." He must have attended an unspirited performance. His own decision to alter the composer's stage directions can be likened to that of a conductor who after hearing a dull musical account of the work—"a performance of the notes"—thinks that the notes should therefore be altered. Mr. Moshinsky's effort was a callow, sub-Wieland affair, ineptly executed. It was set on a circle, bare in the outer acts, ringed with benches in Act II. Spectators in the upper parts of the house, I was told, enjoyed a colored floorcloth, but from the orchestra the set looked bleakly monochrome. The bacchanale, with choreography by Kenneth MacMillan, was reduced to a clinically copulative demonstration by two couples in body tights. The Act II assembly for the song festival became a religious procession—in motley costumes, said to be based on Giotto, that looked as if they had been pulled from various "period" hampers. (Wagner wrote that if his own ideas for the scene were not fulfilled "then I merely beg the band to play some march from 'Norma' or 'Belisario,' but not my music," whereas "if one prefers to retain my music, the entry of the guests must be so ordered as to thoroughly imitate real life in its noblest, freest forms.") There was an entertaining moment when at Tannhäuser's mention of the Mount of Venus a posse of little nuns went skittering across the stage in high agitation. Eva Randová, dressed as a night-club hostess, was a squally Venus. Klaus König, a Dresden tenor, was a plain Tannhäuser who sang at the ground. Gwyneth Jones' Elisabeth was warm and emotional, and some of her notes shone beautifully. The vocal honors of the evening went to Thomas Allen, who with a shade more smoothness will be a fine Wolfram, and to Master Nicholas Sillitoe, a free-voiced shepherd boy. Colin Davis's conducting was solid, heavy. The 1860, or so-called Dresden, score was used—a mistake—and a monstrous cut was made from the Venusberg music of the overture into the Venusberg scene itself.

The Met "Lohengrin" is maimed by Ming Cho Lee's ill-devised and ugly scenery. Elsa must sing her Song to the Breezes popping, like a cuckoo from a cuckoo clock, through a little window set in a blank wall spanning the stage. The wall is an inadequate representation of "the Antwerp citadel, with the knights' dwelling center back, the women's dwelling left front, the minster portal right front." Later in the scene, it lifts, to reveal an awkward set, neither quite indoors nor quite outdoors, in which Ortrud's interruption of Elsa's procession to the minster, usually a big moment, goes for little. August Everding's staging included actions that did not improve on Wagner's. Lohengrin won his duel not by valor but by a magic trick. (Wagner is clear that Lohengrin should strike the first blow.) At

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"Atmest du nicht mit mir die süssen Düfte," where the pulsing strings provide a foretaste of "Tristan" enchantments, he drew his bride's attention not to the fragrant night outside but to some awful little posies clipped to their fourposter bed. Anna Tomowa-Sintow's Elsa was purely and sensitively sung. Eva Marton's Ortrud was loud and crude. Placido Domingo sang his first Lohengrin since the two performances he gave sixteen years ago in Hamburg (the city that also heard his first Radamès, Duke in "Rigoletto," Don Alvaro, and Otello). His account of the part, carefully studied, carefully (but not smoothly enough) phrased, and carefully voiced, lacked freedom and romance. He wore—at any rate, on the second night—the worried expression of a charming Labrador uncertain of his master's approval, and it seemed to get into the singing. Fernando De Lucia, bright and forward in timbre, provides the touchstone for Latin Lohengrins; Mr. Domingo did not savor and color the German words as De Lucia does the Italian translation. James Levine's reading was broad, purposeful, and very well played.

I'm prevented from drawing any simple moral—such as that Wagner's stage directions, indissoluble from his music, should always be observed—by the fact that the most exciting productions of the three operas I've seen were Wieland Wagner's, at Bayreuth, close followed by Götz Friedrich's Bayreuth staging of "Tannhäuser." And those were certainly untraditional. It's hard to define the reasons—easier just to state—that they were strong while these later productions are weak. But perhaps some points can be made. First, the Bayreuth productions all showed an awareness that there are high dramatic moments in these early operas which it is foolish to forgo—*azione scenica* that, like Verdi's *parola scenica*, makes apparent the inner situation. The Dutchman's sudden appearance in Act II—muffed in the E.N.O. production—is one such. Second, if Wagner's basic stage plans are not adhered to the musical execution is jeopardized, balances go awry, and the musical structures may seem unmotivated. Bernard Shaw, reviewing the first Bayreuth "Lohengrin," in 1894, instances an episode of choral traffic devised by Cosima for a modulation in the first-act finale as "a piece of stage management of the true Wagnerian kind, combining into one stroke a dramatic effect, a scenic effect, and a musical effect, the total result being a popular effect the value of which was proved by the roar of excitement which burst forth as the curtains closed in." In the Met "Lohengrin," both the Herald and King Henry sing their first utterances from high above the stage on the edge of a wharf, an acoustic perch that diminishes their voices. Third, these operas that Wagner himself—writing to Liszt, after he had embarked on the "Ring"—described as "things that I have outlived" owe their continuing popularity not just to their inner seriousness, dealing in elevated fashion with matters that affect all our lives, but also to the composer's practical stagecraft and his extraordinary mastery of ordinary operatic pleasures. The "Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," and "Lohengrin" all have the categorization "Romantic Opera." They are spectacular, colorful, popular. Shaw enjoyed that Bayreuth "Lohengrin" because "its stage framework is immensely more entertaining, convincing, and natural than it has ever seemed before." In both Covent Garden's "Tannhäuser" and the Met "Lohengrin," twentieth-century haircuts above medieval garments looked unnatural, unconvincing.

—Andrew Porter

• •

WOMAN IRONING

. . . a city churchyard with moonlight,
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some weeds silvered white,
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into the rumpled white field—
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—W. S. Di Piero

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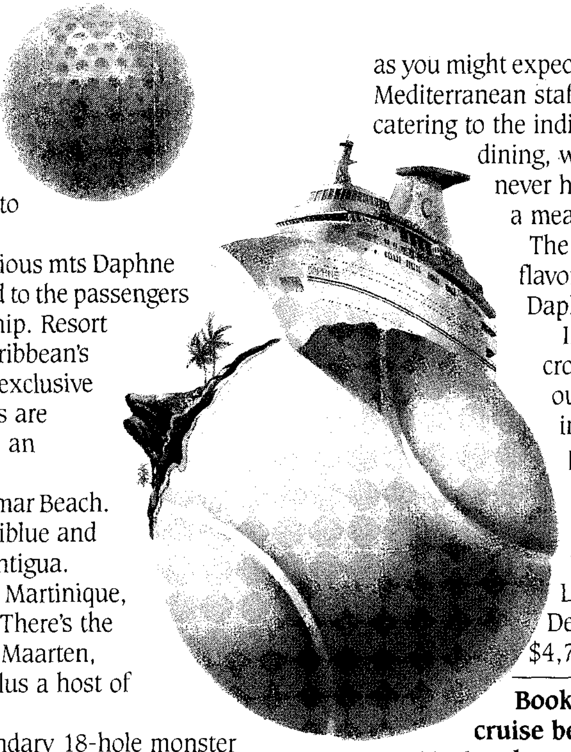

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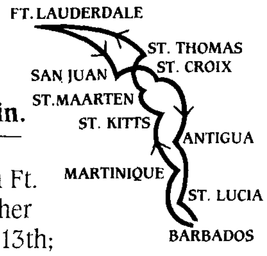

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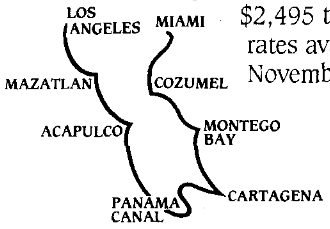

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FORTUNE

THE CURRENT CINEMA

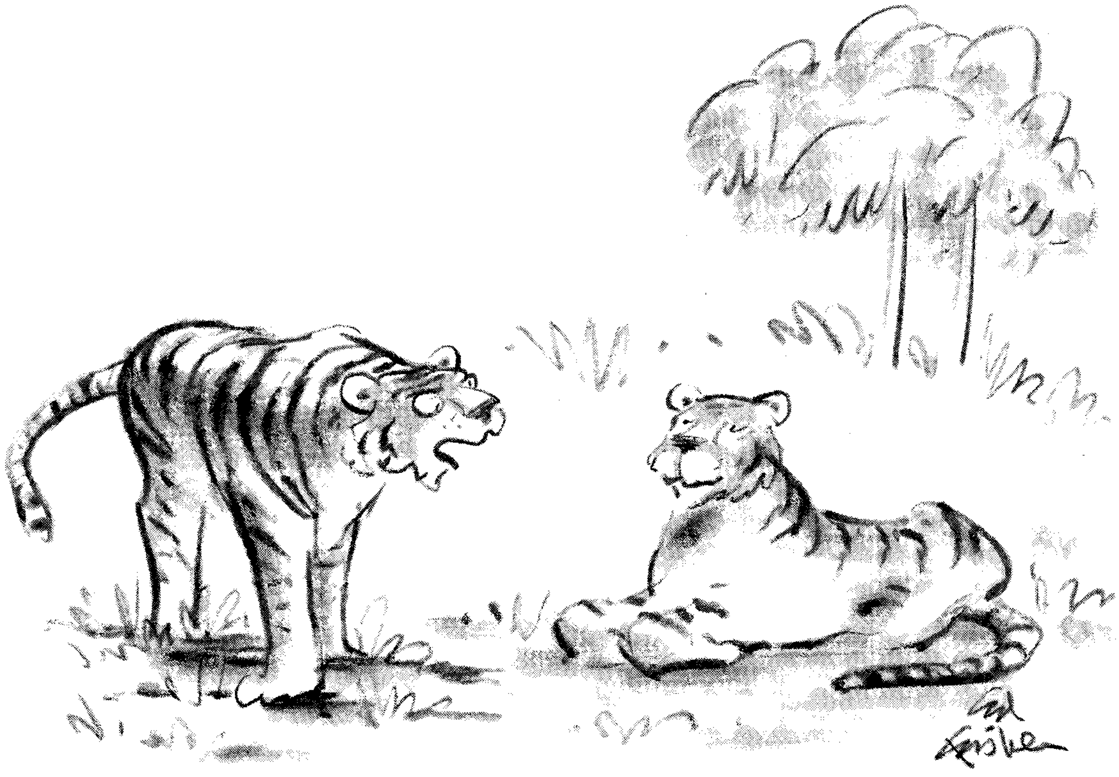
Faked Out, Cooled Out, Bummed Out

AT the start of "The Little Drummer Girl," Diane Keaton is jittery and off-putting. As Charlie, an American actress working in a small, third-rate repertory company in England, she comes on strong and talks faster than anybody else. She's like someone on speed or on a caffeine jag: she responds to what people say before they've finished saying it. Then she's dissatisfied with what she hears herself rattling off, and before the words are out of her throat she half wants to take them back. The conception of Charlie is a modern cliché, a piece of psychobabble: she's an actress—i.e., a woman without a center, a flighty woman who feels empty and is looking for a role to play that will make her feel "real." But Keaton takes this conception so far that she gives it a painful, shrill validity. She doesn't do anything to make you like Charlie. Rather, she shows you this woman's avid attempts to be lovable, and she plays the part without creamy makeup; her dark, smudgy eyeliner and the pile of curls covering her forehead make her look flirtatious and anxious. It took me a while to comprehend that Diane Keaton was being off-putting because she was totally in character. Charlie is emotionally hungry. Smart and brazenly attractive, she's so miserably starved there's something wolfish about her. At the same time, she's trying to be tough—she's trying not to let herself be kidded. She's a jangled, poignant mess.

This George Roy Hill version of John le Carré's "The Little Drummer Girl," adapted by Loring Mandel, suffers from a dramatic flaw that is built into the material. The movie is set in 1981, during a rash of Palestinian terrorist bombings of Israeli institutions around the world. Charlie, a left-wing pro-Palestinian, has taken part in demonstrations in Trafalgar Square and shown her enthusiasm at a meeting addressed by a terrorist. Kurtz (Klaus Kinski), the head of an Israeli intelligence unit that is engaged in counterterrorist activities, perceives that this actress, eager for a cause, and already associated with the pro-Palestinian left, could be used as a shill to trap the chief Palestinian terrorist. He turns her thinking around, and recruits her to infiltrate the Palestinian guerrillas and serve as a double agent. The flaw is that as the movie is presented the two sides are tarred with the same brush: decent, intelligent, disciplined people in both camps commit unspeakable, barbarous acts. But this pseudo objectivity seems to cancel everything out. The film is proudly noncommittal, while the audience is waiting for something (or someone) to commit itself to.

The tragedy of these two peoples, killing each other because each has just claims to the same plot of ground, is presented with efficient, impersonal evenhandedness, so that we care about neither of them. "We weren't making a political film," Hill told an interviewer from the *Times* last month. What, then, were they making? According to Hill, "a suspense story that happened to have a political background." That may sound perfectly reasonable, but there's a lunacy about using an ongoing tragedy as a plot convenience. (And Hill must know it, because in the next breath he expressed his pride in having treated the Palestinians as he believes they were treated in the book—"in a human light.") The movie was shot on locations in West Germany, England, Greece, and Israel, with intricately staged realistic bombings and tortures and a Palestine Liberation Organization training camp, and with characters of many nationalities played by actors of an even larger number of nationalities. Hill has the willingness to take on a project with these huge logistical problems, and he's able to lay out the plot lucidly, professionally. What he doesn't have is the ability to create the texture of a conflict where no justice is possible or to give you any feeling for the spirit or the individuality of either camp. He proceeds in a detached, businesslike way, showing us cruelty now on one side, now on the other—he balances the books.

And when it becomes apparent that Kurtz's manipulation of Charlie's need for involvement and approval is the emotional center of the movie it isn't enough. When Charlie's activities become more dangerous and she begins to respond to the intelligence unit as a family cheering her on to



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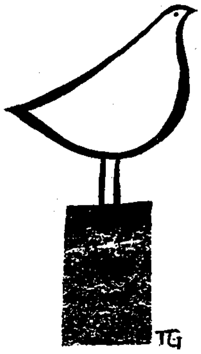
greater deeds, the narrative develops a viselike effect, and we experience some of the tension of what she has been drawn into. Yet the atmosphere is a blank, and the movie is too big to be a suspense story about the effects of violence on Charlie. There's a disproportion here. We see too many Israelis and Palestinians murdered for us to zero in on whether this wreck of a woman is emotionally destroyed or finds love—or both, which is what the ending suggests.



Clearly, Diane Keaton's Charlie digs being center stage, but in the glimpses of her as Shaw's Saint Joan and as Rosalind in "As You Like It" she's peculiarly offhand and unemotional. Even an actress who's losing her youth and knows that she's not getting anywhere could have a little more showmanship; Charlie seems too flaccid a performer. As Keaton plays her, she's much more vivid and emotionally naked offstage. Klaus Kinski's Kurtz maneuvers her like a master puppeteer, and she responds gratefully. (Kinski still has his purring, Peter Lorre accent, but he cuts down on his eye-popping shenanigans and does a respectable enough piece of work; he brings a plausible streak of impatience to the rather conventional role of the longtime agent who doesn't fool himself with the niceties of idealism and gets the dirty job done.) Although Keaton works hard at it, there's no electricity between Charlie and the stolid, manly Israeli agent Joseph (played by the Greek actor Yorgo Voyagis), whom she is supposed to fall in love with; Charlie doesn't seem to be the sort of woman to respond to a man who's like an oak tree with yearning, cow eyes. There's a lot more spark in the air when she's with Sami Frey, who plays Khalil, the star Palestinian terrorist—the man she is sent to ensnare. Frey, in black leather, gives the movie its only bravura. He has a small role (in terms of screen time), but when Khalil realizes that Charlie has set him up for slaughter his twisted smile at his own gullibility makes you feel what's missing from the role of Charlie. As Khalil, Frey makes direct contact with the audience in a way that Keaton doesn't until well into the second hour.

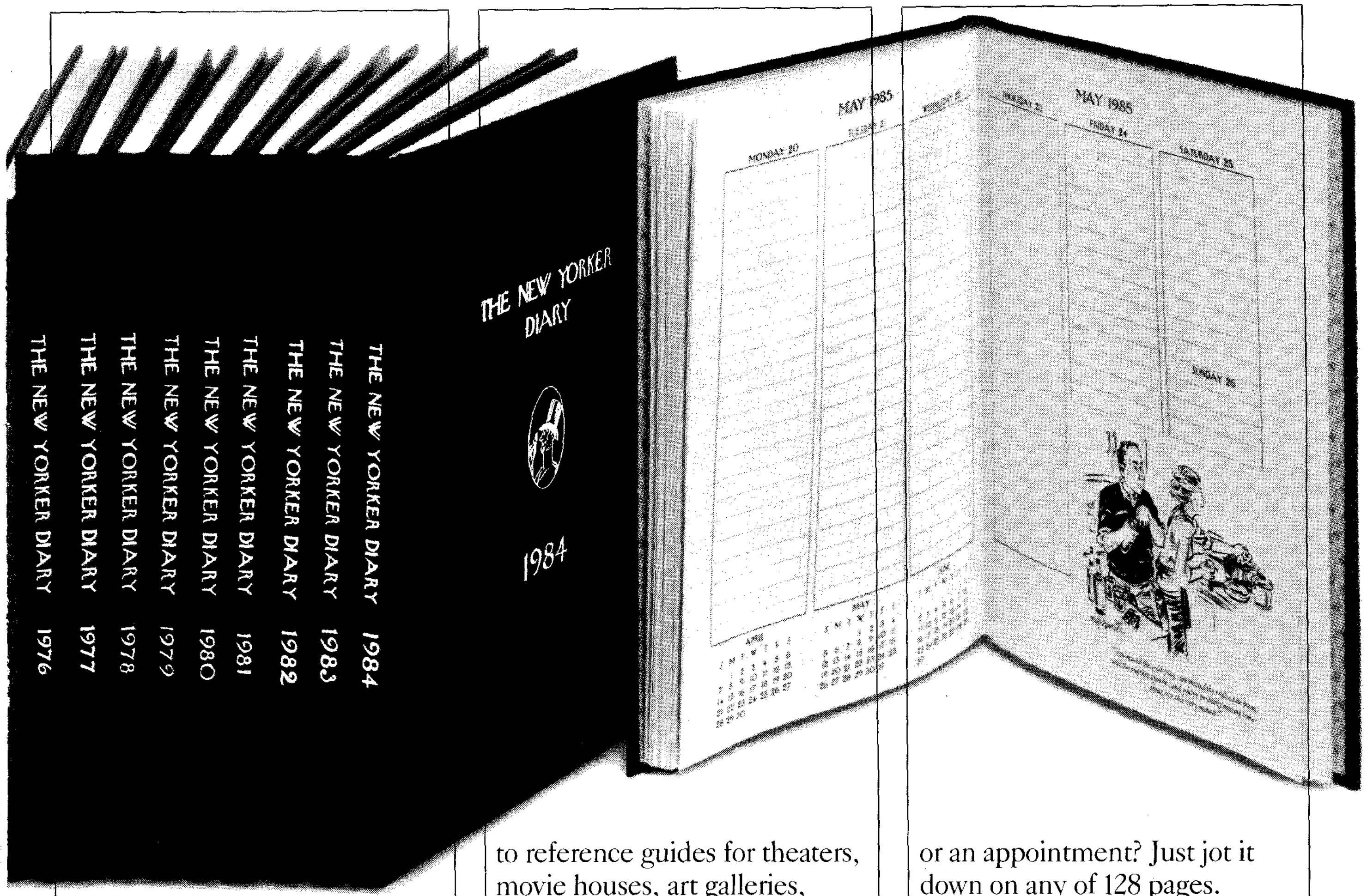
A woman without a clear sense of identity is highly problematic as the protagonist-victim of a journalistic spy melodrama. Diane Keaton has, of course, played women with identity problems before; that was Annie Hall's trouble—she kept putting herself down, apologetically, and Keaton made a light art out of indecision, exasperated sighs, eyes rolling upward. Charlie, though, isn't comic. She has all of Annie Hall's self-consciousness and self-doubt, and, yes, she's distrustful yet overeager. But it isn't charming flakiness; it's desperate flakiness—you can read the panic in her flickering expressions. And the character of Charlie, who, wanting to be a heroine, gets into a world of horrors beyond her imagining, is maybe *too* flaky to give the shallow picture substance and resonance.

Keaton's performance starts clicking when Charlie is in the Palestinian camp and has to condemn an Israeli boy to death, and it snaps together in a shocking scene toward the end, when Khalil asks Charlie what she is, and she howls out what she feels is the truth about herself. Keaton takes you right into the core of Charlie's neurosis; she galvanizes the audience, and for an instant the movie seems to work. But the tense, abrasive Charlie doesn't have anything of the conventional heroine about her, and she's at odds with Hill's logical methods of storytelling. (If she were more conventional, she might fit into the movie better, but we'd forget the whole thing immediately.) Keaton leaps right over likability and crowd-pleasing—she's out there all alone doing something daring. Sometimes the performances we remember the most are the ones that threw us off initially; I wasn't prepared for Keaton's passionate immersion in her role. Her Charlie is a compulsive liar who keeps trying on styles and discarding them, looking for one that will convey sincerity; she winds up a compulsive truth-teller. It's maddening that this performance can't carry the dead weight put on it.

JIM JARMUSCH'S "Stranger Than Paradise," which was honored at Cannes this year and received an enthusiastic press at the recent New York Film Festival, is an easy film to like. Jarmusch, a young American writer-director, uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. The film is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout. So each bit of action (or, as

1985

THE YEAR IN DRAWINGS, WORDS, NOTES, APPOINTMENTS, ENTERTAINMENT.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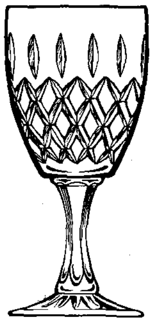

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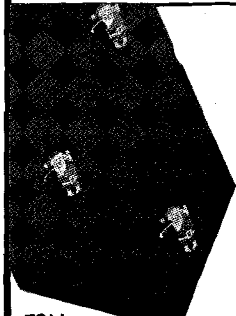

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is mostly the case, stagnation) is separate, discrete, and the three anomic principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. They're like druggies, but without drugs; they're drugged on their own apathy. They're also—and this is what makes the film a popular novelty item on the order of the 1959 "Pull My Daisy"—rather sweet.

The first section is set in the bare Lower East Side apartment of Willie (John Lurie), who is forced to take in Eva (Eszter Balint), his sixteen-year-old cousin from Budapest, for ten days. The joke here is the basic joke of the whole movie. It's in what Willie doesn't do: he doesn't offer her food or drink, or ask her any questions about life in Hungary or her trip; he doesn't offer to show her the city, or even supply her with sheets for her bed. And it's in Eva's not expecting any civility. Willie is tall and skinny and glum, with broad lips and a long, squashed nose, and even when he's sitting at home in his suspenders watching TV he wears a little, narrow-brimmed felt hat on top of his sad horseface. Willie has a lumpen, melancholic look, and you'd think there wasn't another person in the world like him. Then Eddie (Richard Edson), who hangs out with him, comes in, and he's like Willie's long-nosed twin, even to the dumb little hat, except he's not as tall. Eddie is more sociable than Willie but even further down on the lumpen scale. Willie bets on the horses; Eddie bets on dog races. These two go out into the cold streets to loaf around, and in this movie—with virtually nothing going on—we fixate on Eddie's regretful look. He thinks they should take Eva along—she's rather pretty, and, with her toneless way of talking (on the rare occasions when she speaks), she seems to fit right in. But Willie vetoes the idea. He doesn't show any cordiality to her until shortly before her ten days are up, when she brings home some groceries and cigarettes she has snitched; then he shakes her hand and tells her she's all right—he means she's scroungy and marginal, like him.

The movie is a punk picaresque. Eva, who never gets to see more of New York than the drab, anonymous-looking area where Willie lives, goes off to Cleveland to stay with Aunt Lotte and work at a hot-dog stand. And when, a year later, Willie and Eddie take their winnings from cheating at poker, borrow a car, and go to

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Cleveland to see her, all they see is an icy wasteland—slums and desolation—and Eddie says, "You know, it's funny. You come to someplace new, and everything looks just the same." When the men decide to go to Florida, and they take Eva with them, they stop at a crummy motel on a bleak stretch of windswept coast, and, yeah, once again everything looks just the same. But only in this movie—though I swear I heard someone quoting Eddie's line appreciatively, as if it weren't part of a gag, as if there were something deep to it. "Stranger Than Paradise" is a nothing-ever-happens movie; it has something of the same bombed-out listlessness as Paul Morrissey's 1970 "Trash"—it's "Trash" without sex or transvestism. Jarmusch pays more attention to the film frame, though, and to keeping the movie formal and cool.

The images, like the characters' lives, are so emptied out that Jarmusch makes you notice every tiny, grungy detail. And those blackouts have something of the effect of Beckett's pauses: they make us look more intently, as Beckett makes us listen more intently—because we know we're in an artist's control. But Jarmusch's world of lowlifers in a wintry stupor is comic-strip Beckett. There's no terror under or around what we see—the desolation is a gag. And the three characters' unexpressed affection for each other gives the film a pulpiness. These three are some kind of cross between what punk used to mean and what punk has come to mean. (Their affectlessness seems both pre-civilized and post-civilized.) Tough, forlorn Eva, listening to the woozy rhythms of the Screamin' Jay Hawkins record "I Put a Spell on You," really just wants a little sunshine and companionship, and the men would like to give it to her, but they don't know how. The film draws you in by its use of an absurdist style to show you people who walk through their lives expecting almost nothing. Then it holds you by their efforts to get closer to each other. Punk cool plus glimmers of warmth, and a too cute downer ending—that doesn't add up to an aesthetic crime, but it's not a big deal, either.

"Stranger Than Paradise" has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. It has its own look—which is a genuine accomplishment—but it isn't as entertaining as the

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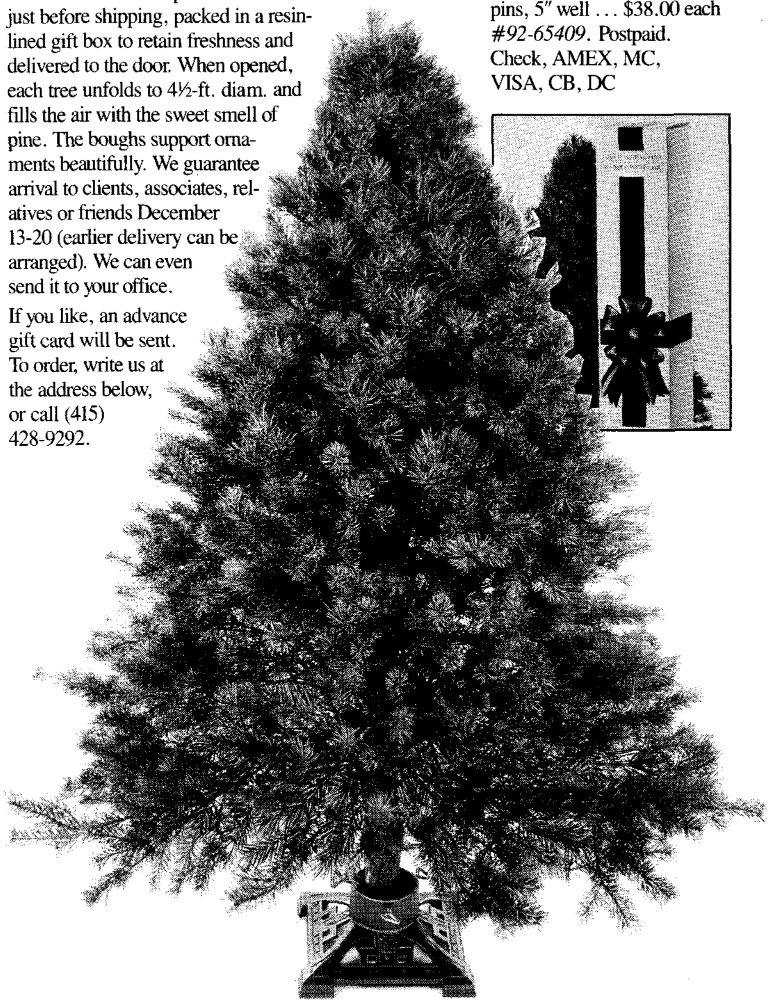

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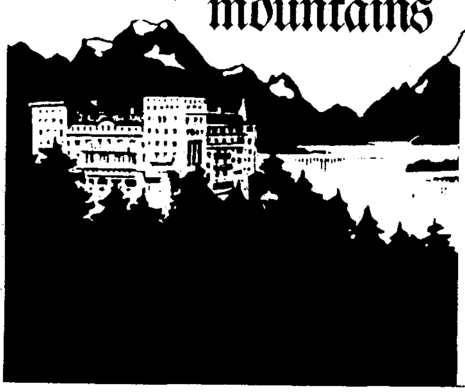

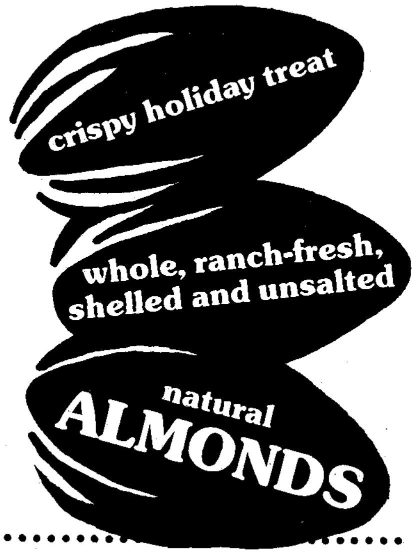
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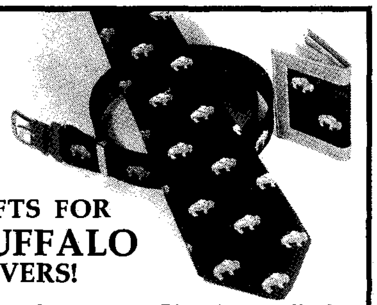

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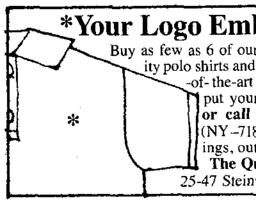

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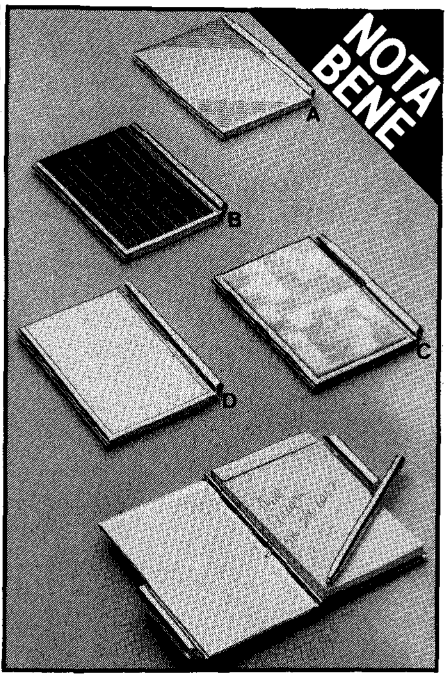
messier "Repo Man." Jarmusch (who raised the $120,000 to make the film) and his cinematographer, Tom DiCillo, clearly know what they're doing, and the idea of single-take scenes to convey comic anomie is a very astute one, but the format wears thin. When the two bozos head out for Cleveland and we see them during their dismal, wet drive, there's no variety—no relief from the gloom. It's just a long, boring trip. At times all you can admire Jarmusch for is his relentlessness in holding to the dejected, empty look. At his best, he has the kind of irrational, instinctive timing that can catch you off guard and make you laugh out loud—as I did at the scene where Willie and Eddie are playing cards with decrepit old Aunt Lotte (Cecillia Stark), and she loudly announces, "I am the veener." But to think "Stranger Than Paradise" was a knockout of a movie you'd have to tune in to its minimalism so passively that you lowered your expectations. The film is so hemmed in that it has the feel of a mousy Eastern European comedy; it's like a comedy of sensory deprivation.

IF Brian De Palma were a new, young director, "Body Double" would probably be enough to establish him as a talented fellow. In its own terms, this murder mystery set in L.A., in the overlapping worlds of "serious" acting and performing in porno films, is stupid yet moderately entertaining, and it has a tickling performance by Melanie Griffith as Holly Body, a porno star with a punk-vamp haircut and a sprig of holly tattooed on her rump. But, coming from De Palma, "Body Double" is an awful disappointment: the voyeuristic themes and the scare sequences are so similar to elements of his earlier movies that you keep waiting for the thrills—the moments when he'll top himself. And he doesn't. He doesn't equal himself, either. He stages the big scenes mechanically, without the zest that used to send them off to horror-comedy heaven. He has grown past this material, and he must know it. (According to his statements in the press, he took on the directing end of this project, which he had been scheduled to produce, only after repeated failures to raise money for projects he had prepared—one on the Yablonski murders, with a script he wrote with Scott Spencer, and one on a rock star like Jim Morrison, with John Travolta in the part.)



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The central role here is played by Craig Wasson, which is the worst piece of casting in a De Palma movie since Cliff Robertson stared at the camera and drifted through "Obsession." Wasson may, in a sense, seem right for the part—a clean-cut, not too bright young L.A. actor who easily slips into voyeurism and fetishism—but what makes him seem right for it is what makes him too bland to play it. He looks like the kind of guy who as a kid had an old man's face and was always praised for being mature. Whatever Wasson does, he's dead earnest about it, and his conscientious acting is a drag on the movie. Dennis Franz plays the horror-film director who fires Wasson from his job as the vampire in "Vampire's Kiss" for the very good reason that the claustrophobic Wasson is paralyzed with fear if he's put in a tomb. Franz does his scuzzo number: the guy who's so blatantly uncouth he's funny—only this time he isn't. The movie has no center, and it's a washout until Holly Body arrives, close to the midway point; we were waiting for something, and she turns out to be it.

Double-entendres in the movies used to be labored; here it's as if the atmosphere around Holly—where she works, what she does—were so porny that she couldn't talk except in double-entendres. She's like a dirty-minded teen-age seductress, and what she says has an element of surprise even for her; her talk is so sexy it gives her ideas and drives her eyebrows up. De Palma's affection for funkiness makes Melanie Griffith's performance possible, and in scenes such as Holly's barging into the middle of traffic trying to hail a taxi De Palma gets a fresh visual quality, too. Most of the film's best moments have to do with actors and actors' lives; there's a sisters-under-the-skin moment when Holly Body meets a "serious" actress who's looking for a job, and tries to be helpful, neither of them realizing that they're not in the same line of work. (It's like the wonderful fluke encounters in early De Palma films, such as "Hi, Mom!")

But the big, showy scenes recall "Vertigo" and "Rear Window" so obviously that the movie is like an assault on the people who have put De Palma down for being derivative. This time, he's just about spiting himself and giving them reasons not to like him. And these big scenes have no special point, other than their resemblance to Hitchcock's work. Crude, real fears were

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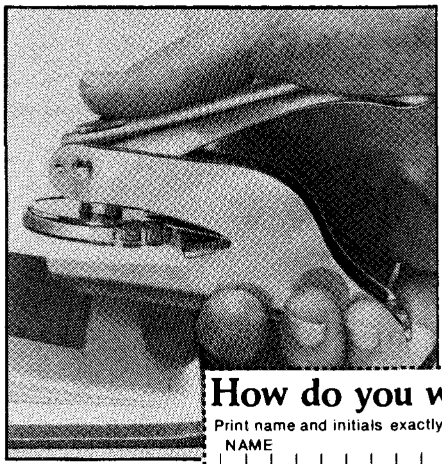

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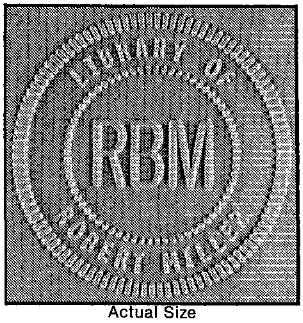

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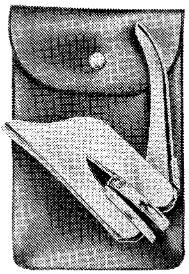

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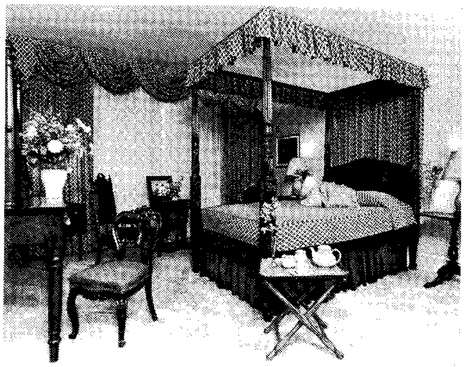

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addressed in De Palma's earlier films. "Phantom of the Paradise" made everything you'd heard about the rock industry as a gigantic casting couch come true, "Carrie" was about the dread of menstruation, "Dressed to Kill" was about your qualms that sexual pleasure would get you into trouble, "Blow Out" was about your apprehensions that you were a coward and would fail those who counted on you, and so on. But "Body Double" has no subject other than the plot contraption that De Palma and his co-writer, Robert J. Avrech, thought up—unless there are a lot of claustrophobes in the audience. The only thing that's new here in terms of getting at deeper fears is the dirt flung onto (living) people in graves, and that isn't particularly well worked out.

"Body Double" is not, to put it mildly, a spirited piece of moviemaking. It features (on a character called "the Indian") the worst makeup job of recent times. And the score (by Pino Donaggio) seems to have been ladled over the images. (The thought of what some of the scenes might have been like without it is a little frightening.) There's a key difference between this picture and good De Palma. In "Carrie," when the camera moves languorously around teen-age girls in a high-school locker room there's a buzz between the camera and what it's filming. But here De Palma and his cinematographer, Stephen H. Burum, get away from the out-of-work actors' low-rent apartments and the litter of pizza rinds very quickly. De Palma saves the languorous camera for the sleek, expensive settings, such as the Beverly Hills shopping mall called the Rodeo Collection, and there's not only no comic buzz—the camera seems wowed, impressed. The voyeuristic sequences, with Wasson peeping through a telescope, aren't particularly erotic; De Palma shows more sexual feeling for the swank buildings and real estate.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Gary* (*Ind.*) *Post-Tribune*]

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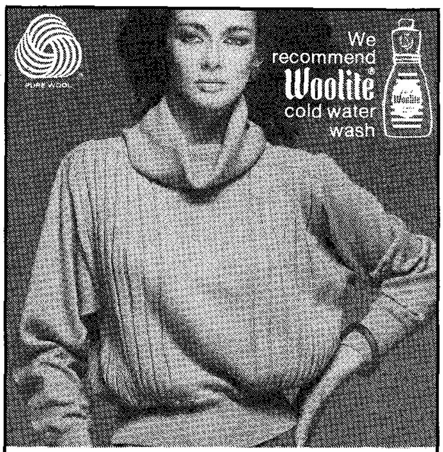

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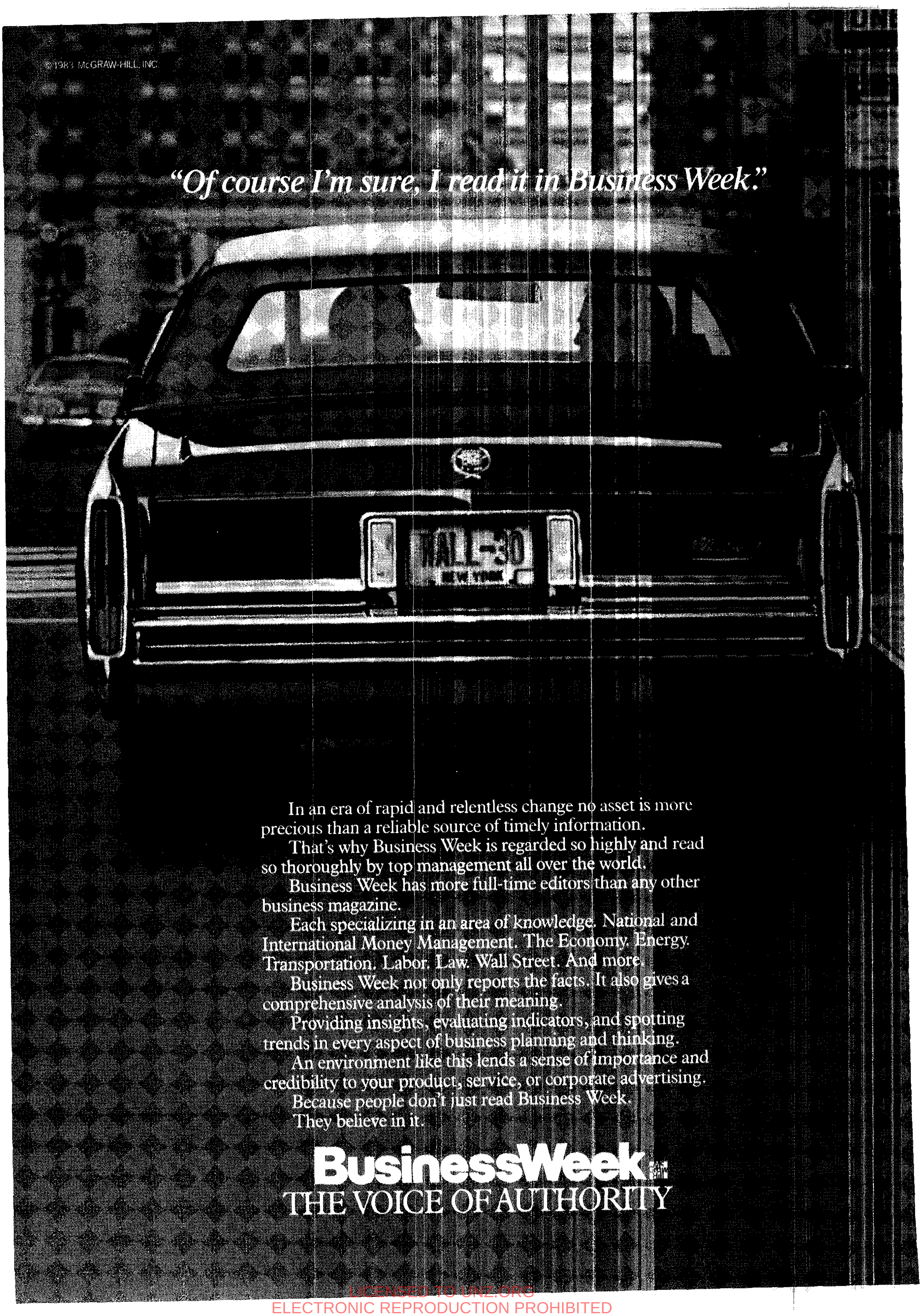

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Black Talk

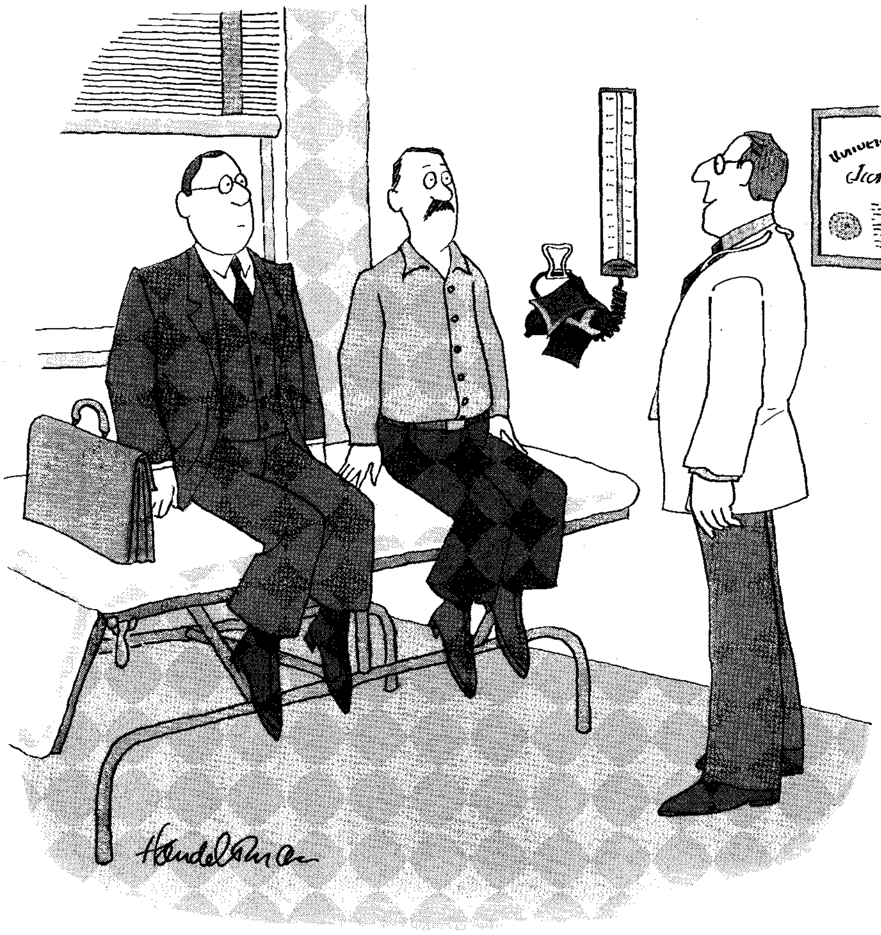
THE concatenation of black voices raised in this country during the past seventy years has added an elegant and lyrical edge to American life. (By "voices" I mean not only singers but also musicians, painters, dancers, actors, preachers, athletes, and writers.) These voices have helped loosen the old Puritan stays. They have helped de-Europeanize American music and dancing and theatre and painting. They have given these endeavors a new tone and timbre, an improvisational freedom and wisdom. They've made them swing. Despite their warmth and generosity, they are self-protective voices, which have often served as safety valves, as satiric weapons, as cool ways of trying to tell the white man how childish and cruel his racism is. Now these voices are beginning to predominate. Jazz is America's classical music, and black dancing, from the cakewalk to the chicken to the electric boogie, is a unique and exhilarating adjunct. Black painters are getting down indelible images and letting stylistic devices fall where they may—thus the great collagist Romare Bearden and the sensational young realist Oliver Johnson. The black theatre is brilliant. Black athletes, once locked away in the Negro leagues, have moved to the front, as have black comedians. Black writers, rejecting white formalism, are turning, so long after Langston Hughes pointed the way, to the black vernacular—a language invented out of sheer poetic exuberance and as a code to dumbfound white ears. (Ironically, it has supplied the white American middle class with much of its best slang.) This poetic exuberance abounds in "Bloods" (Random House; $17.95), a collection of twenty monologues taken down and assembled by the journalist Wallace Terry. The voices belong to former black soldiers, and their subject is the Vietnam War. They speak of racism, which is peculiarly intensified in time of war; of the madness of the war itself; of its unbelievable cruelties; and of what those cruelties did to their postwar lives. The voices are from all branches of the service, and they vary greatly. Some are inarticulate and semi-literate. Some flow and shine. Some have a flaky, misshapen quality (and perhaps should have been omitted). Many have the suppleness and the colloquial ease that light black talk—a rhythmic repetitiveness constantly sprung by laughter, a way of talking around and at a subject until it softens into the surreal and mythical. Listen:

> Me, myself, as a person, knowing from the experience that I had with whites back here in America, I could not go over there and degrade another human being. I see a little Vietnamese in trouble, I even bend over and help him out.
>
> One time, it was a little Vietnamese boy was crying. I just went over there and played with him. Gave him some gum. You know, showing compassion toward him.
>
> And I stopped his tears from crying.

> Then the trail started converging into a really well-camouflaged road, about twelve feet wide and better made than anything I had ever seen in Vietnam. Then I saw the muzzle of this gun. It was as big as anything we had. And all hell broke open. It was like the sun was screaming.

"Bloods" is a shortening of "blood brothers," an old uptown fraternal term, and it became a badge of solidarity among black soldiers in Vietnam. Captured North Vietnamese soldiers told the infantry interpreter Emmanuel Holloman that "they feared the black soldier more than the white soldier, because the black soldier fought more fiercely, with more abandonment." Infantryman Richard J. Ford III says, "We would put on sunglasses walking in the jungle. Think about it, now. It was ridiculous. But we want to show how bad we are. How we're not scared. We be saying, 'The Communists haven't made a bullet that can kill me.' We had this attitude that I don't give a damn. That made us more aggressive, more ruthless, more careless. And a little more luckier than the person that was scared." But Ford knew the bravado didn't always work:

> Another guy named Taylor got hit at the same time. Taylor cried like a baby. This black guy. Davis told him, "You cryin' 'cause you gettin' ready to die. You dying, and you know you dying. You might



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as well come on and take some of these gooks with us."

Taylor said, "I'm not gonna die."

[Davis] said, "Why you sittin' there crying if you not gon' die? You cryin' 'cause you a big faggot, and you gettin' ready to die."

And he put the spunk back in Taylor. Davis would intimidate you into not dying.

Combat Engineer Harold Bryant learned about white soldiers: "But I got to find out that white people weren't as tough, weren't the number one race and all them other perceptions that they had tried to ingrain in my head. I found out they got scared like I did. I found out a lot of them were a lot more cowardly than I expected. I found out some of them were more animalistic than any black people I knew. I found out that they really didn't have their—— together." Colonel Fred Cherry, a fighter pilot who spent almost eight years in Hanoi prison camps, enduring the unendurable, tells of a white Southern cellmate who saved his life, repeatedly tending his wounds and bathing him when Cherry was too weak and sick to fend for himself.

Some of Terry's interviewees turned into killers, but most of them sickened at having to kill other human beings and at the torturing (by both sides) they saw. Paratrooper Gene Woodley, Jr., speaks of the first time he went into combat. He was eighteen years old: "I heard this individual walking. He came through the elephant grass, and I let loose on my M-16 and hit him directly in his face. Sixteen rounds. The whole clip. And his face disappeared. From the chin up. Nothing left. And his body stood there for 'proximately somewhere around ten, fifteen seconds. And it shivers. And it scared me beyond anyone's imagination." Several months later, Woodley and his platoon, sent to find a downed helicopter, came upon a badly wounded white American soldier who had been staked to the ground and skinned. He was still alive, and begged Woodley to kill him. Woodley had no morphine and no means of removing the man. He telephoned headquarters and was told he would have to decide what to do. Woodley goes on:

> I put my M-16 next to his head. Next to his temple.
>
> I said, "You sure you want me to do this?"
>
> He said, "Man, kill me. Thank you."
>
> I stopped thinking. I just pulled the trigger. I cancelled his suffering.

The disillusion and bitterness that many of the men in "Bloods" faced

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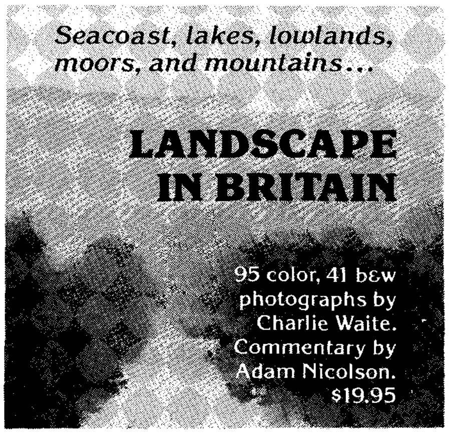

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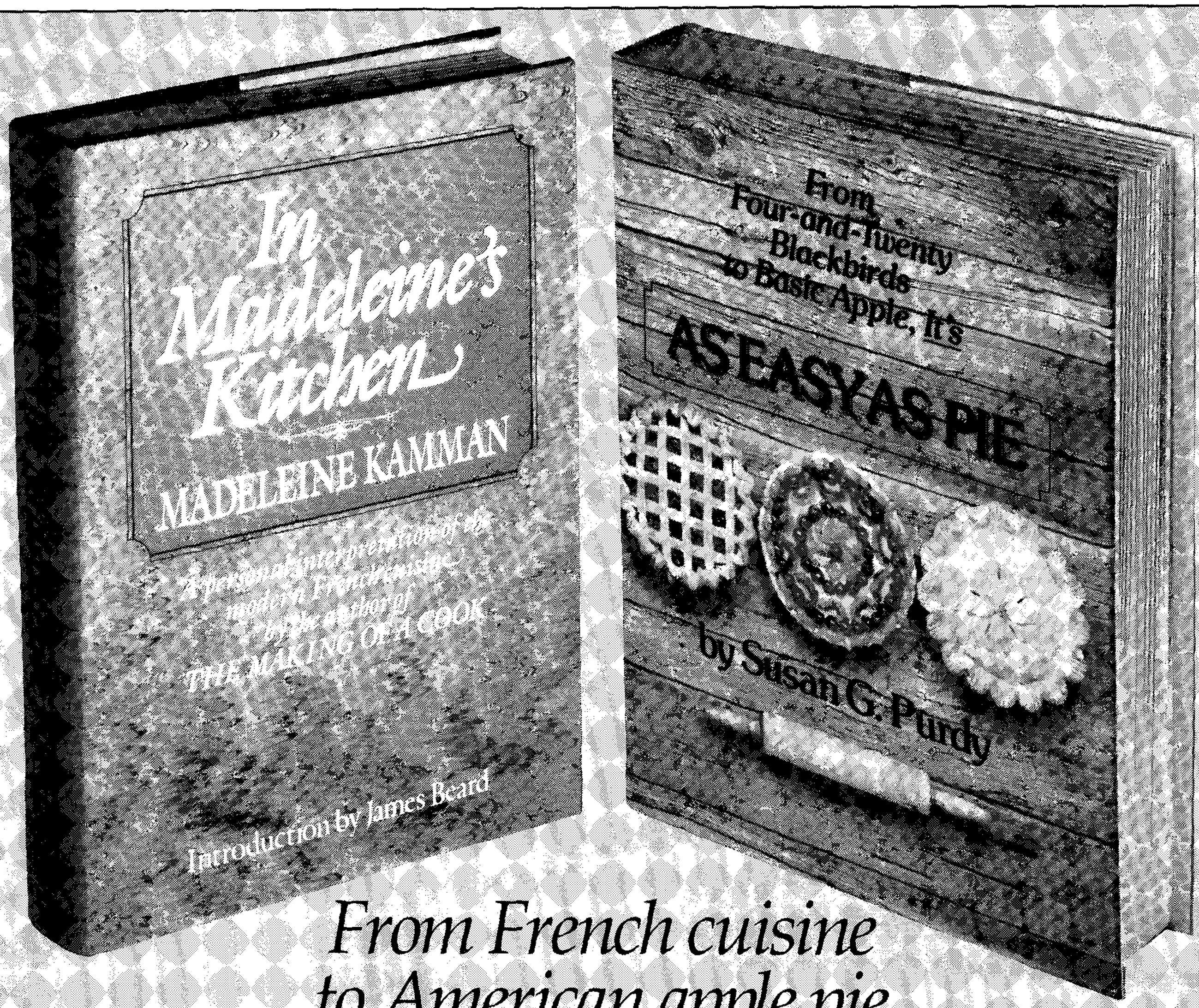
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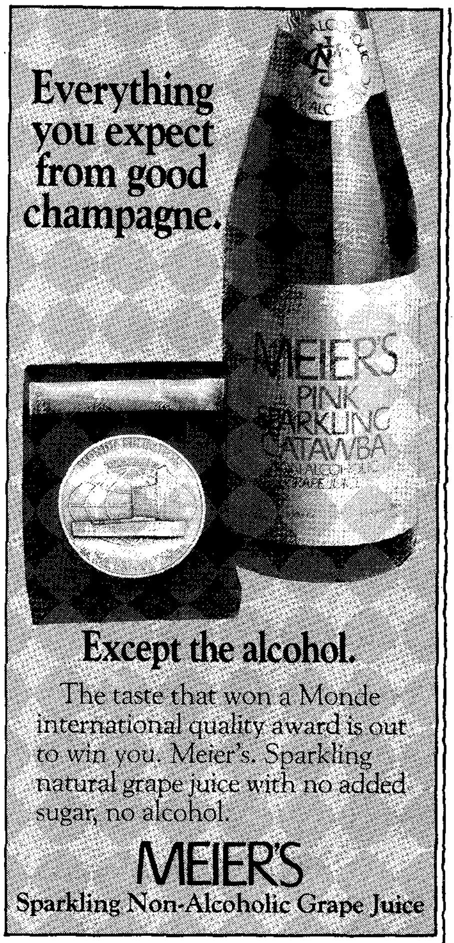

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when they came home pour through the book. They had gone to war as conditioned American blacks, but Vietnam had taught them that they were equal to or better than any white soldier. When they got home, they tended to find themselves back where they had started—not welcomed, not comforted, not celebrated—and sometimes, if they were irreparably crippled, they slid even lower. Richard Ford talks again of his friend Davis: "Davis tried to get a job with the New Orleans police, but they said he was too short. When it comes to weapons, Sir Davis is terrific. But he's been in trouble. A drug thing, two assaults. He writes me sometimes. Tells me his light bulb is out. They trained us for one thing. To kill. Where is he gonna get a job? The Mafia don't like blacks."

Terry has included photographs of most of his interviewees and a chronology of our incredible involvement in the Vietnam War, from 1950, when we gave the French ten million dollars to help them fight the Vietminh, to our defeat, in 1975. (He might better have put the chronology at the front of his book—a frame for its contents.) Here and there, he has weakened his narratives by using the old Hearst-newspaper method of making almost every sentence a new paragraph. This was supposed to add drama and muscle. What it does in "Bloods" is make things jumpy and melodramatic. Haywood Kirkland, a combat infantryman, speaks of running into a former Vietnam buddy named Streeter. Here is how the passage is set up in the book:

> About a year ago I saw Streeter on a D.C. transit bus. He was having problems. He would express that he could not find a job. He had lost his wife. He was talking very slow and very deliberate. His speech had slowed down. His whole demeanor had slowed down.
>
> I think that what happened to him in Vietnam was the damagingest thing I seen happen to one person.
>
> I did not know how he felt about me seeing him again back in the World.
>
> I did not know what to say to him.

Now read it again, as one paragraph.

—Whitney Balliett

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Second Marriage, by Frederick Barthelme (Simon & Schuster; $15.95). "The kind of movie they started making a few years ago, in which ordinary life is at once ridiculed and shown to be strange and wonderful"—that is how the hero, in an atypical burst of optimism, views his extraordinary life just after his first wife comes back to befriend, as it turns out, his second. That kind of movie is full of "wood-sided station wagons and blue-green pools." His life is like a series of surreal outtakes, jammed with brand-name items—from Whoppers to Pepto-Bismol—that fail to work wonders, as a crowd of eccentric characters are prepared to prove. After a few hours of television with the volume turned down, he is usually ready to improvise his way through another episode, which may involve a toad and some Tupperware, say, or a teen-age stepdaughter and a piece of Pirate Marble Pecan pie. The reader will be happy to listen as well as to watch while another unlikely—ridiculous, strange, and wonderful—episode rolls by.

A Servant's Tale, by Paula Fox (North Point; $16.50). When the narrator was growing up, on a Caribbean island, she met her father's mother—who owned the local sugar plantation and had married into a Spanish family named de la Cueva—just once. The narrator's mother, a Sanchez, was descended from Spaniards and slaves and was one of this grandmother's servants. On the eve of a revolution on the island, the narrator and her parents sail for America. She grows up, in New York, to become the wife of a man named Greer for a few years and a servant (usually a maid) for many. Worn out by the age of forty-nine, she flies back to her island, sure she is not a Greer but unsure whether she is, at heart, a de la Cueva or a Sanchez. Her capacity for "wearisome labor that is without resolution and issue" has made her a first-rate servant, but it serves her less well in her role as narrator. North Point's high standards of layout and design make the book such a pleasure to handle that one may not notice at first that this account—capped by a predictable anticlimax—of decades of drudgework amid others' possessions is drudgework for the reader as well.

GENERAL

Herblock Through the Looking Glass, by Herbert Block (Norton; $12.95). A chronicle of the Reagan years, illustrated with hundreds of cartoons the author drew from 1980 to 1984 for the Washington *Post*

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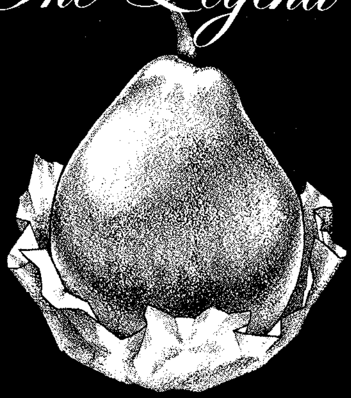

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and many other papers throughout the world. Herblock is probably the best-known political cartoonist in the country; he also possesses a mordant prose style. Not to put too fine a point on it, the view he takes of Ronald Reagan, his associates, and his works is dim.

DISCLOSING THE PAST, by Mary Leakey (Doubleday; $15.95). The noted archeologist recounts her life with a tough-minded frankness, beginning with her explosive rejection of formal education in childhood and continuing with her flouting of contemporary morals as a young woman, when she and her future husband, the archeologist Louis Leakey, who was married and a father, lived together until he was divorced. That scandal occurred in the mid-nineteen-thirties, when Mrs. Simpson's divorces convulsed the British Empire; it cost him his job at Cambridge, and may have been a reason he could not find another academic post in England. At all events, the couple's return to East Africa, where he had begun some rewarding digs, was a measure of desperation that turned out lucky. Mrs. Leakey is open about occasional tiffs with her sons and about the breakdown of her romantic marriage and working partnership. Her obsession with archeology started when she was introduced to the Paleolithic cave paintings of southwestern France as a little girl; an apprenticeship at English sites introduced her to Neolithic and Iron Age deposits. Her finds in Africa—the skulls of the hominids Proconsul, in 1948, and Zinjanthropus, in 1959—brought her international fame, yet her drive has been not to revel in celebrity but to go on unearthing. A beguiling theme in this memoir is Mrs. Leakey's devotion to African wildlife. She is an enchanting nature writer—unsentimental but involved.

SYMPHONY FOR THE DEVIL: THE ROLLING STONES STORY, by Philip Norman (Linden/Simon & Schuster; $17.95). "Black beetles"—L.S.D.-inspired hallucinations—once, we are told, kept Brian Jones out of a recording studio actually infested only with his four fellow Rolling Stones: a nice visual pun, for the group had begun by imitating black rhythm-and-blues musicians, and its nemesis would always be the Beatles, who never worried that the Rolling Stones would catch up. This me-

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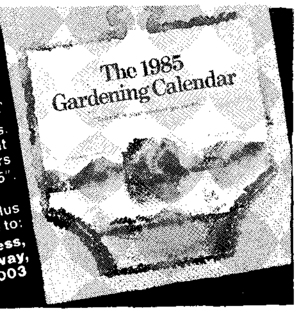

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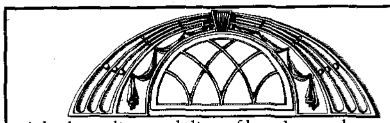

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diocre chronicle, from the author of "Shout!," a book about the Beatles, begins, in a prologue, in 1981, with the Stones' twentieth-anniversary international series of gatherings of groupies, bodyguards, and nostalgic fans. The chapter on the disastrous Altamont Raceway concert, of 1969, is little more than a précis of the movie "Gimme Shelter" (and therefore, at least, is better documented than are, say, those black beetles), but it contains one amusing simile, likening Mick Jagger, in pink cape and cap, touring the grounds as the stage is erected, to "King Harry visiting his troops before Agincourt." Elsewhere, Mr. Norman prattles, as from a time warp, about "Authority" and "the Establishment."

WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE BOY? OR, SOMETHING TO DO WITH BOOKS, by Heinrich Böll, translated from the German by Leila Vennewitz (Knopf; $11.95). "Not even a hint," Heinrich Böll promises, "of the tensions, conflicts, problems, and semi-tragedies": a promise that he soon breaks. This self-indulgent little memoir—superficial, despite its hints—begins in 1933, with Hitler's rise to power, and ends four years, and eighty pages, later, with the author's graduation from a Cologne high school. In the opening pages, Mr. Böll attests to his memory's unreliability on matters of public record. Toward the end, he rattles off arcane figures—pinpointing, say, the price of thirty over-the-counter pep pills in 1937 at 1.86 marks. His sense of irony, too, comes and goes. He credits a school assignment that involved condensing portions of "Mein Kampf" with his later "liking for brevity," but he seems content with this explanation of why—"following the insistent 'advice' of our block warden"—his family sometimes displayed a small swastika flag: "Sentiments could *also* be deduced from the size of the flags."

NEPTUNE'S REVENGE: THE OCEAN OF TOMORROW, by Anne W. Simon (Franklin Watts; $15.95). A simple and urgent warning: the world's oceans are no longer capable of sustaining the abuse to which modern industrialism has been subjecting them. Mrs. Simon reminds us that as recently as 1950 Rachel Carson took it for granted that the seas' sheer size would guarantee their purity and the renewal of

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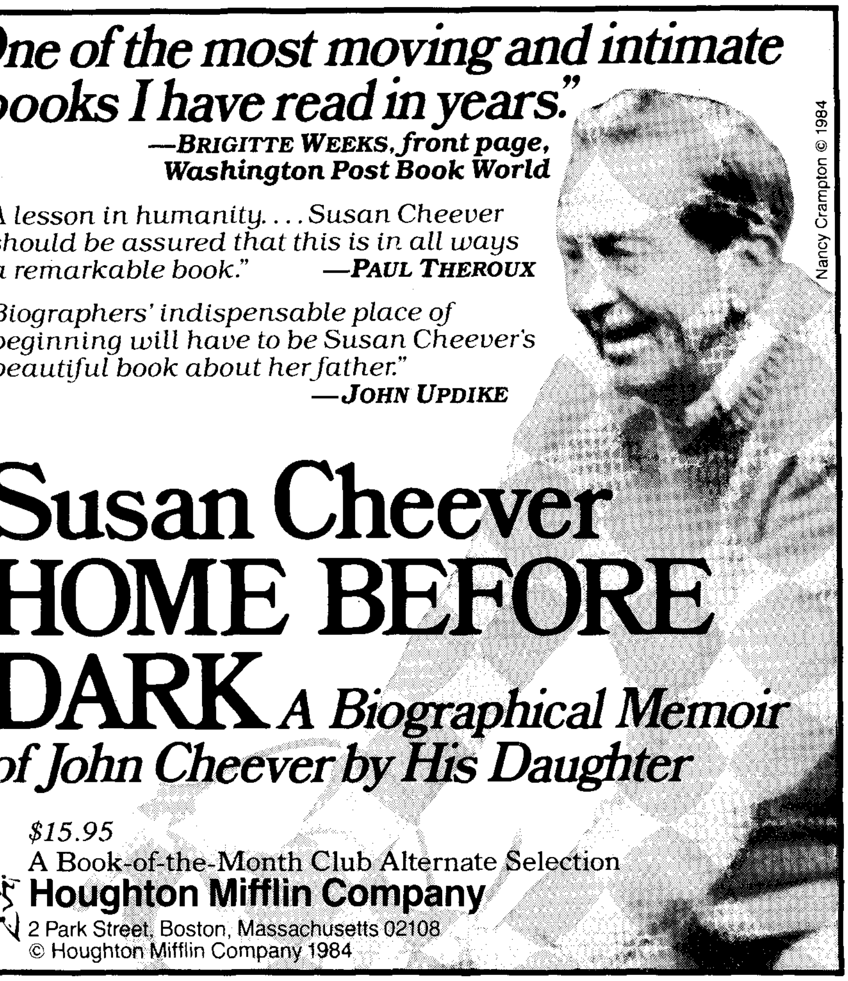
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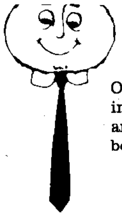

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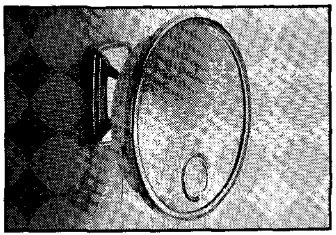

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oceanic life. In the last thirty years, however, the purity of the oceans and their capacity for renewal have been compromised. Mrs. Simon discusses the effects of overfishing and of the spewing of chemical poisons and human wastes: the first threatens some species, the second the entire ecology of the oceans. Her book suggests uncertainty about whether the seriousness of this problem is widely understood. She reports, on the one hand, that the nations around the Mediterranean have agreed to try to clean up its dangerously polluted waters (we will not know for at least another decade whether that project can succeed) and, on the other hand, that the well-documented catastrophic effects of oil on ocean waters have not hindered drilling anywhere. There are, as Mrs. Simon acknowledges, diplomatic problems in reaching agreement about international waters, but she believes that if the United States would take a strong lead in preservation rather than in exploitation other countries would follow our example.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SOMEONE ELSE'S GRAVE, by Alison Smith (St. Martin's; $11.95). "An assault and a homicide, and it wasn't even noon yet"—and it isn't even page 16 yet, in this brisk mystery that begins with a murderer with a headache in a New England mountaintop graveyard and ends about one week—and two murders—later in a New England police station with Coolidge Corners' chief of police reaching for his aspirin. Coolidge Corners looks from the graveyard like a Grandma Moses painting, but the chief's telephone spoils the illusion, connecting him with everyone from a politician who promises to get him a cushy desk job in the state capital to a mayor who threatens to have him dismissed. No telephone lines mar the pretty sketch on the dust jacket, but a clue concealed there could help the reader beat the chief to the solution.

•

At the annual gathering of the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank, beginning tomorrow in Washington, the world's economic hoi polloi will toast Mexico's comeback.—*Jeffrey E. Garten in the Times.*

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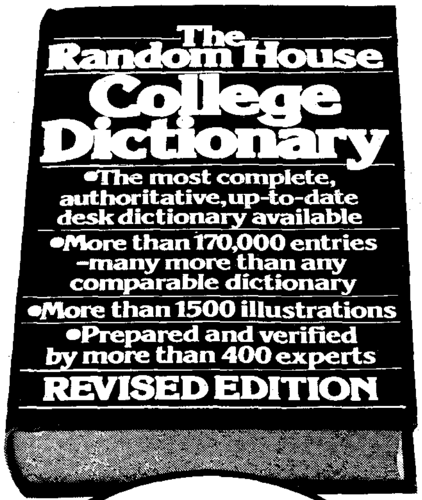

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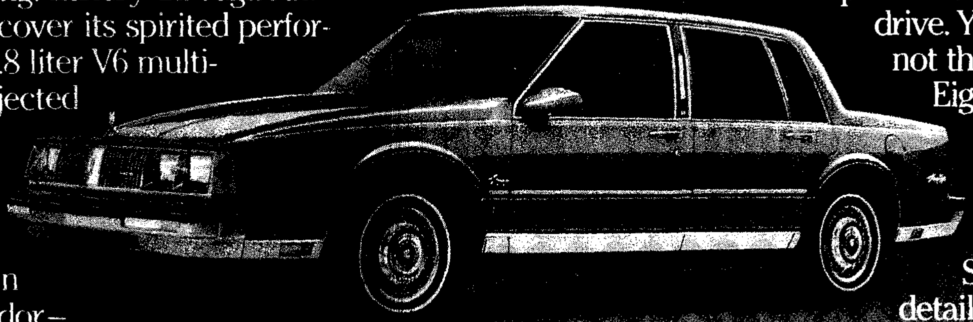

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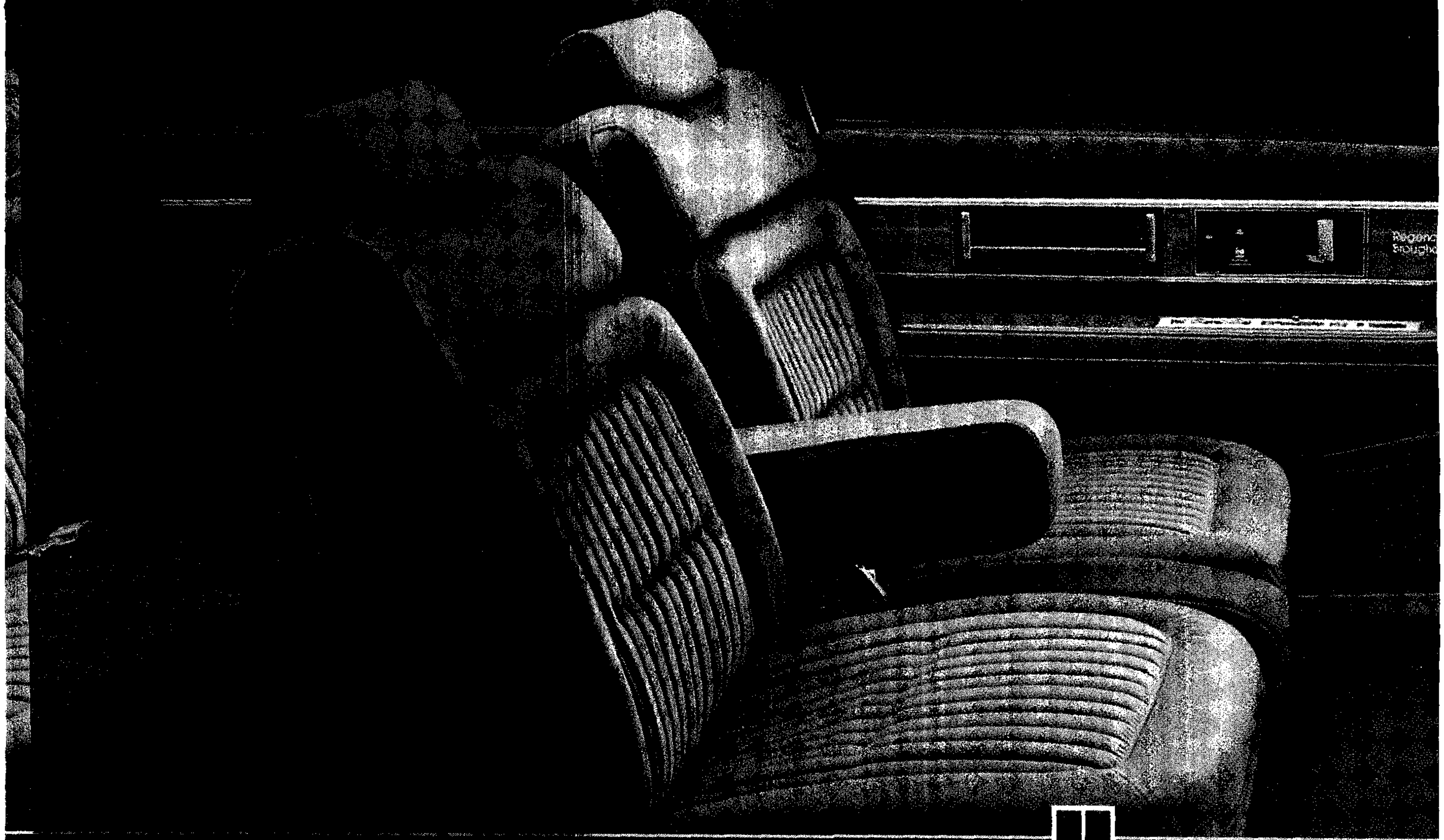

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